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Oct. 30, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

GENERATION—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play was written by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MRS. DALLY—An elongation of a one-act play by William Hanley, seen Off Broadway a couple of seasons ago, that describes the tribulations of a morose woman who can't make her young and loutish lover or her brutal, drunken husband understand her longing for culture and such. Arlene Francis, Ralph Meeker, and Robert Forster appear in this sad business. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

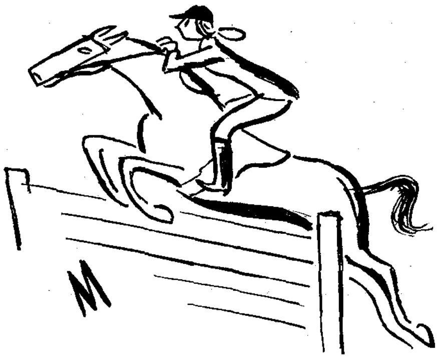
THE ODD COUPLE—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, Mike Nichols. Walter Matthau and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN—A low-keyed but reasonably satisfying drama about some carnal carryings-on in Victorian London. Michael Dyne has written a well-tailored play, and the acting of the company, in which Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel figure prominently, is serviceable. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Larry Blyden, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN—Christopher Plummer, David Carradine, and George Rose in Peter Shaffer's play, imported from London. Staged by John Dexter. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

MUSICALS

BAKER STREET—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Moves on Wednesday, Nov. 3, to the Martin Beck, 45th St., W., CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Nov. 4 at 2:30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PICKWICK—A musical that hasn't much style or content. Wolf Mankowitz is responsible for this adaptation of the Dickens novel, which has music and lyrics by Cyril Ornadel and Leslie Bricusse. The cast, headed by Harry Secombe, works with a will, but, alas, to no purpose. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT—THE SMELL OF THE CROWD—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music (the best sung by Gilbert Price), to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it. Orson Bean will succeed Mr. Newley on Monday, Nov. 1. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Luther Adler. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GOLDEN BOY:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Gill. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

POSTMARK ZERO—A dramatization by Robert Nemiroff of "Last Letters from Stalingrad," with Viveca Lindfors, Hardy Kruger, John Heffernan, and Alvin Epstein. Peter Kass is the director. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 28-30, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MATING DANCE—Van Johnson, J. D. Cannon, and Marian Winters in a comedy by Eleanor Harris Howard and Helen McAvity. Staged by Henry Kaplan. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 1-2. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

XMAS IN LAS VEGAS—Jack Richardson's new play, starring Tom Ewell and directed by Fred Coe. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 4. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

REPERTORY THEATER OF LINCOLN CENTER—The first play in the company's inaugural season in its new home is **DANTON'S DEATH**, by Georg Buechner. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays

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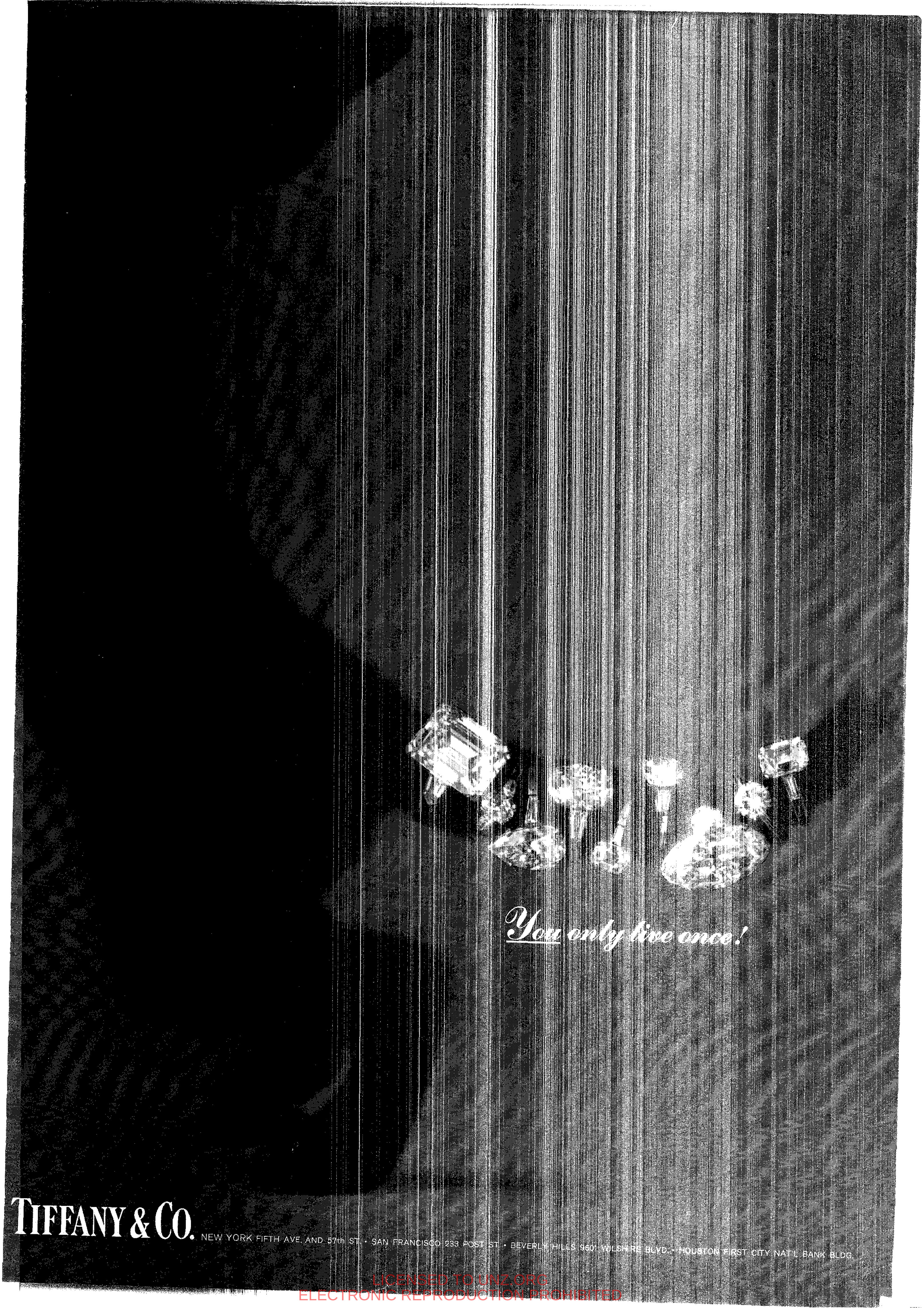

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **don giovanni.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 28-29: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 30: **the yeomen of the guard.** . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Oct. 31: **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 2-3: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 4-5: **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Nov. 6: **the gondoliers.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

An Evening's Frost—Will Geer is delightful as Robert Frost, but there are some arid stretches in this four-actor recital from Frost's poems and from his letters and conversations. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—"The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love" is a stylish and highly stylized comedy about a family crisis. Stephen Strimpell is very funny in the leading role, and he gets strong support from Betty Lou Holland, Clarice Blackburn, and Albert M. Ottenheimer. "Good Day," which precedes it, is a puzzling and rather overwrought affair, in which an odd young man relates a shameful episode in his past to an even more peculiar old woman. With Frank Langella and Nancy Marchand. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 10. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Hotel Passionato—A musical version of dear old "Hotel Paradiso" that misses the mark in spite of a funny performance by Paul Sand. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Dim Lustre," "Concerto Barocco," and "Raymonda Variations." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Piège de Lumière." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "Agon," and "Raymonda Variations." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "La Valse." . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1:15: "Harlequinade" and "Ballet Imperial." . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 7:15: "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Royal Winnipeg Ballet—Appearing for a single performance in a program that consists of Agnes de Mille's "The Rehearsal" and "The Bitter Weird" and Brian Macdonald's "Aimez-Vous Bach?" and "Les Whoops De Doo." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—The first in a series of eight modern-dance programs, this one performed by the companies of Valerie Bettis, Anna Sokolow, and Deborah Jowitt. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Nov. 20—Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Secular Games," "Appalachian Spring," and "The Witch of Endor" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30: "Part Real—Part Dream" (première), "Circe," and "Legend of Judith." . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Phaedra." . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30: "Clytemnestra." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Appalachian Spring," and "Seraphic Dialogue." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," and Acrobats of God." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787.)

MISCELLANY

The World of Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 6.)

La Contrescarpe—A French cabaret entertainment consisting of songs, ballads, and poetry set to music. With Bernard Heller, Francesca Solleville, Hélène Martin, Paul Villaz, and Jacques Marchais. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin is singing his way up a very, very lazy river at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. On Monday, Nov. 1, he will be replaced by the sparkling Caterina Valente, a soprano to whom listening all night would be a pleasure. The orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, will be staying on. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be pursued in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the room from eight until nine, then breaks into dance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to be a social success by really trying. A couple of bands provide the music necessary for this arduous exercise. In the Champagne Room, the music (by Ernest Shoen's Viennese trio) is solely for dreaming. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The almost lost art of steamboat building and ornamentation, and the artillery of Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey band, which, like its surroundings, is orchestrated in plush and gold. On Monday, Nov. 1, Lionel Hampton's carousers will succeed the Dorseys. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, a handsome slip of a clear, heady boy tenor, needs none of the tricks of the trade and uses only one or two of them. This commendable performance at dinner and supper in the Persian Room is flanked by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Farber's steady-going orchestra, who are on hand all the time. On Wednesday, Nov. 3, the floor will be taken over by Abbe Lane, the epitome of the big, bold blonde. She sings only at ten on opening night; thereafter her hours are regular. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the

NEWEST EVENING SPARKLE: ESTÉE LAUDER'S VIENNESE OPERA—
a look with a Past and a Future, adding long-ago charm and elegance to her celebrated Evening Make-Up. Basic ingredients: the transparent sheen of Evening Glow-In-The-Round, the brilliance of Gold or Silver Eye Shadow Glow, the luster of three dramatic new Evening Lipstick shades. For her finale, Estée Lauder dips into the past for Scented Coif Powder, and for jewelled beauty spots to wear on cheeks, shoulders, décolletages.

Estée Lauder

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dining room (view north and west), which has a minute dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has occurred in the Maisonette, now aflame with imported scenery. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

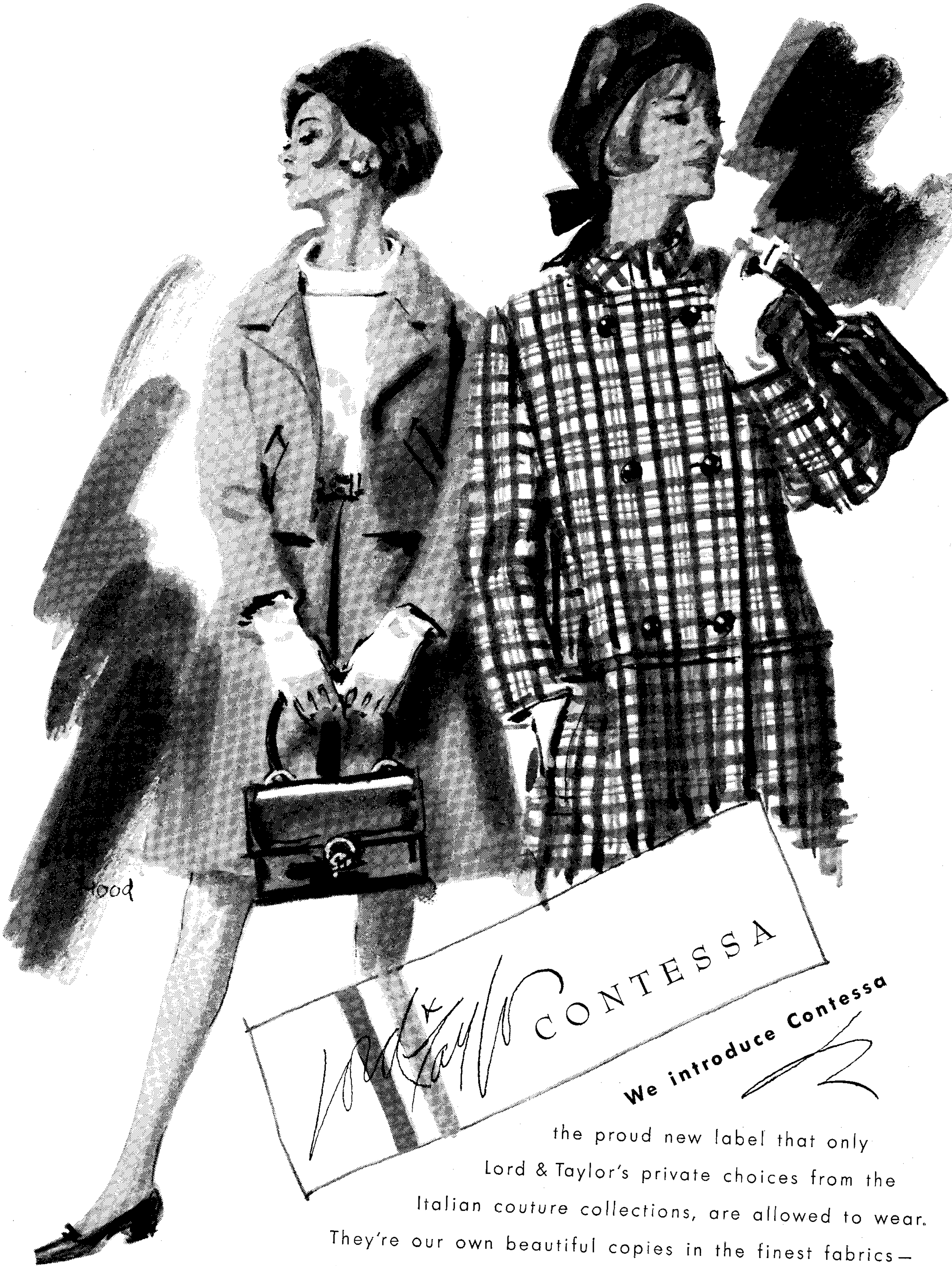
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Italian, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (from Rome to Rodgers) often serve to heighten this impression. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Steve Iles plays concert piano that rings not only welkins but some tricky changes. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a king himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again, and by José Luis Franco—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. Not a whisper on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, flexing a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Moscow Nights are growing long (eight until two). Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): Ralph Strain and piano are wintering this season in a pub that houses a fair quota of *jeunesse dorée* in a *jeunesse* (or even *je-ne-sais-quoi*) state of bliss. He is a late starter, a late finisher. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups, from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor, it is nice to know, is again Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The portion of the Hotel Westbury given over to dining at no more than a trot and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of casual piano from six until midnight, except on Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Dry sherry is the proper accompaniment for the terse Iberian guitar of Gustavo Lopez, who is in residence from nine-thirty until one (except Mondays), and for the terse Iberian setting of this tiny bar, which is there all the time.

Note—The discothèque (well, it does keep the kids off the streets) is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. The music, which begins at seven-thirty, is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, it sounds at one. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (the little girls among them have the Courrèges of their convictions) spend their evenings (nine until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Sundays and Mondays, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of damsels who do not mind at all making a spectacle (choreography by Dick Barstow, costumes by chance) of themselves. Along with this big romp go Jackie Kahane, a very funny fellow from Montreal, and Ted Lewis, the original Happiness Boy. The shop shuts down on Tuesday, Nov. 2, and reopens on Friday, Nov. 5, for previews of the next extravaganza. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Billy Daniels, who keeps on practicing old black magic, is crooning and fluttering like the wind in the willows. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, there is tumult-and-shouting music in a setting that is generally pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Astrud Gilberto, the perpetually pretty little Brazilian schoolgirl, is singing—without any of the standard soprano monkey-on-a-stick tricks—those remarkable modern tone poems by Luis Bonfa and Antonio Jobim, thus making the whole blooming world a romance; Tijuana Brass, hitherto known only for its albums, is cheerfully blowing Tijuana-in-a-discothèque music; George Carlin is talking rather



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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original nonsense; reliable old Ram Ramirez is the piano soloist. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, are again keeping up their spirits of mockery, and John Keatts is their new male companion; the ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all new and all noblewomen. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing about "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue that has just got under way here, is the presence of R. G. Brown, to whom farce is second nature. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, who is as decisive as a Latin soprano can be, has the whole house by the ears when she sings, which she does two or three times in the course of a long evening.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet of Horace Silver (or Alice in Wonderland) is floating on clouds of its own making. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. Mondays are in the charge of Alan Grant, a disc jockey without disc-jockey faults, who parades another set of living musicians. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Cal Tjader's quintet is winding its way o'er strange leas toward Sunday, Oct. 31, its last day in office; Dick Gregory, who drops in every Friday and Saturday, is speaking—often with humorous content—about facing up to the world, a topic he can enhance with first-hand experience. The enterprise will be shut on Election Day, but will resume practice on Wednesday, Nov. 3, to present Carmen McRae and her odd, indigenous street cries. Mondays, the play area is always occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A sidewalk café and a restaurant of sorts (both closed on Mondays) are appended on the ground floor. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, the Tarriers (voices of thunder) and the Uncalled-For 3 (pranks) have the floor. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): To the surprise of absolutely no one, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, whose instrumental repartee always amuses, are in residence, a quintet at their heels. Fridays through Sundays, Jimmy Rushing's voice does sonic booms. On Tuesday, Nov. 2, Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, and Jimmy Cobb will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fervent Max Roach and his anti-Establishment quintet are giving the customers plenty to think about. Jorge Morel, a solitary guitar (a Lusitanian one), operates when this quintet takes five. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo pianist. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, Tony Parenti, and Herb Gardner are conducting an old-fashioned joy-through-living shivaree. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on a set of Dixielanders at four-thirty in the afternoon. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

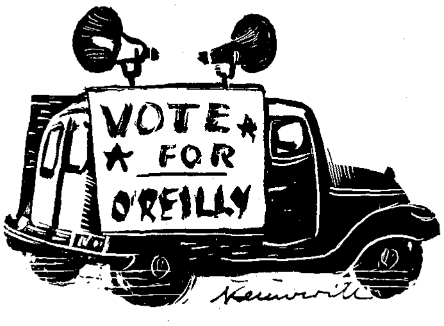
Aaron Bohrod—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Nov. 13. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Fogel—Kaleidoscopic sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Lettering in woodcut and relief, plus illustrated books; through Nov. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung—Etchings and lithographs by this Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Norman Ives—Paintings, collages, and constructions; through Nov. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)



David Jacobs—Welded-aluminum sculptures; through Nov. 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ely Jacques Kahn—Watercolors of landscapes and street scenes; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Incurable Collector, 36 E. 57th St.)

William Kienbusch—Oils and caseins; through Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Oskar Laske (1874-1951)—Oil paintings and graphic works by this Austrian artist; through Nov. 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mangione—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nathan Oliveira—Figure paintings and collages; through Nov. 13. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Palatnik and Ivan Picelj—Cinechromatic screens by the first, a Brazilian artist, and reliefs by the second, a Yugoslavian artist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Picasso—A retrospective of paintings (1909-63); through Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Man Ray—"Objects of My Affection," a showing of objects and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon—Lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Mexico; through Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the theme here; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

George Segal—Plaster figure sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julian Stanczak—Optical paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Elaine Sturtevant—Pop art; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reva Urban—Shaped canvases, 1960-65; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Pastels, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St.)

Victor Vasarely—Optical paintings, sculptures, collages, and constructions; through Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

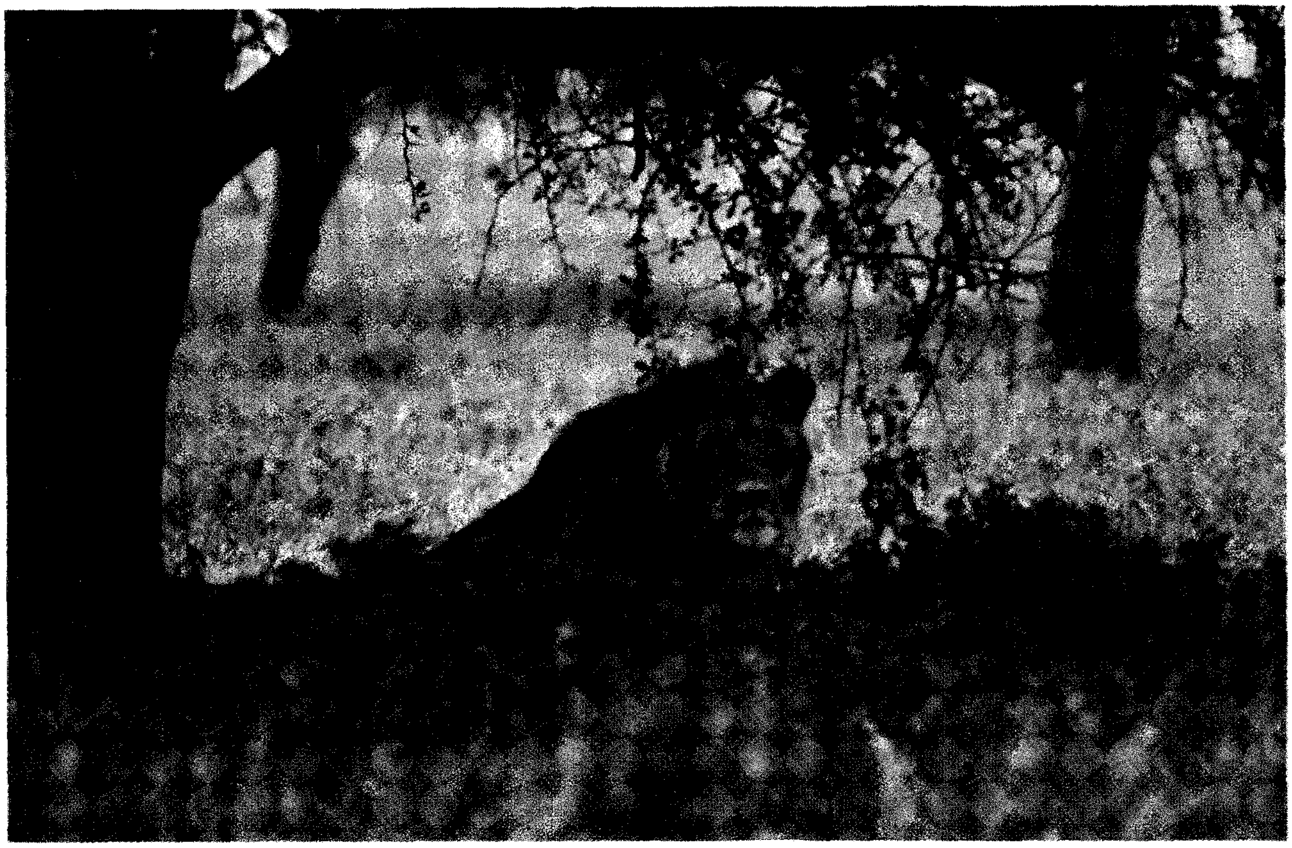
John Wilde—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Impressionists and Post-Impressionists—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by Manet, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and six other French masters; through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Synchromism and Color Principles in American Painting 1910-1930—Works by Synchromists Stanton Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell and by representatives of parallel movements, among them Robert Delaunay and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Drawings—*At the* **ROSENBERG**, *20 E. 79th St.:* Nineteenth- and twentieth-century examples by, among others, Cézanne, Ingres, and Toulouse-Lautrec; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Pieces by such artists as David, Delacroix, and Tiepolo; through Nov. 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: "The Artist Sees Himself," an ex-



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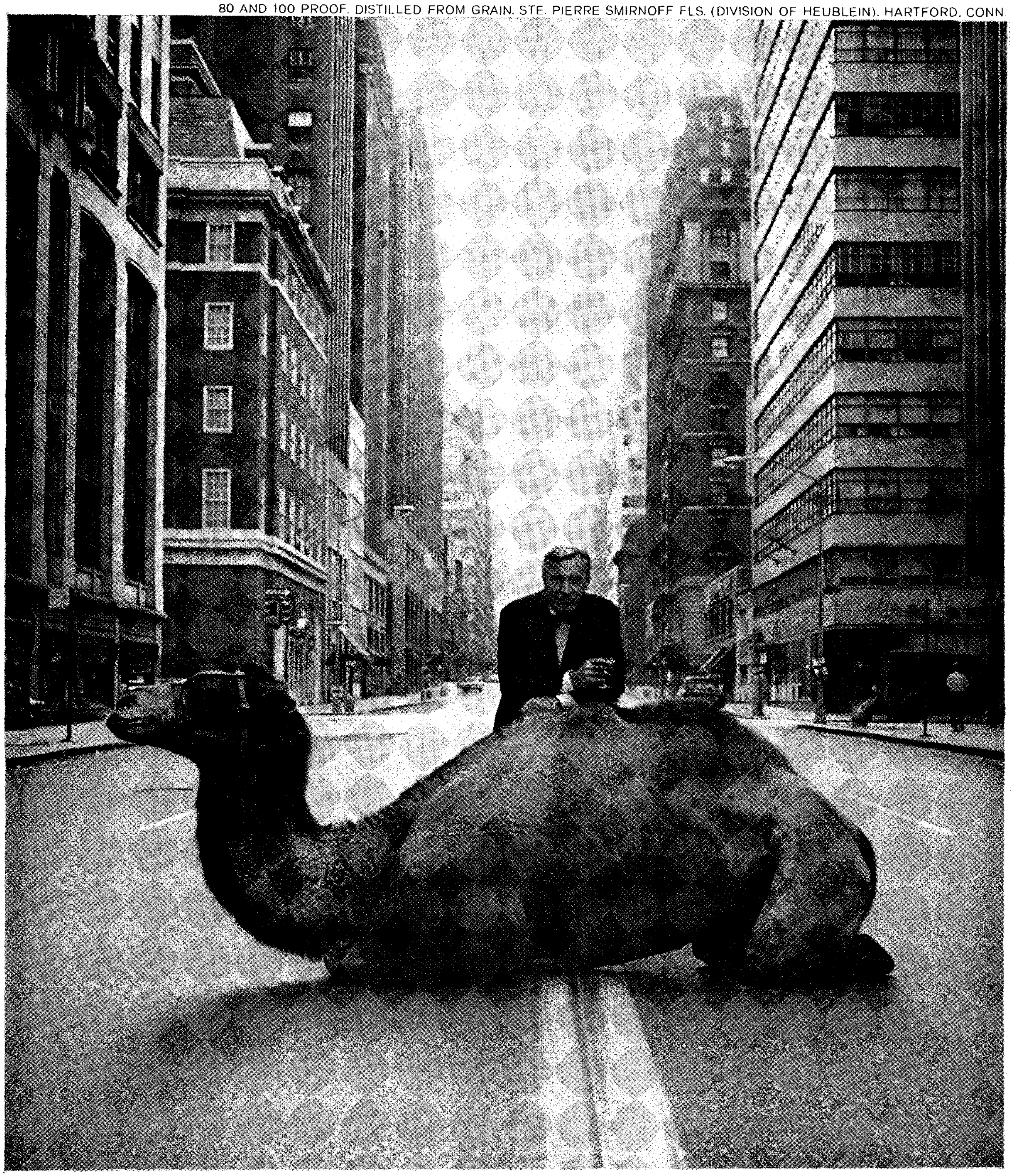

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hibition of self-portraits by Isabel Bishop, Julian Levi, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Nov. 13. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Barnett Newman, along with constructions by Joseph Cornell; through Nov. 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Kupka, Klee, and Tobey are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings; through Nov. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **American Federation of Arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Modern Spanish paintings by Antoni Tàpies, Juan José Tharrats, Antoni Clavé, and four other Catalonian artists; through Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **Hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Flower paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, from Boudin to Braque; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Four Spanish painters—Antonio Lopez-Garcia, Lucio Muñoz, Manuel Rivera, and Xavier Corberó—plus two Peruvians; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Closed Mondays.)

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Femme Fatale," an exhibition of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A restrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Nov. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of graphics by Alexander Archipenko; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"About New York: Night and Day, 1915-65," a loan display of paintings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by, among others, Mark Tobey, David Smith, and Edward Steichen), not to mention memorabilia from the past half century; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Religion in Wood: A Study in Shaker Design," a showing of the decorative and fine arts of the Shakers; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Ancient Peruvian textiles on loan from the Textile Museum of Washington; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Historic Hudson," an exhibition of paintings, etchings, and lithographs (1761-1870) depicting scenes along the course of the Hudson River from the Adirondacks to New York City; through April 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of manuscripts, letters, and books, covering six centuries of English and American literature, in observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Library's Berg Collection. Included are a first edition of "The Chronicles of England," published in 1480 by William Caxton, a group of letters by Samuel Johnson, and manuscripts by Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a journal of Henry David Thoreau. Through March 1. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "Falstaff," with Mary Costa, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Cesare Siepi, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 1: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Gianni Raimondi, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Dan Marek. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 3: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Elfego Esparza, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Cesare Siepi, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Falstaff," with Mary Costa, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. A benefit performance; for tickets, call CO 5-6291 Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 to 4. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "The Flaming Angel" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2:30: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Capriccio" (in English). . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: The première of Ned Rorem's "Miss Julie," with a libretto by Kenward Elmslie. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Metropolitan Opera National Company—Opening performances of a three-week season (four new productions) by the Met's touring company. The season will continue through Saturday, Nov. 20. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call HA 7-4900.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Carmen," in French. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "Cinderella," in English. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Mozart Opera Festival—"The Magic Flute," performed in English by the North Shore Opera Company. The second in a series of four productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—A program of Russian music on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 29, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 1, at 7:30 (all with Gary Graffman, piano); and a Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 8, at 7:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, the final performances of the engagement—Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: Kiril Kondrashin conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with David Oistrakh, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with Mr. Oistrakh and with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello.

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting a Schoenberg-Bruckner program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 30-31, at

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8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Princeton Chamber Orchestra—Nicholas Harsanyi conducting, with Robert Nagel, trumpet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Jonel Perlea conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 5:15.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Solomon," with Janet Hayes and Gabriella Dreher, sopranos; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Ferrante, countertenor; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Norman Luboff Choir—Norman Luboff directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Yehudi Menuhin and Fou Ts'ong—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: With Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: With Alexander Schneider, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

Sidney Foster—Piano, in a Mendelssohn-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Ion Voicu—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Finch College Music Series—The first in a series of four programs, this one by the Festival Winds and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Finch College Auditorium, 52 E. 78th St. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Nicolai Petrov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Victoria de Los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 4, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. San Francisco and Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—Ernie Terrell vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Toronto. Monday, Nov. 1.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Iona vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Shea Stadium, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Hamilton, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 6 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, at Ohio Field (University Ave. and 181st St.). . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1:05.). . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7:30.)

Horse Shows—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Through Tuesday, Nov. 2. Competitions nightly at 7:45, plus Thursday, Friday, Sunday, and Tuesday at 2; Saturday at 1:45; and Monday at 1.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Thursday through Tuesday, Nov. 4-9.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.). . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 28-29, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 29. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Saturday, Oct. 30, at 12:30; the Jockey Club Gold Cup is the feature race. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Nov. 1, through Saturday, Dec. 11. The Ladies' Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 20. Through Saturday, Oct. 30, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Nov. 12.

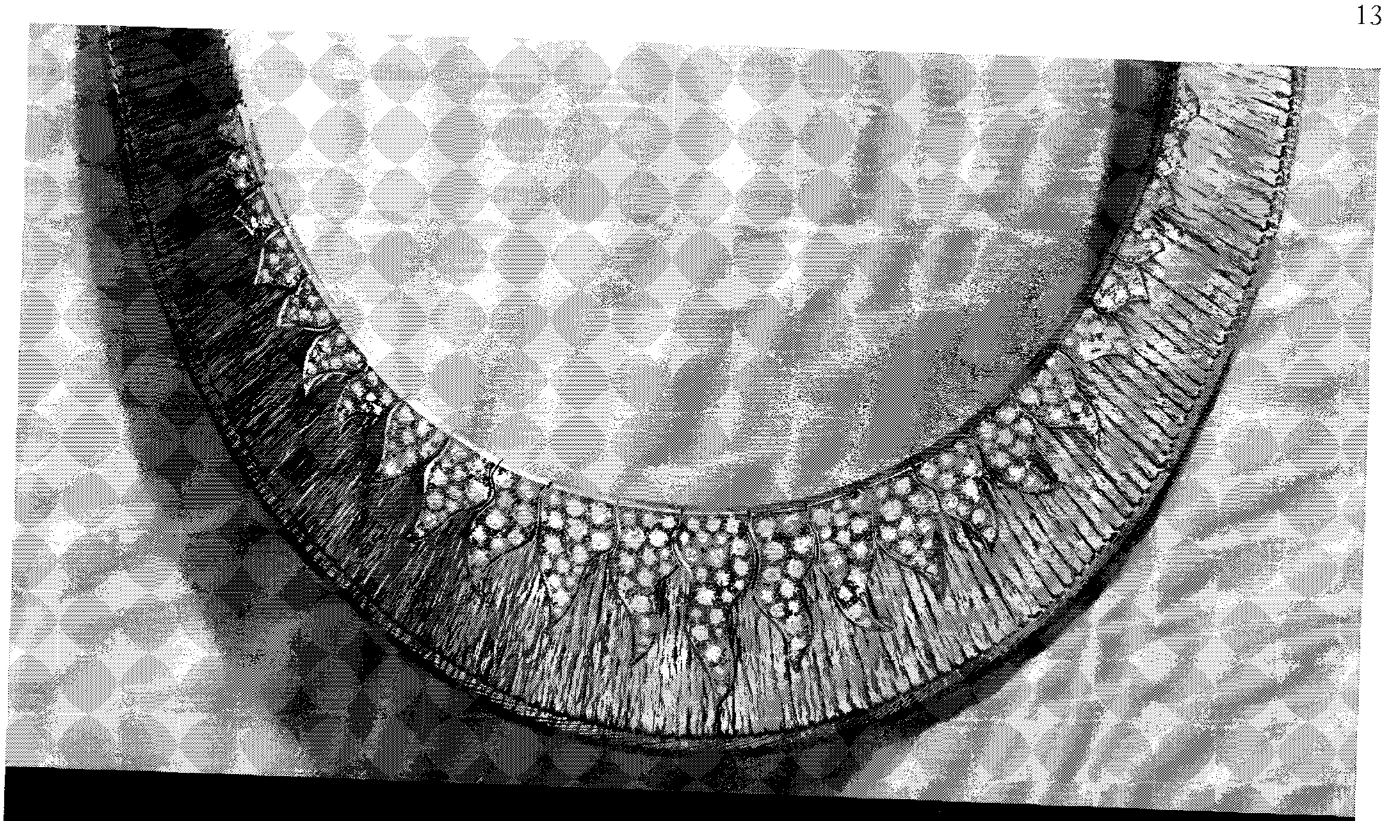
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15.(Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

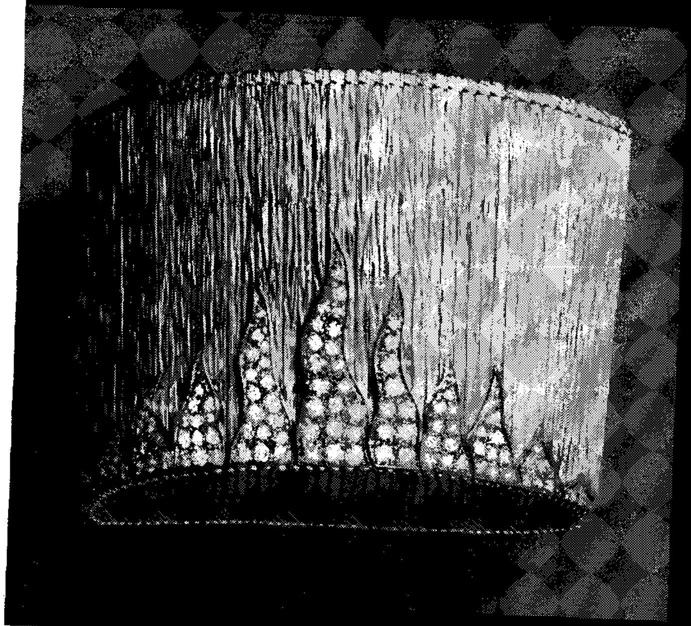
FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sunday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Nov. 6. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.). . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.). . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Ostrich Feathers." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.). . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.). . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Puss in Boots." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 1:45.). . . THEATRE A LA CARTE: "Emperor's Nightingale." (Red Cross Auditorium, 150 Amsterdam Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 2. For tickets, call SU 7-0626.). . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 1. Children under five not admitted.). . . ¶ "Robin Hood." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30.). . . LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-





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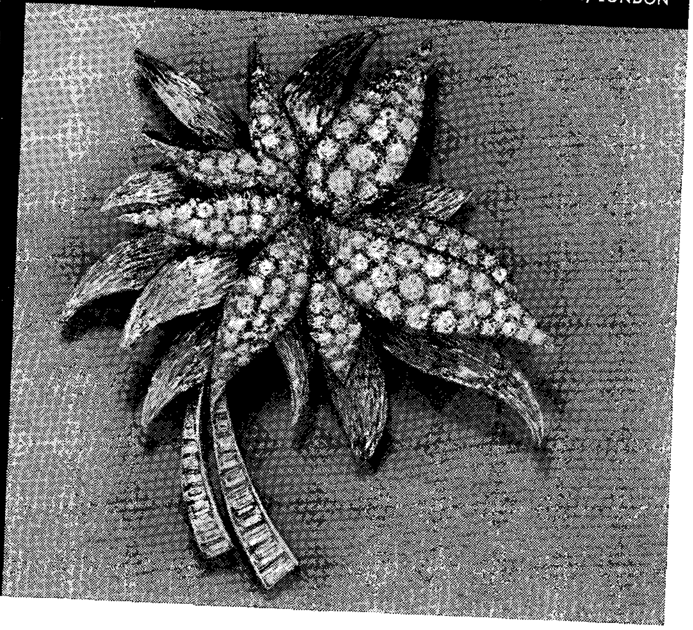

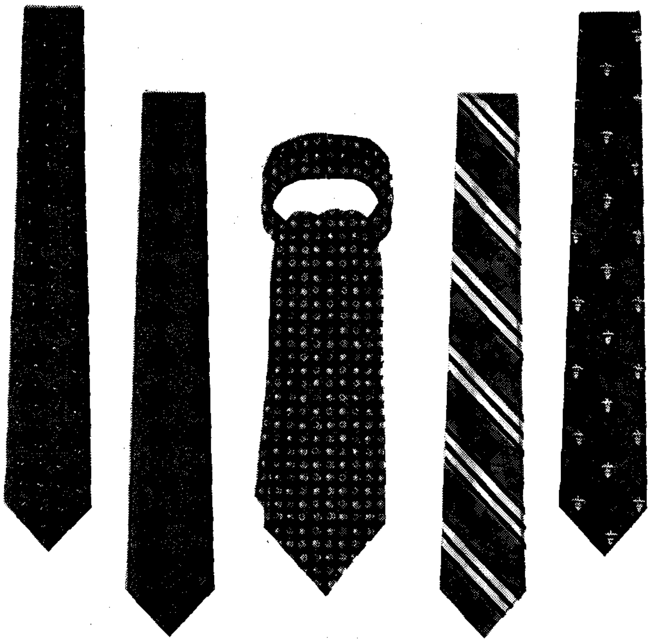

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Columbian America. (Weekdays, *10 to 5;* Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 2; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Carolyn Kizer and Alastair Reid reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Kenneth Rexroth reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, at 1:45: Georgian furniture; Derby, Bow, and other old porcelain; Georgian silver and Sheffield plate; Staffordshire statuettes; paintings; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Ernest L. Malapert and from other sources.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese bronzes, early dynastic pottery, jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, and Ming and Ch'ing paintings; the property of Raymond Bushell and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 30.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Oct. 28, at 2 and 8: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), with Katharine Hepburn.... ¶ Oct. 29, at 2 and 5:30: "8½" (1963), in Italian, with Marcello Mastroianni.... ¶ Oct. 30, at 11:30 and 5:30: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964), in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.... ¶ Oct. 31, at 2 and 5:30: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.... ¶ Nov. 1-3, showings at 2 and 5:30: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), the first program in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg."... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Oct. 28: "Twenty Minutes of Love" (1914), "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Work" (1915), and "Behind the Screen" (1916).... ¶ Oct. 29-31: "Mable's Busy Day" (1914), "Laughing Gas" (1914), "The Woman" (1915), and "The Vagabond" (1916).... ¶ Starting Nov. 2: "Those Love Pangs" (1914), "Dough and Dynamite" (1914), "The Bank" (1915), and "The Count" (1916). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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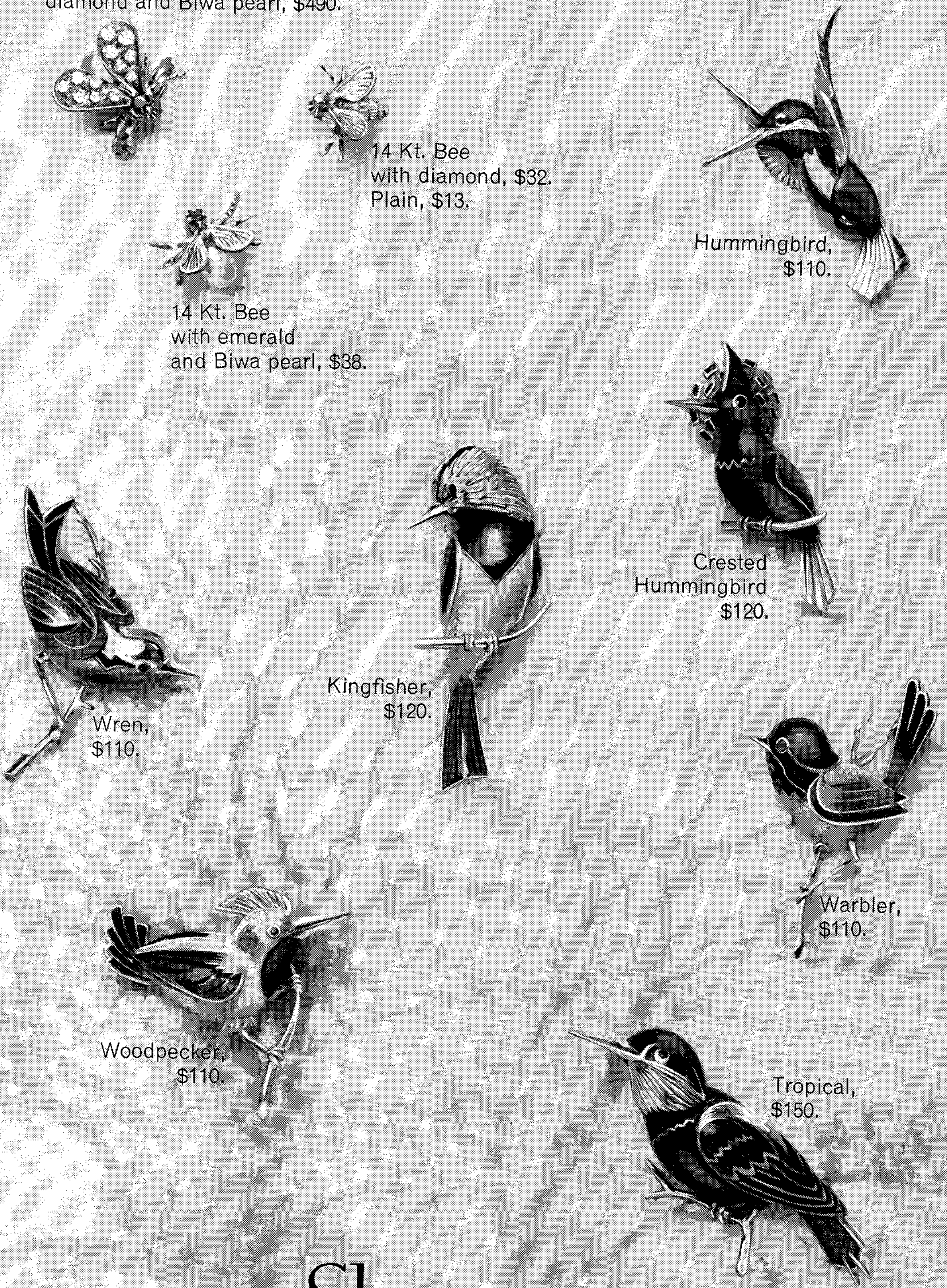

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller with exceptionally good dialogue by John and Penelope Mortimer. Laurence Olivier as a Scotland Yard inspector is superb; also in the cast are Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward. Otto Preminger directed. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 2.)

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey, and the director was John Schlesinger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—An overlong, overambitious farce, though with good things in it. Starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood, and directed by Blake Edwards. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Nov. 3.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 29-31.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Loved One—An unfunny bungling of the Evelyn Waugh original, ill-directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Married Woman—A simple, flawless account of a marriage that doesn't work and a love affair that doesn't work very well, either. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the very top of his bent. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 3.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this remarkable film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through Nov. 3.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29-Nov. 1.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 2.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 3.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and tautly directed by John Frankenheimer. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 2.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 2.)

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 28.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 30.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 29.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 28.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 3.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 1-2.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 28.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 29-Nov. 1.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 28.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 30-31.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 29-30.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 29-Nov. 1.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 3.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 30.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 29.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 2-3.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—More W. C. Fields, this time with Mae West, gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 30-31.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The notable documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 29-Nov. 1.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 3, tentative.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 2.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's classic, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 28.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 2-3.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 3.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 29-31.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Oct. 31-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 2-3.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 1-2.)

The Ugly American (1963)—Marlon Brando in a melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 28.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

World Without Sun (1964)—Jacques-Yves Cousteau showing the beauty and oddity of life underwater. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 3.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 2: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.
From Nov. 3: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Nov. 3: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.**

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Nov. 3: **THE GREAT RACE.**

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Nov. 3: "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE TRAIN; and **HELP!**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 2: **THE TRAIN**; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Nov. 3: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 2: "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Nov. 3 (tentative): **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DAVID AND LISA, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Nov. 2: "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.
From Nov. 3: "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 2: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James.
From Nov. 3, at 8: "Giulietta of the Spirits" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Oct. 28: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**, revival; and **BECKET**, revival.
Oct. 29-31: **HELP!**; and **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival.
Nov. 1: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Nov. 2-3: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 2: "The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.
From Nov. 3: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 2: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Nov. 3 (tentative): "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 2: **HELP!**; and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From Nov. 3: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr; and "Murieta," Jeffrey Hunter.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 2: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.**
From Nov. 3: "The Nanny," Bette Davis.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 28: **GRAND ILLUSION, RULES OF THE GAME**, and "Day in the Country" (all in French and all revivals).
Oct. 29-Nov. 1: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 2: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 30: "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde; and "The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.
Oct. 31-Nov. 2: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Nov. 3: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Oct. 28: "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
Oct. 29-30: **JULIUS CAESAR**, revival.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: **HENRY V**, revival.
Nov. 2-3: **MACBETH**, revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 30: **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.
From Oct. 31: "Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 2: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick; and "Tomorrow at 10," John Gregson, Robert Shaw.
From Nov. 3: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "Faces in the Dark," John Gregson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 2: "China!," a documentary film; and "The Fiancés" (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 3: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Nov. 3: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 3: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Madam White Snake" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French), revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

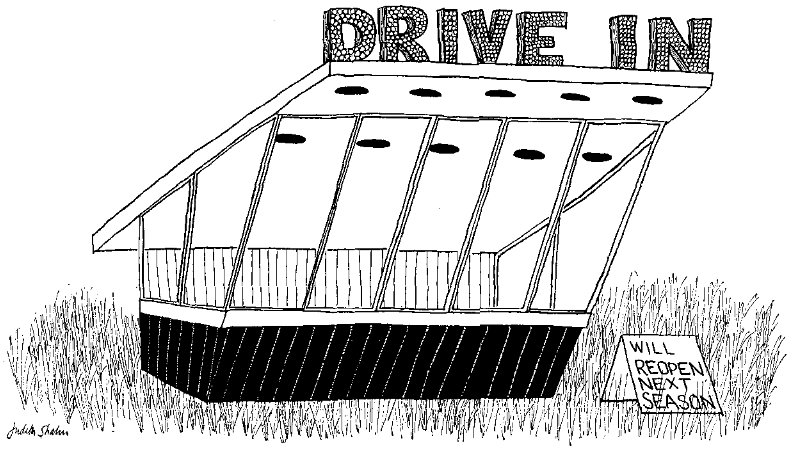
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Alphaville" (in French), Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 29: **THE LOST WEEKEND**, revival; and **DOUBLE INDEMNITY**, revival.
Oct. 30-31: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.
Nov. 1-2: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **FUNNY FACE**, revival.
From Nov. 3: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "Le Amiche" (in Italian), revival, Gabriele Ferzetti, Valentina Cortesa.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 2: "The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick; and "Tomorrow at 10," John Gregson, Robert Shaw.
From Nov. 3: **WORLD WITHOUT SUN**, revival; and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 28: **THE IDIOT** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 29-Nov. 1: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
From Nov. 2: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 2: "China!," a documentary film; and "The Fiancés" (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 3: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.



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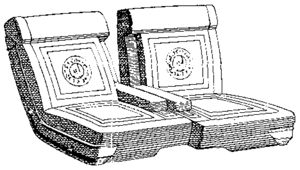

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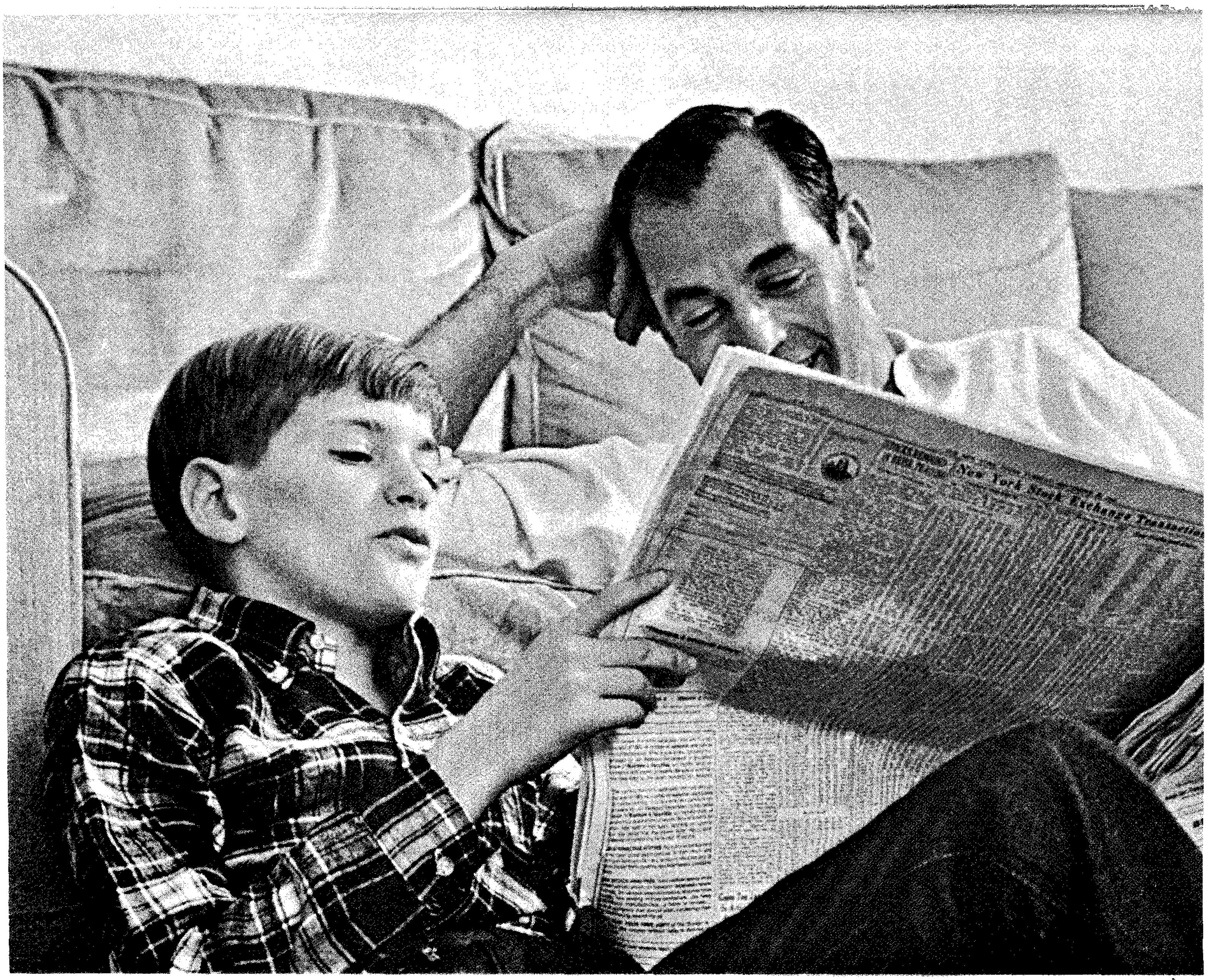
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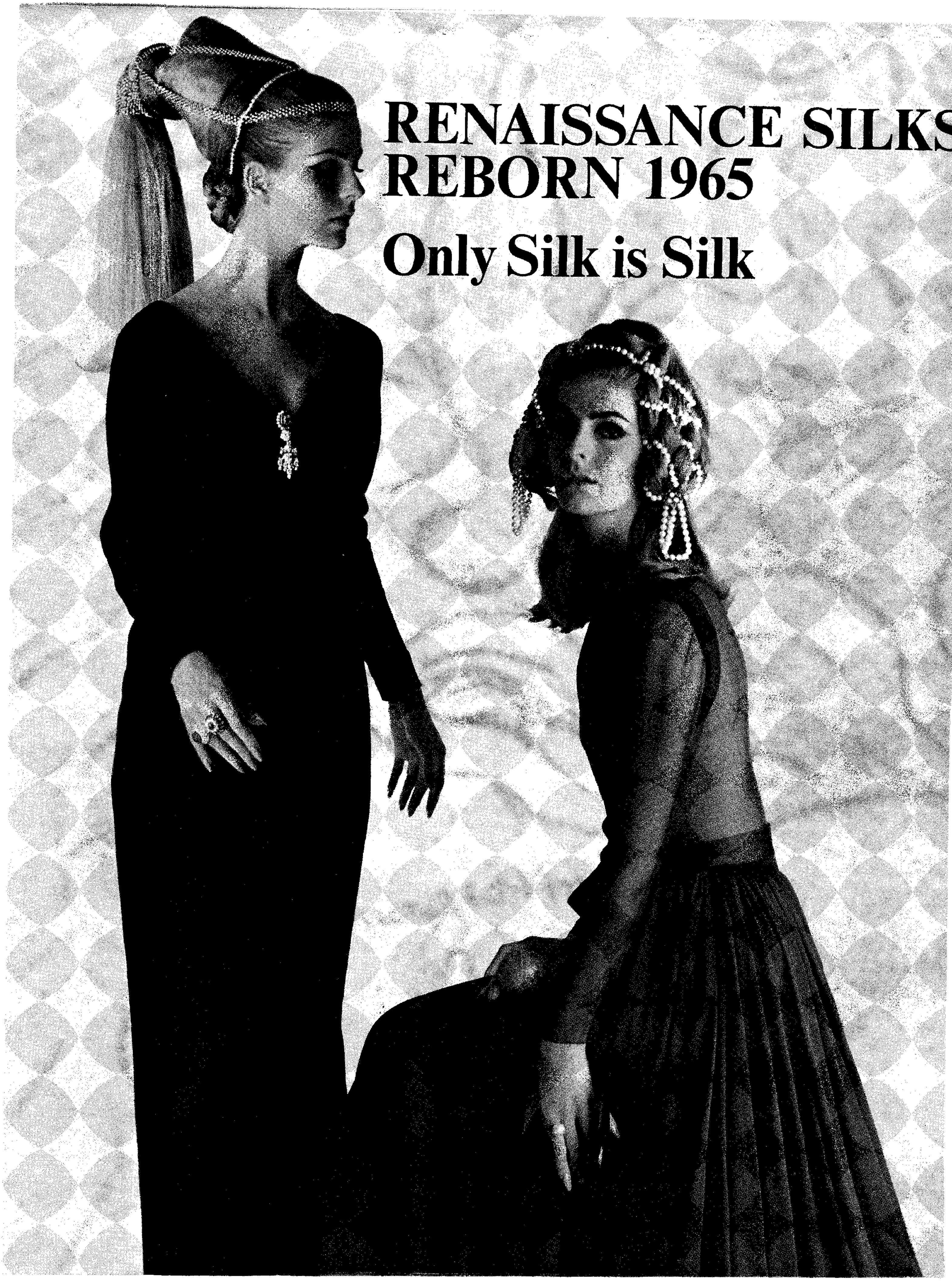
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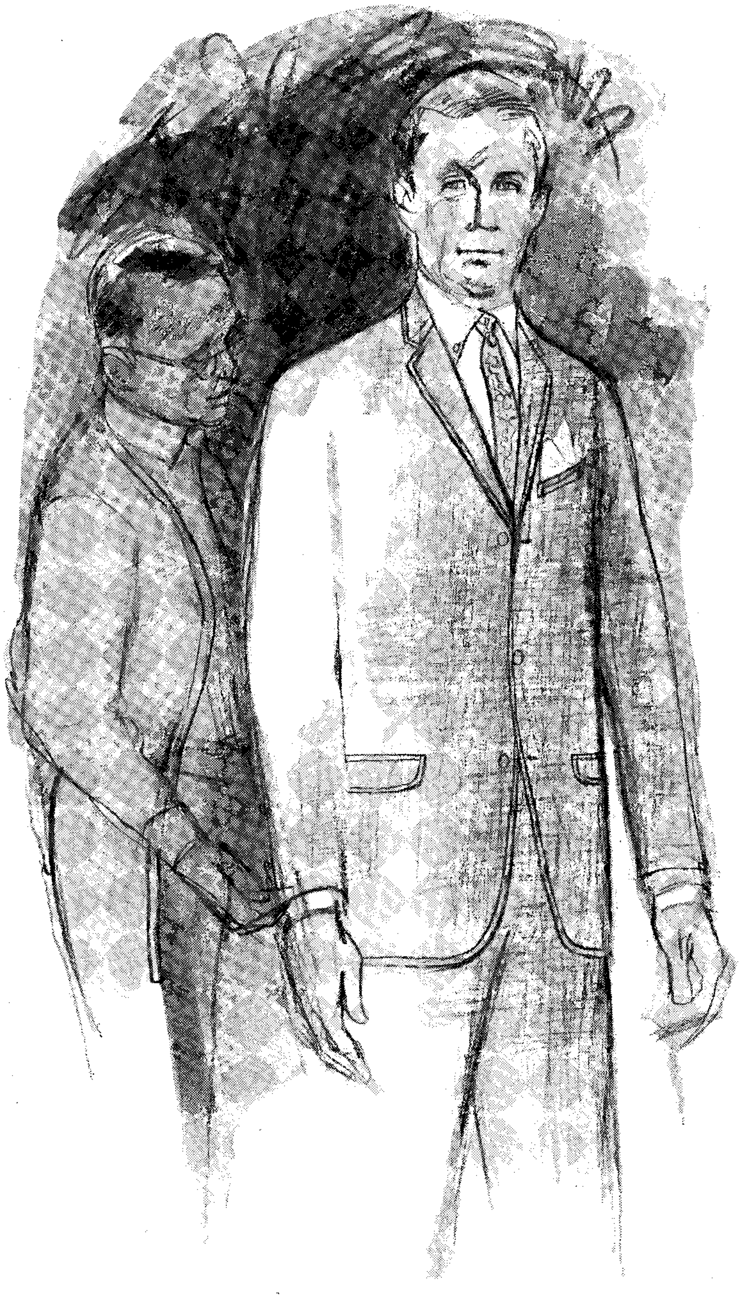

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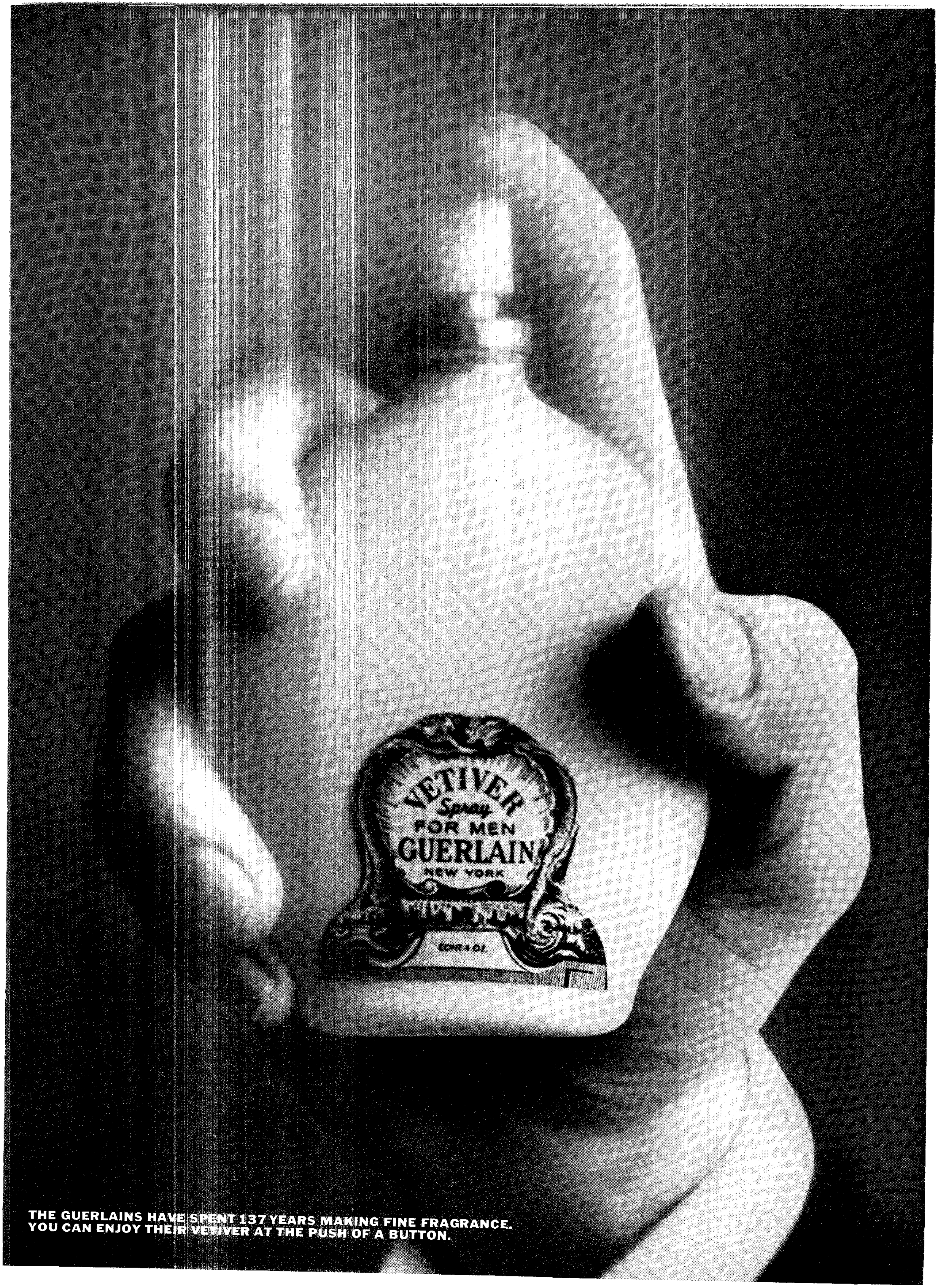
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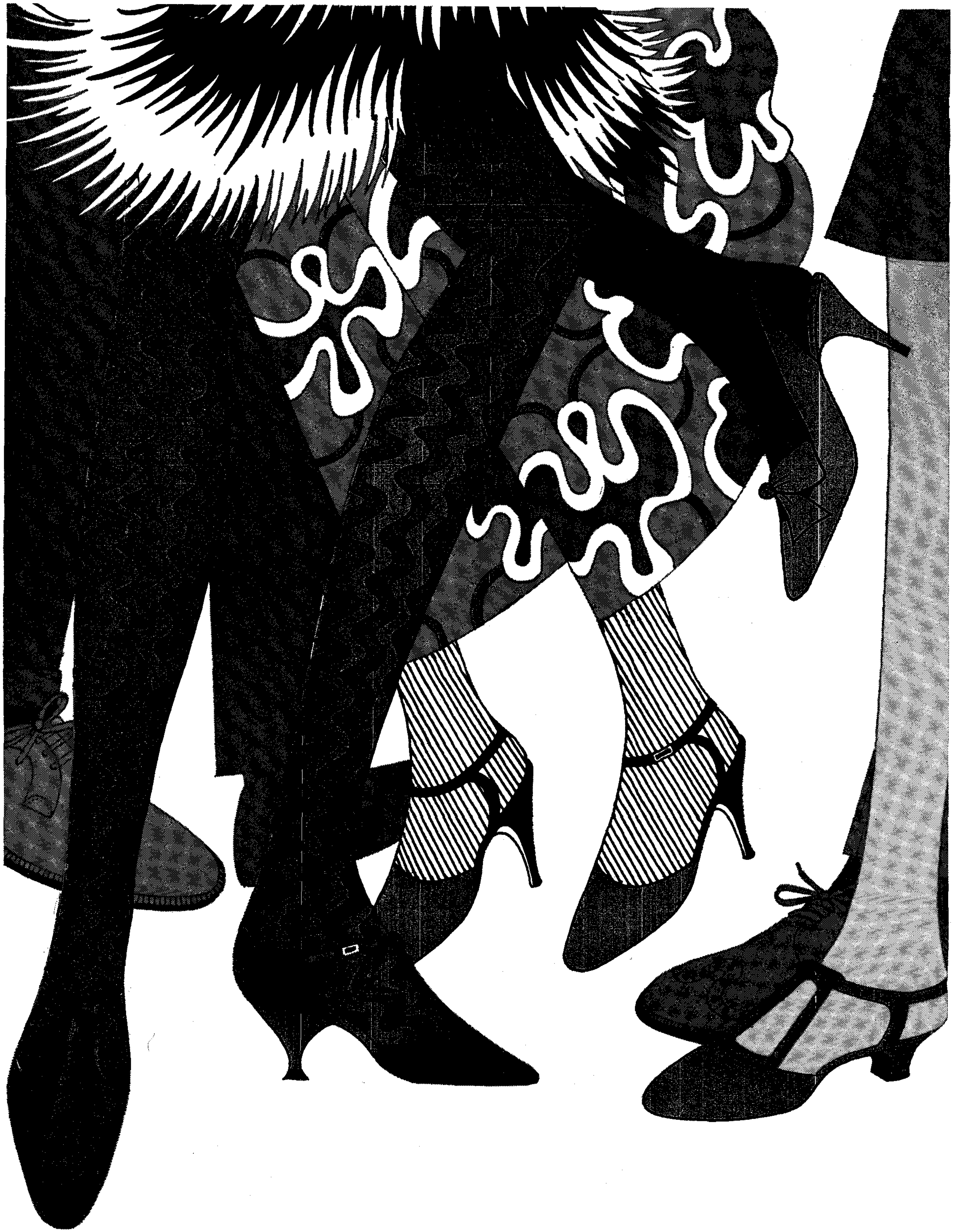
YOU CAN ENJOY THEIR VETIVER AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.

Vetiver by Guerlain is a deep, lingering cologne to spray on at all times—after shaving and before cheek-to-cheek dancing. $5.



It was a wild party. All the Gamins were there.

And all Gamin shoes cost $20. And all Gamin shoes are at all ANDREW GELLER stores. 18 W 57, New York City. Chicago. Miami Beach. San Francisco.

Take a Gernreich dress, add a Rolex Watch, and you have a woman who knows what time it is.

As Gernreich himself puts it, "A woman is beautiful when she looks like what she is. A woman. In the same way, a Rolex is beautiful because it looks like what it is. A watch. Rolex also happens to be one of the most accurate watches in the world. I know, because I wear one myself."

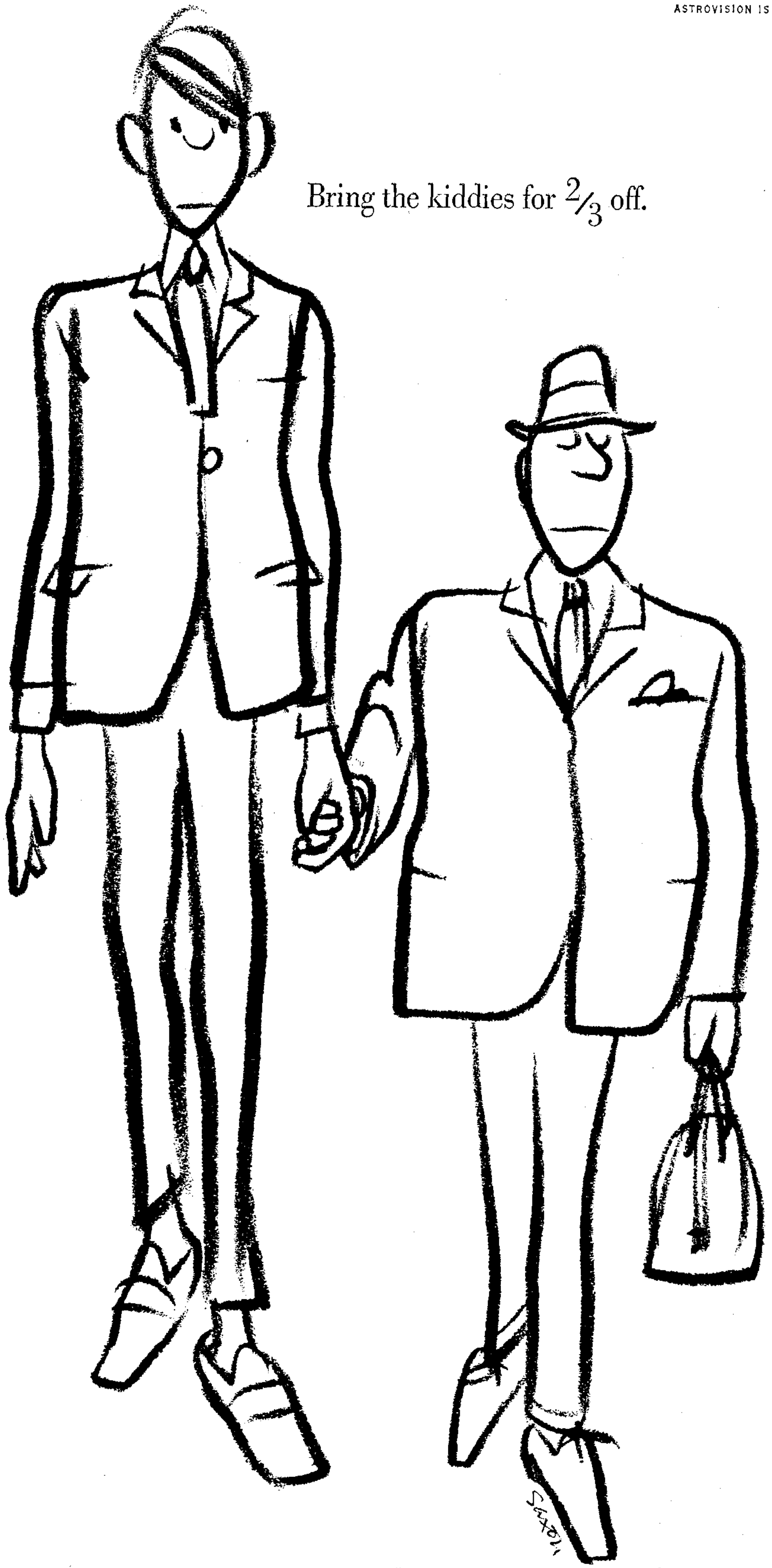
Thank you, Rudi Gernreich.

Shown above, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Ladydate, with 18 kt. gold case and 14 kt. bracelet, 26-jewel chronometer movement, shock absorbing, waterproof*, automatic, date magnified by Cyclops crystal, $445. Other Rolex Watches for women from $93.50. For an illustrated brochure, write to American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10036.
*when case, crown and crystal are intact.

ROLEX

ASTROVISION IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

Bring the kiddies for ⅔ off.



If he's Little Billy to you, he's Little Billy to us and you can bring him along for next to nothing.

In our book, "little" means under 22. (You have to grow up *sometime.*)

The only string is that your wife go along, too—and we'll take ⅓ off her fare. (If only one parent goes, Billy gets the ⅓ off and his brothers get the ⅔ off.) So one out of three of you flies for nothing.

Now, the fares we're talking about are already just about the lowest jet fares we have—our Royal Coachman seats.

But we might point out that Royal Coachman includes a movie on Astrovision, beverages, lunch or dinner and any number of other little services. We never, never call Royal Coachman the "cheap seats."

These fares are good Monday noon to Friday noon, but please don't wait. (When Billy's 22, the deal's off.)

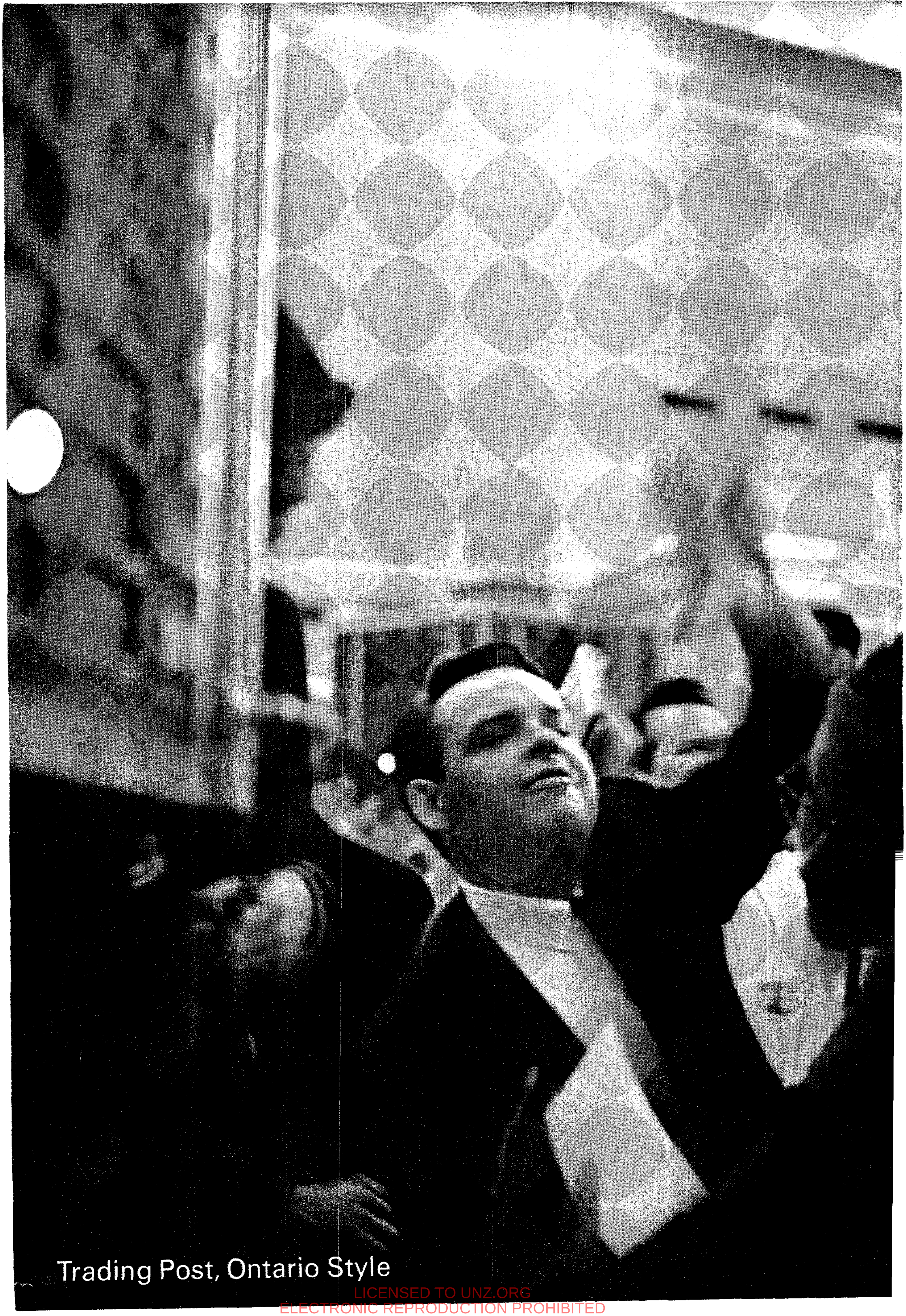
American Airlines

AUTOMATIC 104
LIGHTEN
ROID
THANK YOU

New economy model of the Polaroid Color Pack Camera. Same great film. Same fast loading. Same big color prints in 60 seconds (black and white in 10). Yet it's half the price of the original model!

60 seconds. Under $60.

"POLAROID"®

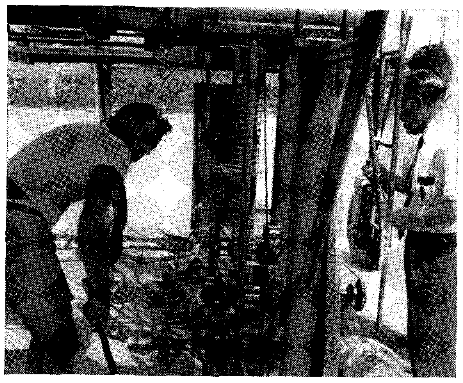


Trading Post, Ontario Style

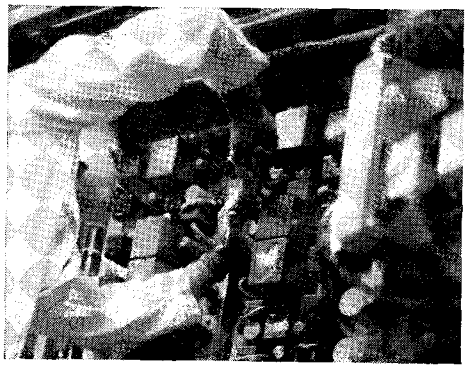
Americans who know us are not surprised to find vigorous stock trading in Ontario. Toronto's daily volume (5,186,020 shares) rivals New York's.

Many Americans (we are told) think of Ontario, Canada, as a land of trappers packing their pelts to the trading post. It's a natural thought. Canadian wild mink *is the finest in the world*. So is our beaver and our otter. But we'd like a word with you about that trading post image. Pictured at left is the Toronto Stock Exchange, a trading post without a dog sled in sight. As exchanges go, it's pretty big, with the second heaviest share volume in North America. But this is not the only kind of progress that is impressive about Ontario. For instance: insulin was discovered here and the space suit was invented here. Still more developments which help make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity are pictured below.

Ontario's highly mechanized tobacco industry flourishes in latitudes as far south as the French Riviera. The fully automated harvester pictured below, designed and built in Ontario, is expected to revolutionize tobacco harvesting throughout the world.

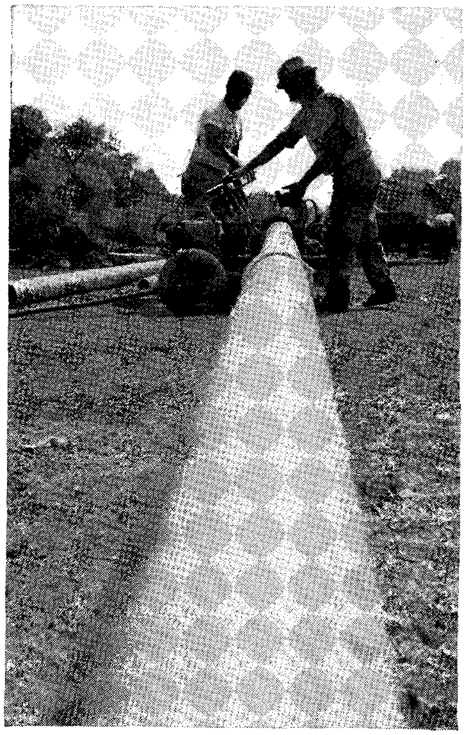


The University of Toronto's Institute for Aerospace Studies is acclaimed internationally. Space scientists abroad are keenly interested in one of the Institute's current projects. Likely result: a mathematical equation to represent the human pilot in flight.



Gene Littler shoots his way to victory in the $100,000 Canadian Open Golf Tournament at Ontario's beautiful Mississaugua course. Also in the field for this 61st Open: Devlin, Nicklaus, Palmer, Player, Snead and 138 others.

This unique buckle joint, developed in Cooksville, Ontario, makes a pipeline joint stronger than the pipe itself and it's all done in 60 seconds, on site, without using yokes, threads, latches, couplings, flanges, or even welding.



Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, 950 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan

3.8 'S' SEDAN
4.2 SEDAN
XK-E COUPE
JAGUAR
JAGUAR

If you need more reasons to own a Jaguar, see your dealer.

JAGUAR: A DIFFERENT BREED OF CAT.

This Fall
all the action
in Bermuda
centers around
the Princess

Bermuda's best location!
Perfect Island setting. Right on the water, yet just a walk away from the holiday excitement, shops and conveniences of Hamilton. The pink and beautiful new Princess — where the fun is — gathering place of Bermuda's own chic set. Charming cottage colony right on the Princess grounds — far enough away for privacy; close enough for the conveniences and lively entertainment at the hotel. Bermuda at its loveliest waits to delight you at the Princess.

New Princess Golf & Beach Club
18 holes, 3000 yards, watered fairways and greens. Private pink beach set in a natural cove. Club for lunch and cocktails. On the South Shore — complimentary transportation.

DAILY GOLF PLAN
$10 per couple Includes greens fees for two, golf club rentals and motorized golf cart.

Water Sports from the Terrace
Pool and terrace overlook the Harbour. Watch the races. Lunch at the snack bar. Water-ski, skin dive, scuba. Sail a catamaran. Have a wonderful time in a dozen directions — right from the Terrace.

Where the Night Life Is!
Meet all Bermuda at the Gazebo Cocktail Lounge. Dine in the Three Crowns Dining Room (French kitchen staff!) Night Club in the Princess Room — featuring the finest imported and local entertainment.

BERMUDA PLAN RATES
FROM $10 DAILY PER PERSON DOUBLE OCCUPANCY

The Princess
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
GOLF & BEACH CLUB,
PEMBROKE, BERMUDA
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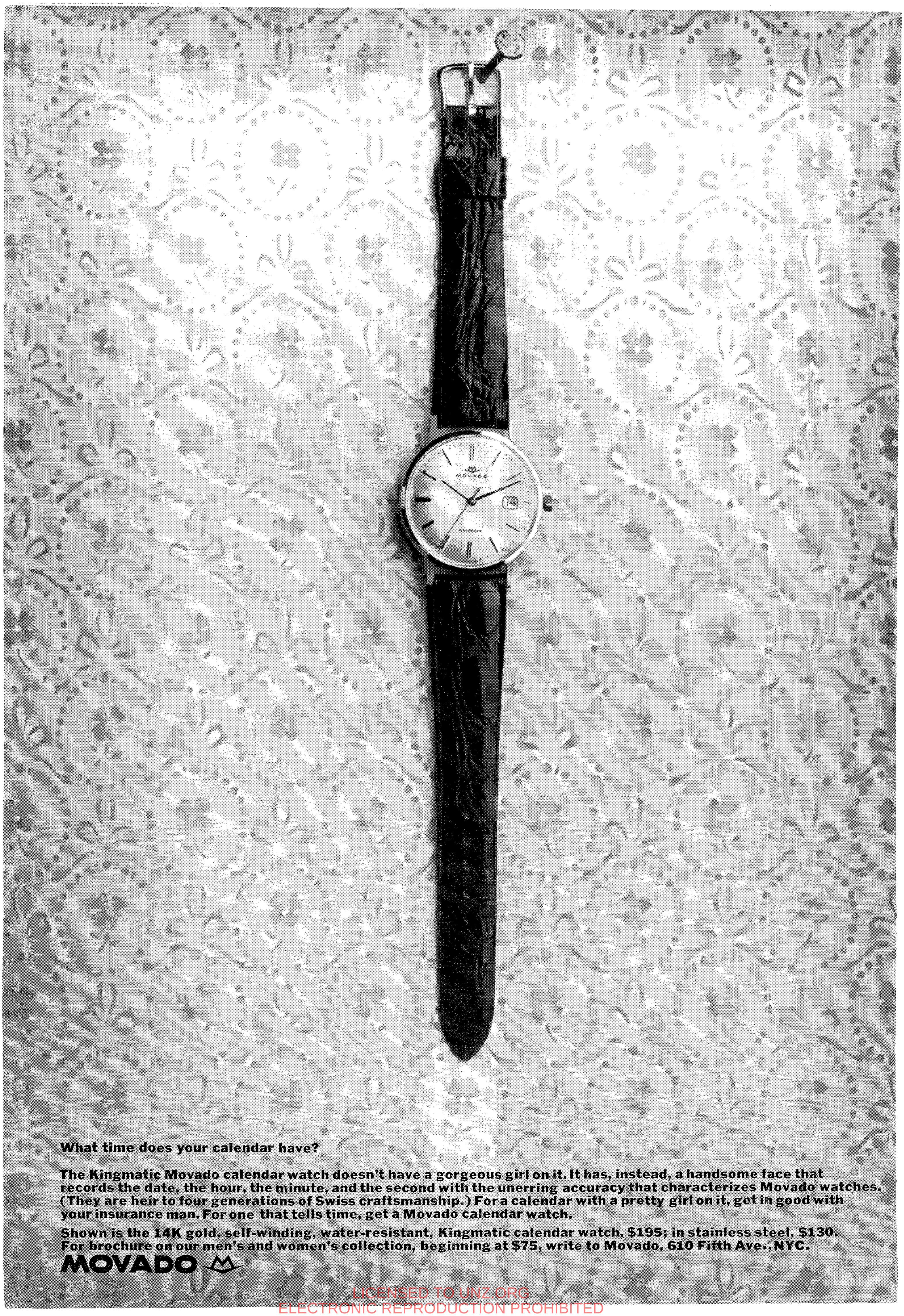


What time does your calendar have?

The Kingmatic Movado calendar watch doesn't have a gorgeous girl on it. It has, instead, a handsome face that records the date, the hour, the minute, and the second with the unerring accuracy that characterizes Movado watches. (They are heir to four generations of Swiss craftsmanship.) For a calendar with a pretty girl on it, get in good with your insurance man. For one that tells time, get a Movado calendar watch.

Shown is the 14K gold, self-winding, water-resistant, Kingmatic calendar watch, $195; in stainless steel, $130. For brochure on our men's and women's collection, beginning at $75, write to Movado, 610 Fifth Ave., NYC.

MOVADO

Is GENESCO a Madison Ave. Art Gallery?

No, no. Our N.Y. headquarters are at 57th and Fifth!

The Genesco Building is only one of the major stops made by our busy executives, who travel all over the world like dedicated collectors. Our specialization is a vast one: **everything to wear.** (Spray it on, put it on, pull it on, step into it, slip into it... if it's something to wear, we're likely to make it or sell it or both.) We tend to the conviction that it takes creative management to keep us the best, as well as the biggest corporation in the field. Our Coordinated Management Plan will never be displayed in a gallery, but a good many people think it's a work of art, at that. The results show up in our Annual Report. We'd like to suggest that you send for it.

We hail artists and patrons, wherever they are! But we'll stick to business.
Those multiplying ranks of gallery-goers have to have something to wear.

GENESCO, INC.
730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL SMALL type hard to read?

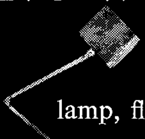
BANGED your shin on the dresser?

Kept **HiM** awake because you had to finish that book last night?

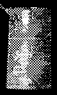
Couldn't find Aunt Tillie's picture because it was **TOO DARK** in the attic?

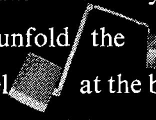
Knitted one, purled **THREEE** instead of two?

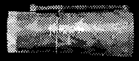
You need a Lloyd-Lamp, the five-way high intensity light.



It's the only one that works as a wall lamp, desk lamp, floodlight, flashlight and nightlight. You really have to see it. Try the high-low switch, unfold the arm, swivel the head around, marvel at the built-in stabilizer, admire its shape, feel it's weight. You can find one in any of five colors at leading department stores everywhere. Costs far less than you'd think, only $12.95.

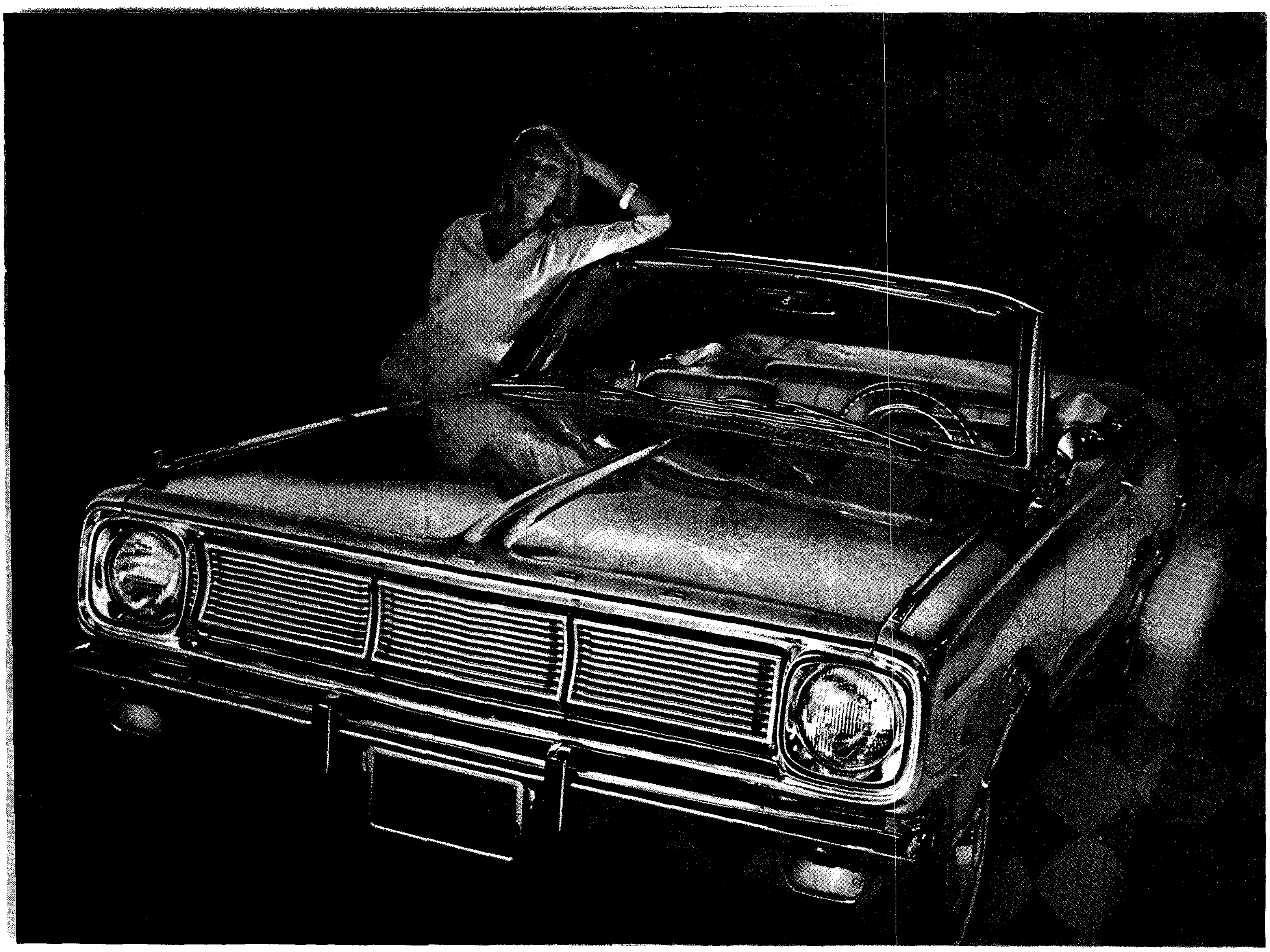






LLOYD-LAMP

Lloyd's Electronics. 30 West 23rd St., N.Y.C. A new world of personal electronics



Down with the idea that compacts should be small. What they should be is nimble, and economical, and inexpensive. They should also be roomy and zoomy, and who in the world ever started that silly idea that compact owners are all undersized anyway? So turn loose the rebel in you. Sit up for your rights. In a foam-padded bucket seat. Run barefoot through the wall-to-wall carpets. Fire up that snarl under the hood. Head out from the herd. If it weren't for Dart's low price, nimble handling and the way it nurses gas, it'd be hard to find a resemblance to other compacts at all. So, if Dart GT's got what you want, the Dodge Rebellion wants you!

'66 Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION

Stamp out cramped compacts.
Up with man-sized Dodge Dart.

JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Medaglia d'Oro is one of two great coffees in all the world

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
ESPRESSO COFFEE
INSTANT
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
12 OZ. NET WT.

The other one is Savarin.

o Marry
Miss Susan McIne
City, where they pla
after a wedding trip t
ique and Guadelou
West Indies.
and
School
York
Mr. and Mrs. J
announce the engag
September

Left to right: MODERN VICTORIAN, MADRIGAL, ELOQUENCE, LACE POINT and COLONIAL THEME

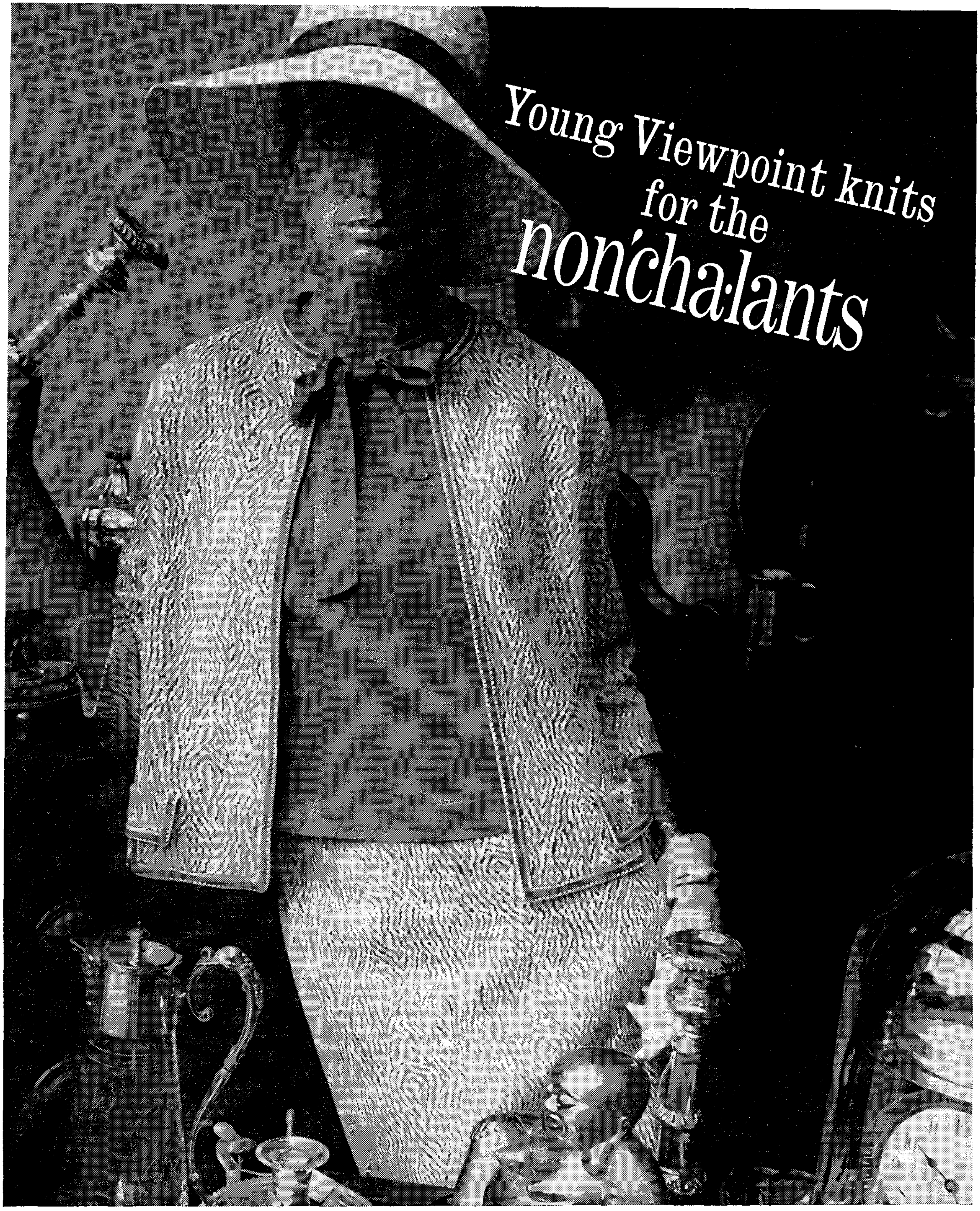
when your heiress turns to silver

That's the time to take your young gray head out from behind the Wall Street Journal. Time to check up on the family traditions. The Lunt sterling tradition, for example—one tradition father (as well as mother) hands down to daughter. Lunt means love with the sterling admixture of good common sense fathers are noted for. It's a blue-chip investment that appreciates while it's being appreciated . . . every day, at breakfast, lunch and dinner. Lunt silver is crafted for beauty and permanence. It doesn't wear out or need to be replaced. Ever. So dower your daughter with Lunt sterling place settings. Enough, at least, for the bride and groom and you and your bride, the first time you're asked to dine. Come to think of it, why not give them a service for eight?

LUNT
STERLING

For information write Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-9, Greenfield, Mass.

HAT: SIMONE MIRMAN



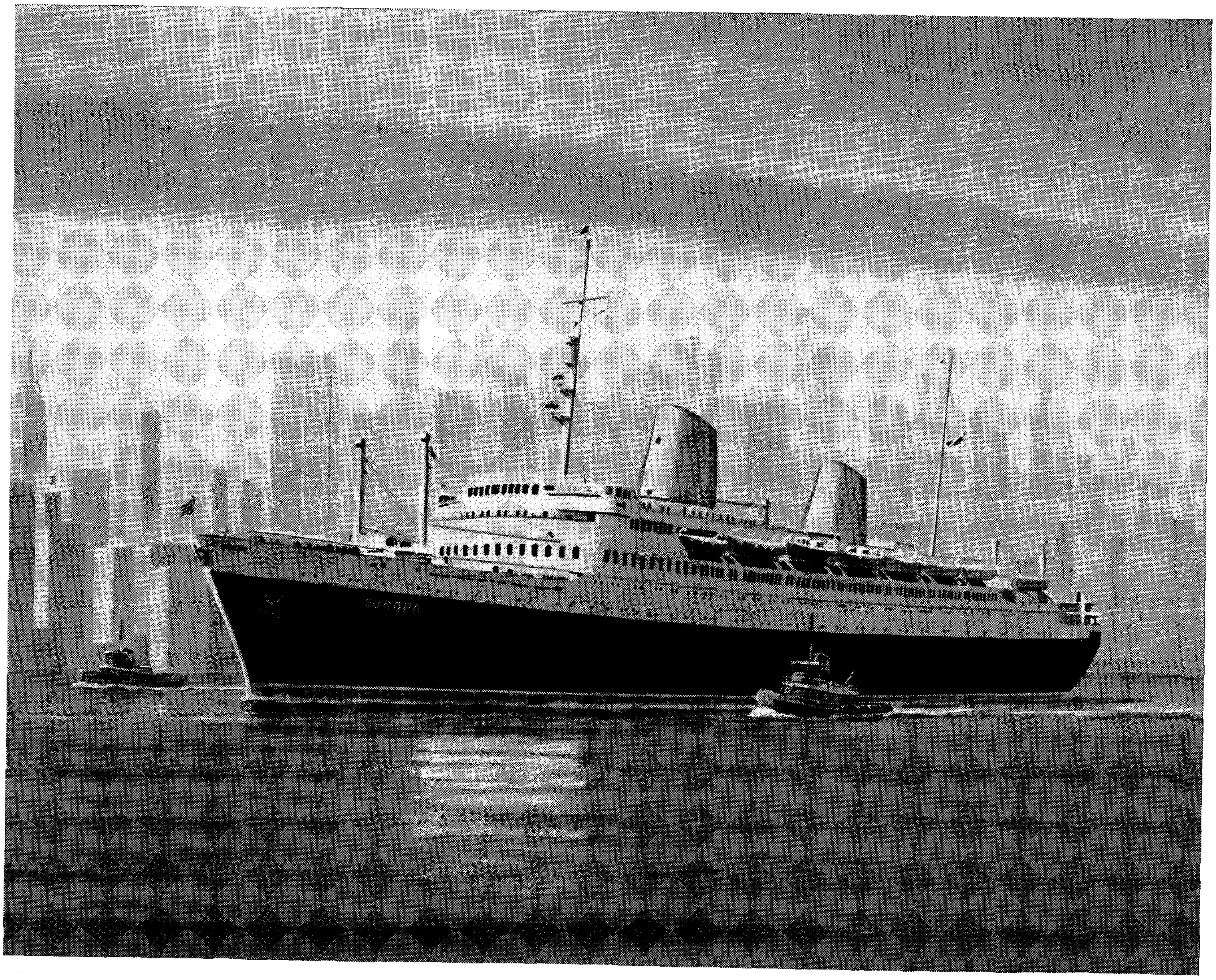
Collected. Cool and calm while antiqueing in London's famous shops. This is the way of the Nonchalants. Young Viewpoint takes their inimitable texture, their no-care ways to give you three priceless-looking pieces. A blend of Tycora yarn of continuous filament Creslan acrylic and polyester makes them shun wrinkles and crushing, stay serene of shape. Navy/white, camel/white, red/white, blue/white. 12½ to 22½. About $70.

PHOTOGRAPHED ON PORTOBELLO ROAD, LONDON.

LORD & TAYLOR, N.Y.; MARSHALL FIELD, Chicago; J. L. HUDSON, Detroit; JULIUS GARFINCKEL, Wash., D.C.

tycora® YARN OF Creslan®

T.M. TEXTURED YARN CO., INC. T.M. OF CYANAMID FOR ACRYLIC FIBER



Soon...a great lady

will make her graceful entry to America

To many the name Europa conjures up magic memories. Those who traveled on her still talk with enthusiasm about her appointments and with reverence about her cuisine and wines. Titled names, Park Avenue socialites and Hollywood celebrities dominated her passenger lists.

Designed for today's requirements, the present Europa will live up to the reputation of her glamorous namesake. Sound seamanship and impeccable housekeeping are a century-old Lloyd tradition. So are luxurious dining and the uncompromising excellence of service.

Joining her fleetmates, the flagship Bremen and the popular Berlin, the Europa will cruise the Caribbean this winter and later maintain a regular trans-Atlantic schedule.

All staterooms aboard the Europa are outside, all are equipped with private bathrooms and individual air-conditioning controls. There are 23 beautiful public rooms, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, beauty salons, gift shops, nursery and motion picture theatre. Modern stabilizers assure smoother sailing and every cabin has a ship-to-shore telephone.

Ask your travel agent about the Europa before you make plans for cruising or a trip to Europe.

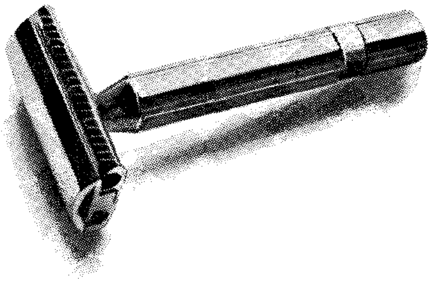
INAUGURAL CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES FROM NEW YORK
JAN. 22, 13 DAYS, 7 PORTS

MAIDEN VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY
APRIL 28.

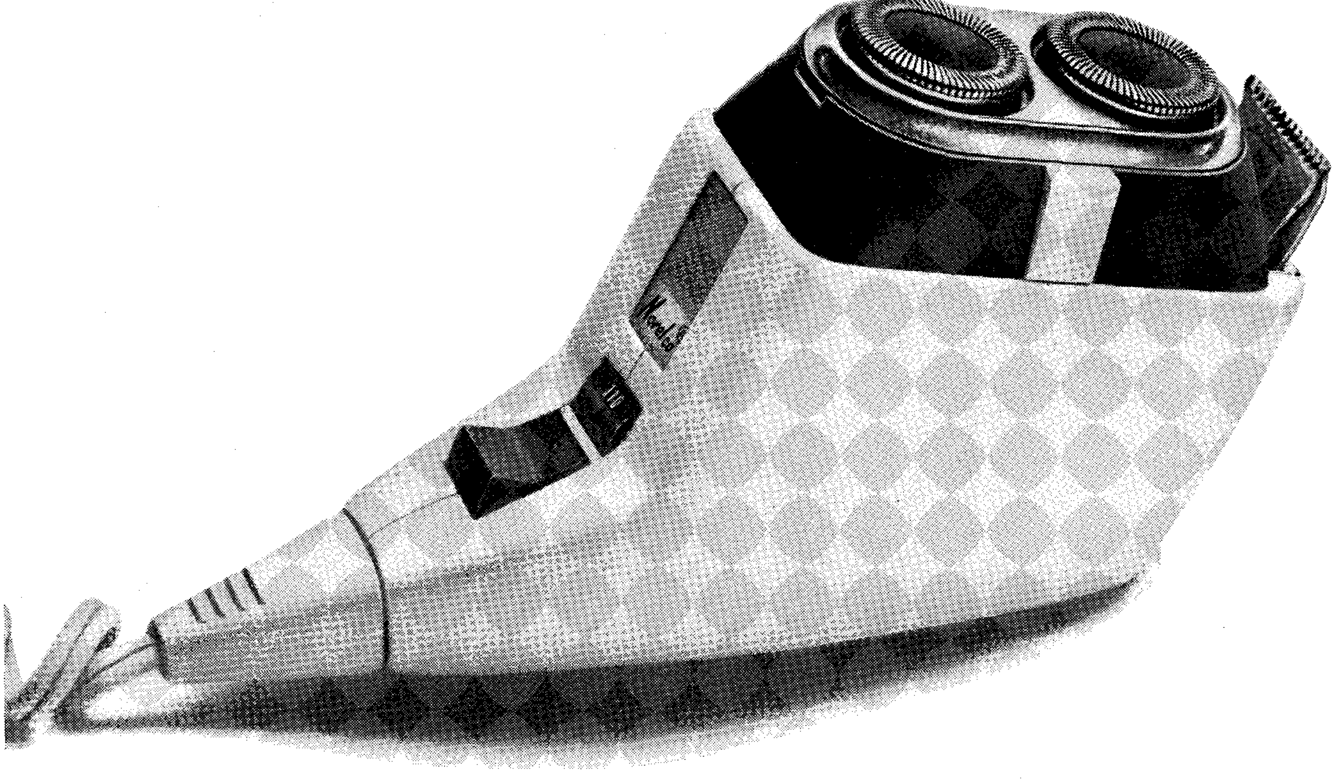
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019, PL 7-9300
Chicago—Los Angeles—Toronto

N G L ships are of West German registry

Where did the new Norelco Speedshaver ever get the idea that it could match shaves with a blade?



It's all in our head.

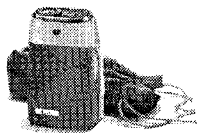


(WHICH IS NOW MORE THAN 18% THINNER FOR 18% CLOSER SHAVES)

The new Norelco Speedshaver® gives the *close* electric shave—so incredibly close that we dare to match shaves with a blade. And yet the Norelco shave is still the *comfort* shave. Because Norelco rotary blades gently stroke off whiskers. Never grab or pull. Never cut or nick. Norelco "Floating Heads" glide smoothly over every contour of your face. There's also a pop-up trimmer that makes neat work of sideburns. Easy "flip-open" cleaning. Voltage selector. On/off switch. And a coil cord. All in all, more shaving features than any other electric shaver. We'll match the shave you get with the new Norelco Speedshaver against any electric shaver and win by a head. And then it's *en garde*, blades!

Norelco
SPEEDSHAVER
FLIP-TOP

Great first shaver. The new Norelco 'Flip-Top' Speedshaver. World's largest-selling shaver model. Popular price. Now in bright maroon. Rotary blades. Flip-top cleaning. On/off switch.

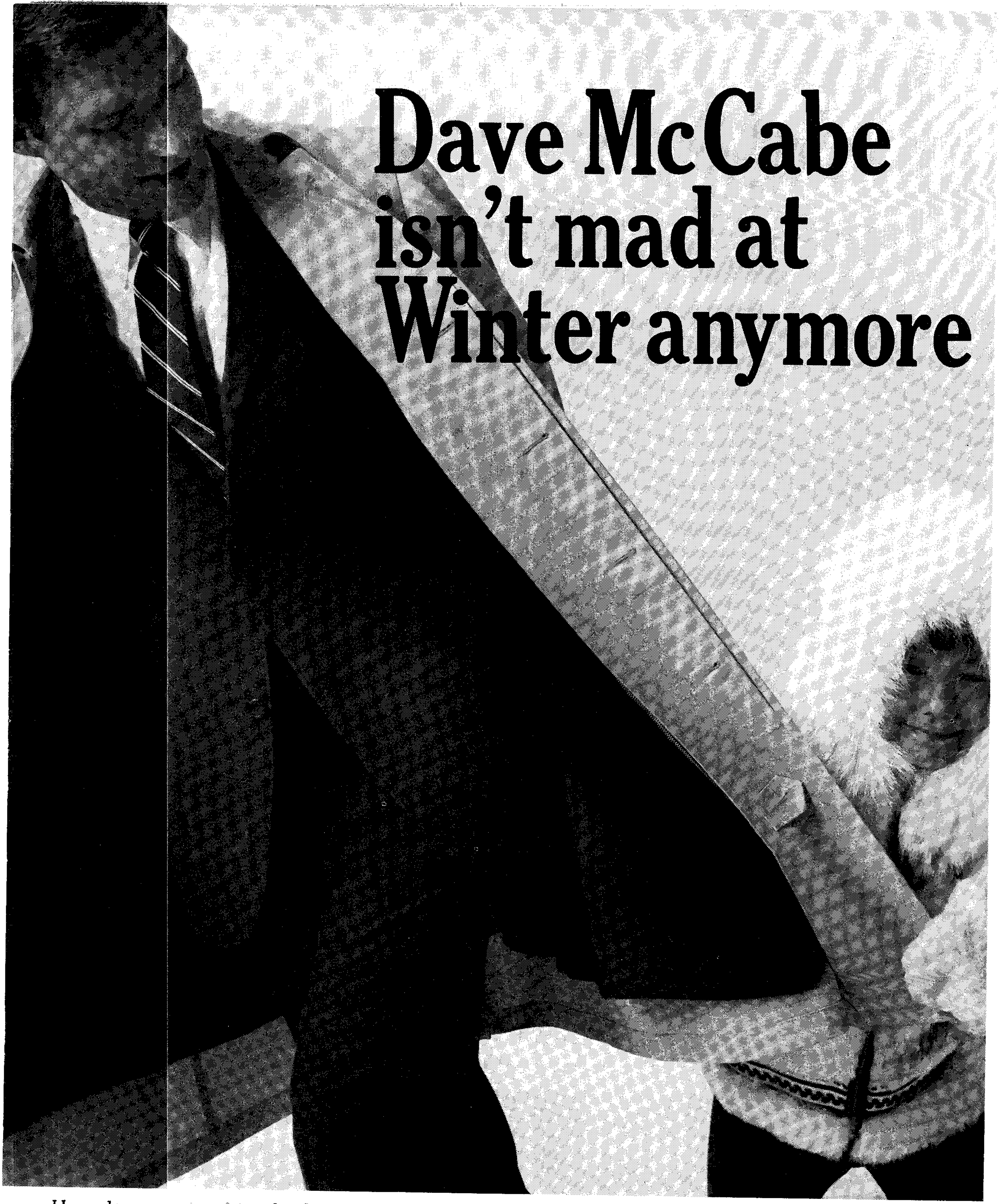


Perfect second shaver. At a new low price. The Norelco Cordless. Shaves anywhere. Works on ordinary penlight batteries. Rotary blades. Handsome drawstring pouch.

Norelco® The Close Electric Shave

©1965 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017

Other products: Electric Housewares, Hearing Aids, Radios, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Electronic Educational Kits, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



Dave McCabe isn't mad at Winter anymore

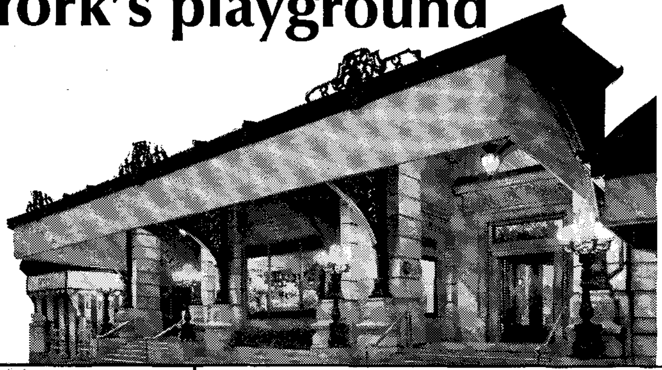
He used to waste a lot of time day dreaming of the tropics, wishing for spring, swearing at winter. He's a different man today. Discovered this **London Fog** coat that takes the bluster out of winter without taking the starch out of him. It's that light and that warm. The tropics are zipped into it with a handsome lining of Borgana, Borg's lustrous, most luxurious deep-pile of 100% Orlon® acrylic. Your choice of natural, olive and black. Sizes 36 to 46 regular, 36 to 42 short and 36 to 46 long. $42.50 at the nation's most distinguished stores.

a Borg fabric

Borg Fabrics, a division of Amphenol Corp., Delavan, Wisc.; Elmira, Ont., Canada;
Whitstable, Kent, England; Sint Niklaas, Belgium.

Borg

this is New York's playground



Starched and ruffled upstairs maids dispense your favorite coffees, teas, pastries and ices, while *liqueurs and the violin of* Gunnar Hansen wind the evening up or keep it at par. Open nightly except Sunday from 8 until 1 A.M.

PALM COURT after 8

The Sweet Side of the Evening

The Plaza

Persian Room

The last of the great supper clubs. *Dancing and famous* entertainment. Performances at 9:00 and 11:45 P.M. PL 9-3000

at The Plaza

Life is an island festival from 11:30 A.M. until 1:30 A.M. Sunday, 1 P.M. to Midnight. Lunch, cocktails, dinner and supper. Call: EL 5-5185

TRADER VIC'S

at The Plaza

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRESENTING

Julius Monk's brand new musical revue

PICK A NUMBER

(XV)

Nightly except Sunday at 8:45 and 11:30, Reservations: PL 9-3933

PLAZA 9-

at The Plaza

rooms and suites

to sleep in, entertain in, impress clients in, see New York from, enjoy The Plaza in.

THE PLAZA

Edwardian Room

Hearty breakfast, leisurely lunch and dinners by candlelight, with music. 7:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M.

AT THE PLAZA

PALM COURT

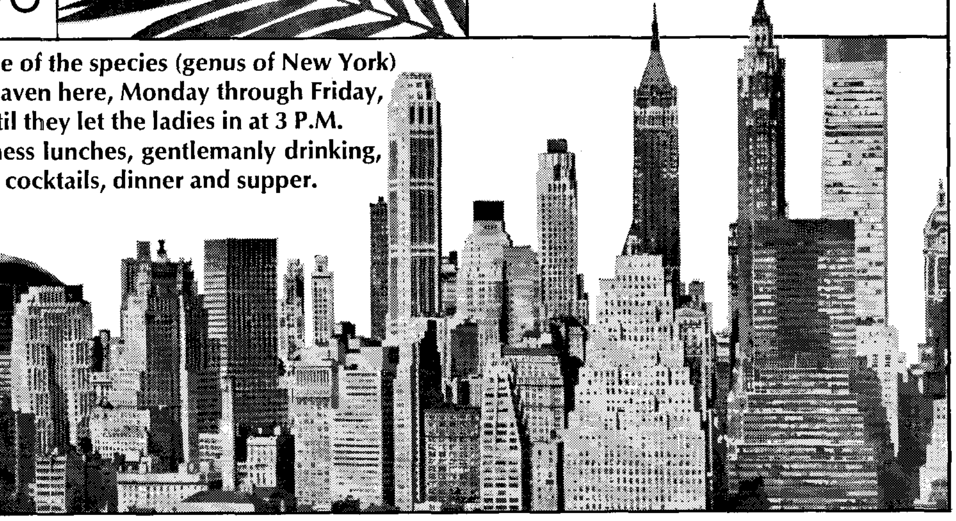
Salad Luncheon, Afternoon Tea and Cocktails. Sunday Brunch Buffet, 11:00 A.M.-2:30 P.M.

at The Plaza

Oak Room AND BAR

at The Plaza

The male of the species (genus of New York) has a haven here, Monday through Friday, until they let the ladies in at 3 P.M. Business lunches, gentlemanly drinking, cocktails, dinner and supper.



"Try again, Jack!

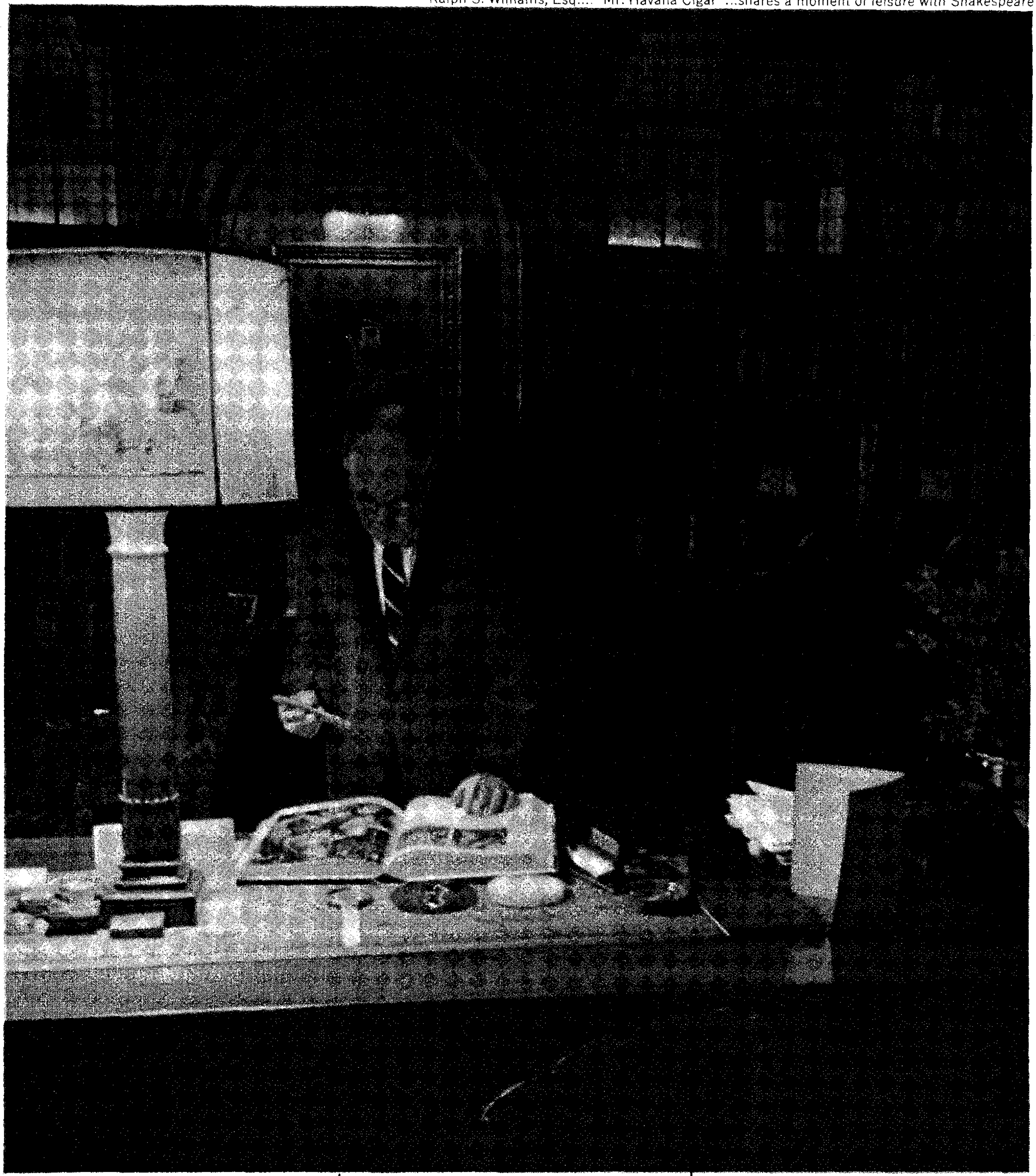
When I say martini,
I mean Fleischmann's."

There is a difference in the taste of gins. When you want the world's cleanest tasting martini, speak up loud and clear: "Fleischmann's Martini." Bartenders like definite people.

FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. • N.Y.C. Established 1870

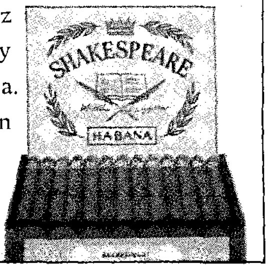
Ralph S. Williams, Esq...."Mr. Havana Cigar"...shares a moment of leisure with Shakespeare



REFLECTIONS ON SHAKESPEARE

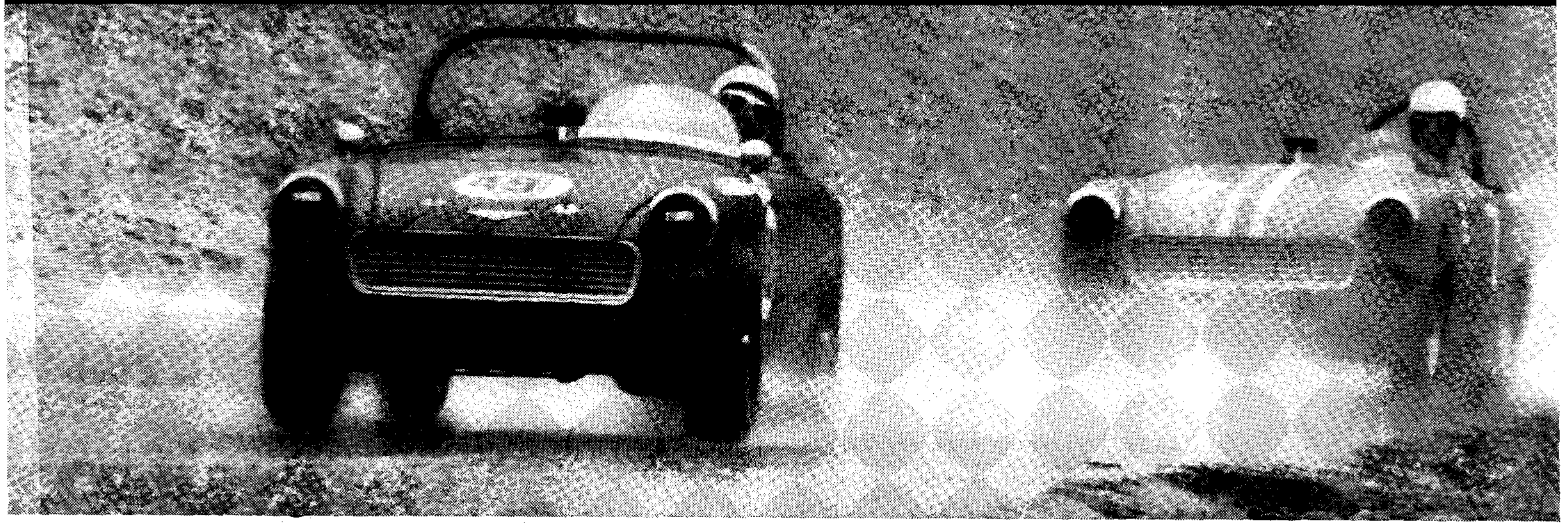
"He Hath a Daily Beauty In His Life"
—OTHELLO

IN the solitude of his library, a man may reflect on many things: the well-being of his family, the progress of his work, the thread of an idea, memories of his boyhood, the contentments of a full life. At moments like this, the Shakespeare *Habana* plays an important role. The Shakespeare is not merely a cigar, but a reflection of man's innate desire to be surrounded by the best. For as he takes each puff, he is conscious of the consummate care with which the Shakespeare *Habana* is crafted, the matchless flavor of its prized vintage Havana tobacco, its incomparable mildness and bouquet. As you reflect on past and present, reflect with Shakespeare, America's prestige cigar. No other cigar now available can match it for *true Havana flavor and aroma.* In 15 distinctive shapes from 25c to $1 at select tobacconists coast to coast. *Also in Seleccion Suprema at the five* famous Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London. Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. World Leader in Luxury Cigars.



OUR LITTLE SPRITE IS A SPORTY, SPUNKY, PROWLY, GROWLY

BOMB



Zaroom! The last of the pure sports cars for under $2,000*. Name: Sprite. Its official Sports Car Club of America rating is Class G or H. Every second-car should be so alphabetical.
Whether you're racing for the 8:06 or for the local championship, big disc and drums brake you to quick, swerve-free stops from top speed (up to 90 miles an hour).
Low-slung suspension and race-proven steering geometry make cornering flat and fast.
Roll-up windows, foam bucket seats, lockable trunk, and a snug, convertible top complete the package.
Now bend down close: hear it tick?

THE ONLY TRUE SPORTS CAR UNDER $2,000.

AUSTIN
HEALEY **SPRITE**

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. / HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-37, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY
*$1888 EAST COAST P.O.E.

B Altman & Co

Highlights from our Winter collection of dressy coats!

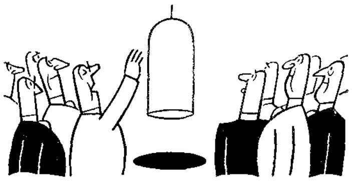
Two elegant little black wools . . . from a marvelous selection of styles for day and evening. The newest silhouettes, the important details . . . both in black 4 to 16. Third floor coats, Fifth Avenue, [212] MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids. Pa. Each 100.00

THE NEW YORKER

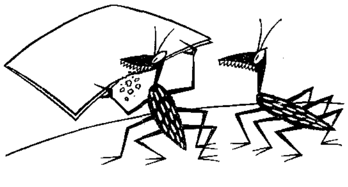
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

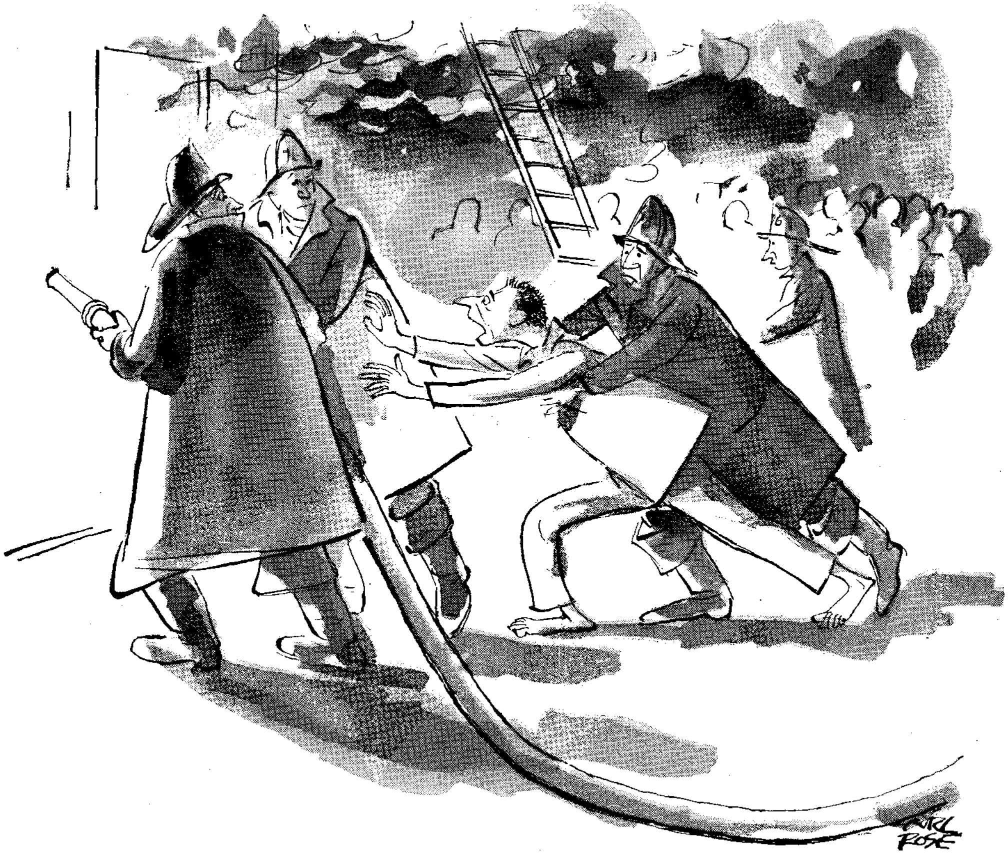
Notes and Comment

WE first visited the site of the New York World's Fair in the spring of 1961, and were greeted by Hawaiian girls, who were distributing leis, and by Mayor Wagner and Mr. Robert Moses, who were issuing optimistic spiritual and financial predictions. The day before the closing of the Fair, a week ago Sunday, we went out to Flushing Meadow for our last Fair ceremony and another look at Mr. Moses. The occasion was the burial, east of the Grand Central Parkway and north of the Long Island Expressway, of the second Westinghouse Time Capsule—an appendix to the one planted by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation in the same spot in 1938. At eleven o'clock in the morning, with the sun shining and the Time Capsule hovering over its crypt, a brass band opened the ceremony with a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," after which Dr. Robert T. Taylor, of the American Bible Society, offered thanks to God for "the faithful people of Westinghouse" and requested a blessing on the Capsule. Mr. Moses made a brief, polite speech; Mr. Newbold Morris held up photographs that had been taken of Mr. Moses and himself on the same spot some years before; and Dr. Leonard Carmichael, who is Vice-President for Research and Exploration of the National Geographic Society and was the chairman of the committee that selected the contents of the Capsule, thanked his associates. Then Dale McFeatters, a vice-president of Westinghouse, pressed a button, and the Capsule was lowered electrically fifty feet underground. Seconds later, the end of a rope that had been fastened to the Capsule reappeared, and, for us, it was all over. Both Time Capsules, which are filled with clues to the way things were at the time of the two New York World's Fairs, are dedicated to the people who will be inhabiting the earth fifty centuries from now—presumably in the hope that our civilization will mean as much to them as that of the Egyptians of the thirty-first century B.C. does to us. Perhaps it will mean a little more, considering the deliberateness of our claim to attention in five thousand years: "Look! Hundreds of thousands of pages on microfilm: Albert Einstein, Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway" . . . "Listen! Franklin Roosevelt, Frank Sinatra, the Beatles" . . . "Try on the bikini! See the electric toothbrush, the laser rod, the antibiotics, the 1964-65 New York World's Fair Guidebook!" After all, there is no evidence that the pre-pyramidal Egyptians ever gave a thought to us, even for a minute.



HAPPY and relieved as we were to see the *Times* again that Sunday, we looked in vain through all its nine hundred and forty-six pages—the largest number of pages in the venerable newspaper's hundred-and-fourteen-year history—for a followup to some page-one and page-two news that appeared the weekend just before the newspaper strike began. The page-one news we are talking about had alerted us to a charge by Nassau County that Queens insects, notably mosquitoes, were invading Nassau, and to a statement by Nassau's Public Works Commissioner adjuring our city's Pest Control Bureau to attack the insects' breeding areas at the source. The high-handed tone of the accusation and of the advice about how to run things in New York led "a spokesman" (according to the *Times*) for *our* Pest Control Bureau to state resentfully that *its* preoccupation was "mainly with rats." On the very next page of the *Times* was a news item—rated worthy only of page 2 and allotted a measly three and a half inches of type, compared to the twelve and a half inches of the story on page 1—with the following headline: "U.S. PAPERS FOUND TO INHIBIT INSECTS' SEXUAL DEVELOPMENT." It has been worth waiting five weeks to point out to the *Times* that the page-two story, buried insignificantly at the bottom of the page, might better have been printed alongside the front-page story about the Nassau-Queens conflict. For one thing, we think that the page-two story was of equal journalistic importance. For another, the page-two story would have informed Nassau's Public Works Commissioner *and* New York's Pest Control Bureau that newspaper products in this country contain a chemical compound capable of inhibiting normal sexual development in some insects, and that this effective source of insect control was found, specifically, in the paper of the *Wall Street Journal*, the Boston *Globe*, and the *Times*. What a lesson for the *Times!* If it had been more alert, it might even have been impelled to reach an earlier compromise with the Newspaper Guild in order to make its paper available for insect control that much sooner; the idea that both Nassau and Queens were having to depend on the *Wall Street Journal's* paper alone for insect control might have provided the negotiators with that extra prod needed to reach an agreement. Moreover, the *Times* even now does not seem to be aware of its own potentialities. If it were thinking along these lines, it might not have to rely on promotional devices like the slogan it has stamped on the sides of its





"My draft card! It's in there!"

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distribution trucks: "If You're Without It, You're Not With It." What is called for in these desperate, fast-moving days is a sense of what really matters, not a longing to be with somebody else's "it." But although we didn't find any mention in the post-strike Sunday *Times* of all the good the *Times* might do by lending its paper to insect control, we take comfort in, and congratulate the *Times* for, the 1,487,000 copies—seven pounds fourteen ounces in each copy—that went out to the public. By our count, there must be, by now, 1,406,702,000 *Times* pages spread within a fifty-mile radius of New York City—more than enough to cover all the insects in need of control in both Nassau and Queens.

I.T.S.C.A.

"WOULD you like some champagne?" murmured a lovely girl with long blond hair, white sweater, aqua stretch pants, and a trayful of tinkling, sparkling glasses.

"Thank you," we said, and turned back, glass in hand, to Joe Scandore, a stocky, serious man in a dark suit, who is president of I.T.S.C.A., or the International Theatre and Supper Clubs Association—a group of night-club owners who were just beginning their 1965 convention in a basement night club called the Café Au Go Go, at 152 Bleecker Street.

"There's a crying need for us night-club owners to band together," explained Mr. Scandore, who owns the Elegante Club, in Brooklyn. "We have certain communal problems: labor, federal regulations, intelligent buying of entertainment—"

"Where's the big convention?" cried a hearty Texas voice, and a large man hurried down the stairs. "Is the convention down *here*?" he asked, looking around.

Mr. Scandore greeted him; the man signed the register, paid fifty dollars for the three days of convention activities, and hurried into the next room. "Couple of fellows from Houston in there!" Scandore called, over the wailing of folk singers and the twanging of guitars. "Another thing we do is try to promote the image of night clubs and night life to the general public," Scandore went on, to us. "We feel much of this image has been shattered by ugly rumors, newspapers that thrive on scandal, improper exposure on TV, in books, and so forth. We want people to understand that night-club owners are real people that live normal lives, just like people in any other industry."

Two bearded young men and a blonde came down the stairs, carrying guitars. Scandore waved them on into the next room. "We're showcasing talent tonight," he said. "All the top talent agencies and managers have been invited. It's a great opportunity for the talent. Where else can you perform in front of sixty to eighty night-club owners at one time? If a guy does well, he can end up with an awful lot of bookings."

A tall, sleek man with a rose in his buttonhole and a girl on his arm entered. "Hello, Brother Wally!" Scandore cried. He turned to us and confided loudly, "Even the most *distinguished* agents come here." The two men exchanged jocular salutations, and, as Brother Wally grinned, Scandore whispered, "The agents come down here with only one idea: How much can they rob us?" He paused. "And we have only one idea. We just look to how we can rob *them!*" Both men laughed heartily, and Brother Wally and girl went into the next room.

"At our business meeting tomorrow, we'll discuss our problems and policies," Scandore said. "We owners are morally bound to tell each other what is going over and what is not. Two years ago, for example, a fellow came to the meeting and said he was going to institute a one-price policy at his club—all you can eat and drink for one price. The next year, he stood up and said if anybody else was thinking of trying it, *forget* it!"

In the middle of the next room—long, narrow, and low-ceilinged—a folk-singing group was performing on a semicircular stage, beyond which was a candlelit buffet. Dim figures drifted around, talking to each other, or sat at tables drinking champagne and eating. "They walked out with thirteen hundred dollars on that date," a bearded man was saying as we walked by. "That's not so bad." At a table near us, a stocky man confided to a friend, "I'm telling everybody to close their doors. Every time we have a winner, they come back and want what we got." Another man was addressing a couple of musicians. "Three to four fifteen-minute gigs and three forty-five-minute sets on Saturday night," he said. The musicians, who were both wearing green vests, nodded. A dark-haired girl in a striped jersey poured us some more champagne.

The folk singers finished their lament, and there was mild applause.

"Terrific!" yelled a man in front of us, and behind us another man murmured, "Back to Hamtramck!"

"Managers get fifty per cent," a voice said nearby.

"No, they don't get any fifty per cent," someone else said.

"Did I try? Did I try?" a man standing by the buffet cried. "You got to admit I tried!" He helped himself to a roll as his companion nodded. A champagne cork went "Pahhh!"

A young man began to sing a parody of Bob Dylan, and we went back into the front room, where Art D'Lugoff, owner of the Village Gate, and Fred Weintraub, owner of the Bitter End, were chatting.

"We're the last of the marginal operators," D'Lugoff said to us. "The last individualists."

"It's a fun business, but you have to be part masochist," Weintraub said.

"You might say I'm a religious eclectic," D'Lugoff said.

"We're doing better than ever," Weintraub said, and D'Lugoff nodded. "My place is inhabited by hip suburbanites who want to know what's happening before it happens," Weintraub continued. "And college kids who want to spend six bucks."

Back in the main room, a young comedian was having difficulty getting a response from his audience. "It's a gas to work in front of a lot of happy-go-lucky club owners," he was saying into the microphone. "I own a small club in Ohio," he went on quietly. "We book small acts—rabbits and hats." Finally, he gave up. "I'm not doing my material," he explained. "I'm just up here making it easy for the next act." Then he simply faded away.

A second young comic took over the microphone and performed for four or five minutes, making only limited headway against the conversation, the popping corks, and the general tumult. "If they were a regular audience, I would have slit my wrists right there on the stage," he told us a few minutes later. "But I knew what they were, so I wasn't bugged."

A friend approached him. "Beautiful!" the friend cried.

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A LETTER from a person in Toronto to the *Saturday Review* was addressed as follows:

Saturday Review
380 Medicine Avenue
New York 10017, N.Y.

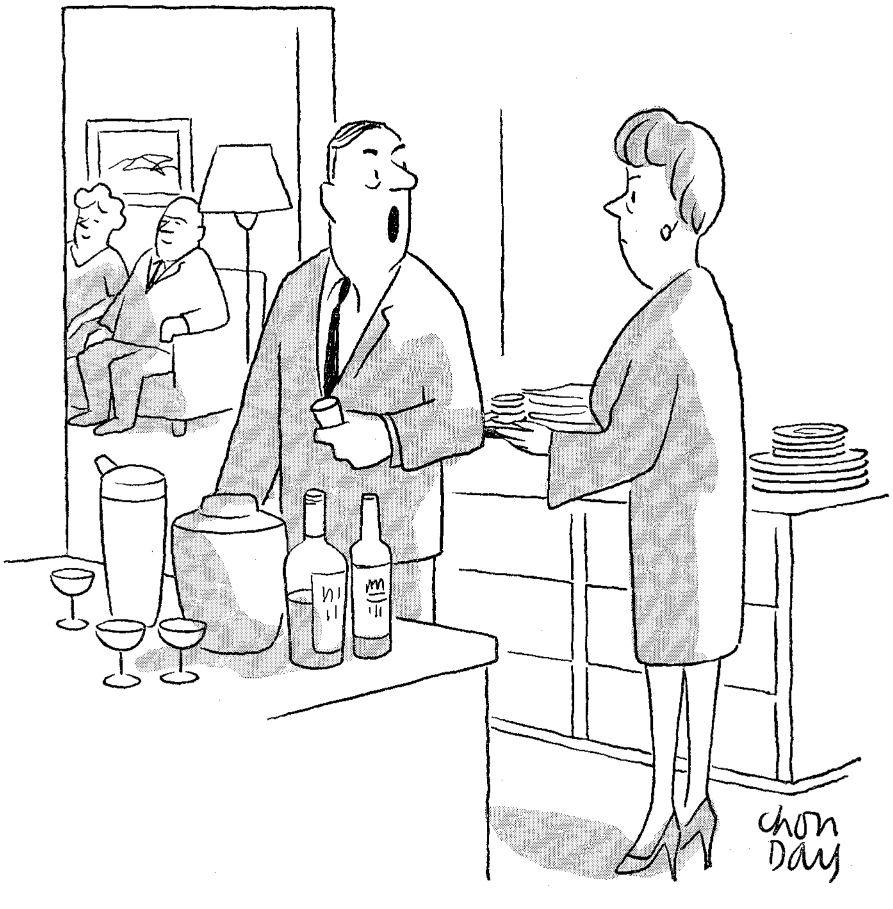
It arrived on time and unemended.

Come Ski with Me

ON a recent warm, delightful Saturday afternoon, more suitable for thinking of tennis than for thinking of skiing, we found ourself visiting the International Winter Sports and Ski Show in the Coliseum. When we stepped out of the elevator at the fourth floor, the first thing we saw was an assortment of little booths full of people in ski clothes. To our right, an especially pretty blond girl, in a tight-fitting light-blue one-piece ski suit, was sidestepping up a small slope covered with ice-blue bits of plastic. She had a pair of truncated skis on her feet, and when she reached the top she came down doing a snowplow. Up she went again, and this time she did a series of neat stem turns. She went up and down a few more times, and when she finally stopped, we asked her how skiing conditions were in the Coliseum. "Fine," she said. "But I'm not used to all the climbing up. This place needs a ski tow." Reluctantly, we left her, and headed into an improvised movie theatre, in which a color film of skiing in France was being shown. There were some beautiful views of the Chamonix region, including one of the descent of the Vallée Blanche—a ten-mile run from the top of the Aiguille du Midi. The man who was delivering the narration for the film said that if he were to give a report on skiing conditions on the upper glacier he would say that there were seventeen inches of fresh powder over a snow base of three hundred feet, and that certainly sounded satisfactory to us.

We stopped next at a booth where a cobbler was putting the finishing touches on a pair of elaborate handmade ski boots, carefully cutting and sewing the leather. Then we noticed a small artificial skating rink nearby, and since there was no one skating on it, we decided to rest at its edge. Two small boys came along, each carrying a paper shopping bag and each covered with pins, buttons, and key rings. We asked where they had got them, and one of the boys said, "At the booths. Would you like some? We got lots of them." We accepted a key ring that advertised Head skis, and a number of buttons from Avis informing us, in several languages, that Avis was prepared to try harder.

An announcement came over a loudspeaker that members of a French ski group were about to give a special demonstration on an artificial ramp. When we got to the ramp, we found it to be about thirty feet long and made of talcum-covered nylon carpeting that moved on rollers toward the skier, so that his descent was slowed and he could continue to ski almost indefinitely. We were particularly interested in



"That man is my boss. If he says chickadees eat out of his hand, then chickadees eat out of his hand."

watching the French perform because we had spoken with some of them a few days before at a *fondue* party they gave in the Hotel Americana. (They had brought with them from France, on their plane, a special yellow cheese and some white wine of the Haute-Savoie—the crucial ingredients of a real French Alpine *fondue.*) We greeted several of our hosts, who were now dressed in ski clothes, and one of them told us that a problem presented by the machine was that the nylon carpet rolled so rapidly that if a skier looked off to one side he lost his balance, because the walls of the room appeared to move in an unsettling fashion. The only thing to do, he said, was to keep looking down at the surface of the ramp. A worldly-looking French ski instructor explained to the large audience in excellent English that the demonstration was being filmed for French television. "They will see it in Paris next week," he said. Then he introduced the skiers who were going to perform, one of whom was the world's champion professional slalom racer, Adrien Duvillard, of Mégève. The carpet began to turn, and the skiers rode up the slope backward. Duvillard came down doing *la godille*—beautiful short, swinging turns that resembled the motions of a ballet dancer. We looked in vain for a shower of fine white sunlit snow to spray up behind him. The other skiers came down in their turn, and one of them slipped slightly. Before he could fully recover his balance, the machine had carried him backward to the top, and he came down again. It was an impressive display, and it filled us with nostalgia for mountains and snow.

On our way out of the Coliseum, we stopped at a booth and picked up two car stickers. The first said "Think Snow" and the other said "Help Stamp Out Summer."

Service

A MAN we know who works in a midtown building that houses a post office on its ground floor recently strolled by some postal workers who were unloading canvas mailbags from a truck. One man was heaving the sacks from the truck to the sidewalk and another was dragging them into the post-office delivery entrance. Just as our friend passed them, a large bag hit the concrete with a particularly loud thud.

"What's that, Charlie, third-class stuff?" the man on the sidewalk asked his colleague.

"Nope," Charlie said. "Special handling."

Buckley

LAST week, Beame. Week before that, Lindsay. This week, Buckley. 12:30 P.M. Sunny, hazy day. Five women wearing orange-and-black "Bill Buckley for Mayor" buttons are gathered outside the Overseas Press Club, at 54 West Fortieth Street, where the candidate is scheduled to speak. Two policemen, holding wads of green parking tickets, are also waiting. One woman is displaying a copy of *National Review*, the magazine that Buckley edits. "I always read it on the subway," she says. "I read it wherever I can, hoping to influence people." A woman in a tall magenta hat declares, "I think he's very courageous." Another woman adds, "I like what he stands for." "Against welfare," says a fourth. "And not making New York a haven for . . . well . . ." She says no more. Two teen-age girls join the group, each with a pen and a scrap of paper—autograph hunters. A moment later, William Buckley arrives, striding down the sidewalk. Tall, with ruddy complexion, flashing smile, courtly manner, plenty of charm; blue tie with red stripes, white button-down shirt, brownish suit. Carries clipboard holding thick sheaf of papers. Gives autographs. "You're members of a distinguished minority," he tells the autograph hunters cheerfully, and enters the club, followed by a detective (bodyguard recently assigned by the city). Two women in the lobby applaud as he enters elevator.

On way up, club official says, "Your opponent, Lindsay, spoke yesterday at the Dutch Treat Club."

"Ye-e-es," says Buckley, who can drawl a word more effectively than any other prominent American since W. C. Fields. "I heard he made a witticism, and everyone practically fainted." (Laughter.)

Out of the elevator and into the crowded (a hundred and fifty people) tenth-floor dining room, joining Conservative Party office seekers—Mrs. Rosemary Gunning (black hat, black dress, double strand of pearls) and Hugh Markey (beaming)—at speakers' table, covered in red. Big fireplace at end of room, with plaque on front: "In Memory of Eleanor Roosevelt."

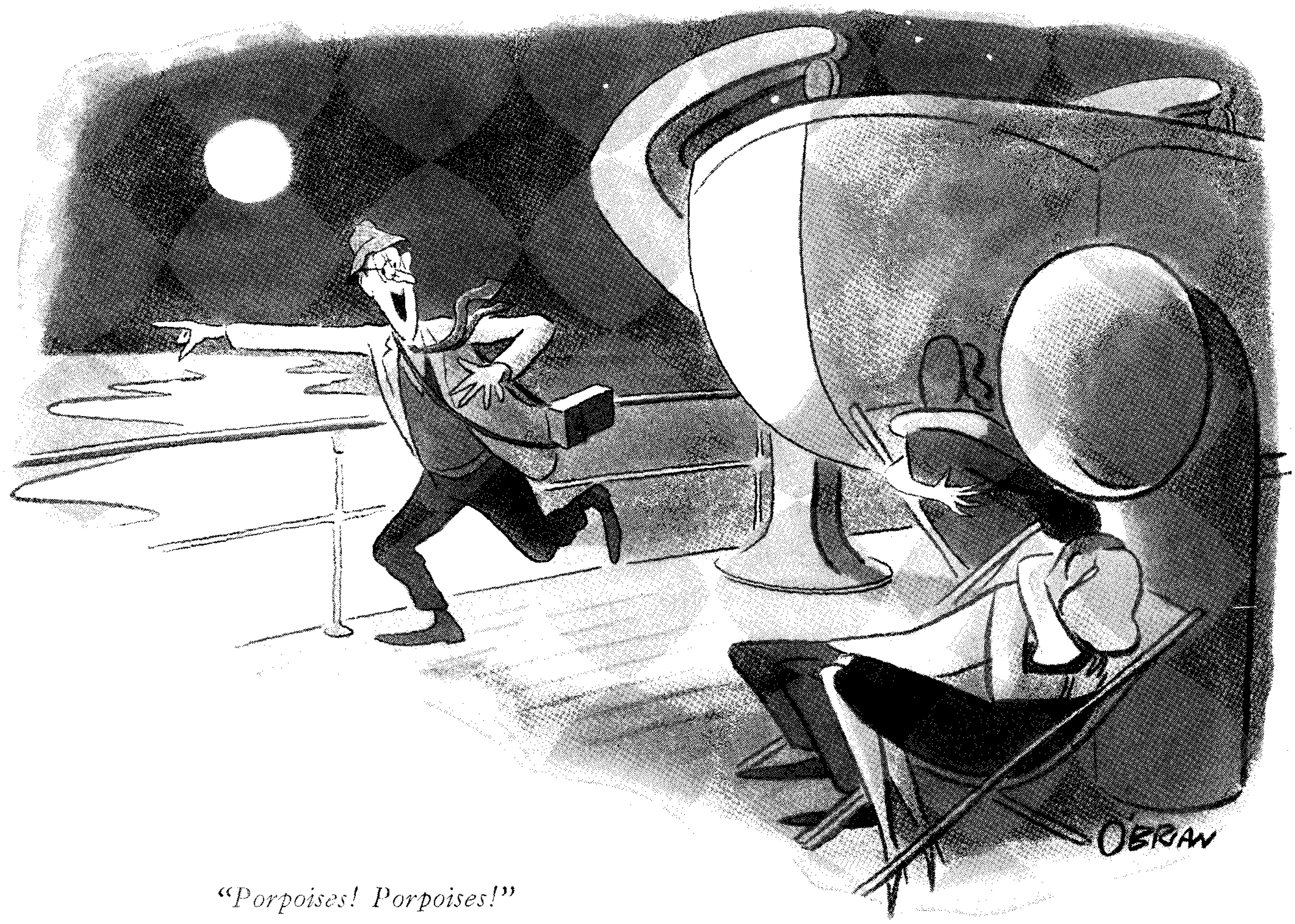
Buckley speaks off the record, then lights long, thin Philippine cigar and answers questions. He has habit of opening eyes very wide, sometimes blinking, as a question is asked, then standing with arms akimbo as he replies. Members of audience have nonpartisan reaction: regardless of what Buckley says, they thoroughly enjoy the way he says it. They seem to be grateful for being spared campaign clichés, and to relish his wit, vocabulary, and rococo style. He creates drama. Big applause at end of speech, and he is hustled into small cardroom to answer questions from radio men. Tape recorders sit on green baize table, spindles slowly turning. "Card-Playing by Members Only," says sign.

Buckley has to leave, but lunch crowd blocks way to elevator. Buckley takes to marble stairs and trots down nine flights, talking to reporters over his shoulder all the way. Dizzying descent, round and round; snake line of reporters trailing behind, spread over three flights, huffing and puffing. Buckley's mellifluous tones rise from below, filling stairwell, accompanied by the rat-a-tat-tat of shoes on marble. Round and round, then out onto the sidewalk, where Buckley is interviewed once more, for TV cameras set up on the pavement. Club waiters cluster on the balconies above, peering down. A few yards away, a small bright-red but dirty Triumph 1200 convertible sits waiting at the curb, with driver. Car is equipped to play tapes; under the dashboard is tape labelled "Schumann Piano Concerto in A Minor, Opus 54." Interview over, detective climbs in back of Triumph, Buckley and driver in front. Passerby stoops to shake hands: "Good luck, Bill! There are a lot of us behind you!" Triumph starts to leave, but photographer runs alongside, begging Buckley to pose for picture. Buckley, although rushed, consents graciously, stops car, gets out, poses patiently as photographer fiddles endlessly with camera, and is rewarded with a barely audible mumbled "Thanks" from the photographer. Buckley hops back in car, and it moves off into traffic, going east on Fortieth Street, past Bryant Park (its benches full in midafternoon), past Freedom House ("Dedicated to Wendell L. Willkie, 1892-1944. We Carry On in the Spirit of His Service to All Men and One World," says plaque over door), and heading uptown on Fifth Avenue.

5:30 P.M. Buckley arrives at Hotel

TO OUR READERS

With our issue of November 6th, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* will be raised to thirty-five cents. This change will bring the price into line with the subscription rate, which was raised in 1963.



"Porpoises! Porpoises!"

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Astor to address City Teachers Association. Lindsay has spoken and left; State Senator Jack Bronston is speaking in place of Mario Procaccino, who fell ill after arranging to speak in place of Abraham Beame, who had the flu.

Buckley, accompanied by his older brother, Jim, is greeted in an anteroom by Tom Baillet, deputy president of Teachers Association. "Make a little speech on what you think about education," Baillet advises Buckley.

"How long?" asks Buckley.

"As long as you want," Baillet says.

"Then let me sit down and make a few notes," Buckley says.

Sits, starts to make notes, has to get up immediately to have picture taken with notables. Then it is time to go in to the meeting. Buckley strides down hall. "So, on to the abattoir," he says.

On platform, after being introduced, Buckley declares, "I guess I'm supposed to come out against education," and gets big laugh. Teachers listen attentively, applaud from time to time. Question period follows. Teachers' questions are very long-winded and roundabout; chairman is forced to interrupt them. One teacher claims Buckley said at beginning of campaign that he thought he would be elected. Buckley denies this affably, and adds that such a claim would have been "an act of bravura that would jeopardize what little reputation I have in New York as a realist." (Laughter.) Big hand at conclusion, and Buckley hustles out to Forty-fifth Street.

The Triumph is waiting. Buckley dismisses driver, hops into driver's seat; Jim climbs into front, detective into back. Warm evening; top is down. Car barrels along Forty-fifth Street toward the Hudson.

Stop for light. Little kid comes over and starts to wipe windshield.

"*Qué tal?*" says Buckley, who was once a Spanish teacher.

"What?" says kid.

Light changes. Roar down West Side Highway. Wind whipping Buckley's hair over forehead; brother Jim unruffled—has short crew cut. Turn off Highway, wind through Washington Market to Wall Street, and park in front of Sub-Treasury Building. Into Chase Manhattan Building and up to sixtieth floor for Consular Service reception. David Rockefeller greets guests at door. Atmosphere happy. Consuls from many countries drifting around. Buckley winds up at far end of room talking with Nigerian Consul about interest rates in Lagos. Chase bankers approach and shake hands. Magnificent view of New York at night from windows: tiny lights twinkling away in every direction; Brooklyn Bridge at lower left, Brooklyn beyond, Verrazano Bridge in middle distance, New Jersey to right; tanker moving down East River.

Milton Mollen, Lindsay slate's candidate for Comptroller, comes over.

Buckley says, "What do you think of my Value-Added Tax? Seriously?"

Mollen replies judiciously, "I think it has a lot of merit."

Buckley beams. "You can have it!" he declares generously.

Time to go; Buckley expected to address meeting of P.-T.A. leaders uptown. Down in elevator, out onto street, back into Triumph. Zipping through night, bounding over rough pavement near Fulton Fish Market, winding in and out. Jim holding on to front seat with one hand and windshield with the other, the detective bouncing silently and stoically in the back seat, the brothers talking cheerfully, easily, as the car swings up onto the East River Drive.

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A SUBWAY advertising card for a hair spray ends its spiel with the question "Who says women are fickle?" On a West Side express, somebody has pencilled in "Verdi."

PAPER TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT

AT 4:30 A.M., I get the telephone call from Herman Speyer, my Minister of Internal Reliability. He's hysterical—a bad sign. The only thing that can save neo-colonial imperialism is us losing our revolutionary cool.

"I told you and I told you," he says. "Don't let that guy in the Front, I said, but you're the big maximum leader so you know it all and nobody can tell you a damn thing and I should have been a doctor like Mama wanted—"

"You're raving, Herman," I cut in. "Ministers of Internal Reliability do not rave."

"They do in a C.I.A. concentration camp, which is where we'll all be after Karl pulls this bit because you wouldn't listen when I told you and I told you!"

Herman gets wilder and wilder and I wait him out, picking sleep from my eyes. He's Bellevue fodder about Karl because of that chick who joined the Front after she was kicked out of P.L.M. for being an extremist. Herman digs her almost as much as she digs Karl. Finally, he runs down, and I ask for hard news instead of bourgeois rhetoric. He gives it to me.

When my voice is working again, I say, "Aw, damn, he doesn't have my permission to do *that.* It's not only undisciplined from a revolutionary viewpoint but pretty damn ungrateful after all I've—"

"You're whining, Toby," he says. "Maximum leaders do not whine."

I'll have him disciplined for that if we survive this crisis. Fully awake in both a physical and a Marxist-Leninist-Maoist sense, I ask, "Where's Karl now?"

"He just left the Figaro to go to his pad for equipment."

"O.K., I'll split for there now, but in case it's too late, you deploy uptown and stall him until I get there."

Hanging up before Herman gives me any more revisionist lip, I dress and take off. I set one new record for the two-block run and seven-flight climb to Karl's pad on Carmine Street and another for time standing with my finger halted an inch from his doorbell. I'm just beginning to dig the scene. The whole future of the Manhattan Front for Immediate Wars of Liberation depends on my stopping him, and it won't be easy. He's short on ideology and long on hitting you in the mouth. That's why we need him; you can't make a revolution without breaking eggs, and as an egg-breaker he swings. After all the Vietcong have done for me, though, the least I can do for them is ring a doorbell.

Karl faces me, stripped to the waist in spite of the cold air blowing past us from his open windows (steam heat is the opiate of the Establishment). No wonder chicks flip for him; he's a committed Steve Reeves.

"How goes it, old buddy?" I ask smoothly. "Just happened to be in the neighborhood. Thought I'd drop by and see if you were planning to do anything without my permission—like burning down the Forty-second Street Library."

"Herman always was a finkmouth," he says.

I walk in. Like all of our pads (never mind Herman, who commutes from his parents' place on East Sixty-eighth Street), it has a door that opens right into the kitchen. There, on a gate-leg table, are a suitcase and three liquor bottles with wads of cloth sticking from their necks. The room stinks of kerosene.

"Nothing like a Molotov cocktail on a chilly night, is there?" I ask lightly. His scowl doesn't lessen. Terrorists generally don't have a very good sense of humor. "Seriously, man, this is misinterpreting my instructions."

"Save the maximum-leader bit. I'm going to do it, and that's that."

"But by guerrilla action I meant—well, like painting new numbers on books to foul up the Dewey decimal system."

"That'll really help oppressed peoples," he sneers, wrapping a towel around a bottle and then putting it in the suitcase.

I explain that book-burning, unless it's an embassy library, is strictly a Fascist bit. Instead of helping those who are being crushed under the yoke of affluent tyranny, his action will give reactionary forces ammunition to scuttle the Front as a key to liberation—that is, it'll kill our image. Their propaganda apparatus will identify us permanently with the John Birch Society in the eyes of uncommitted nations.

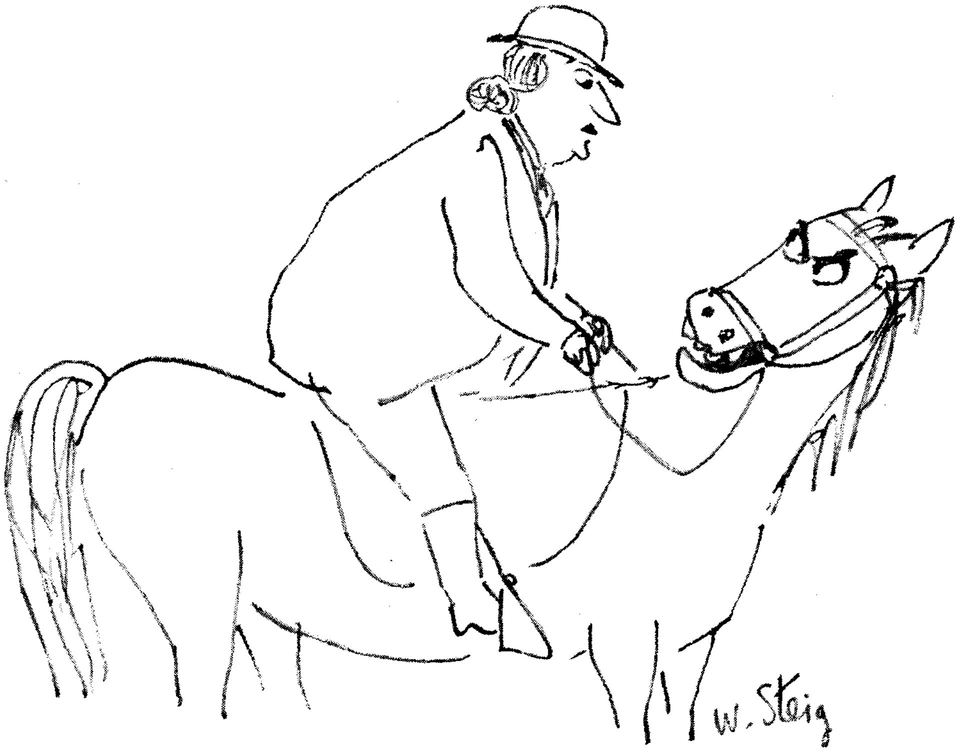
Karl puts the last bottle in the suitcase. "You calling me an imperialistic lackey?" he asks hopefully.

"Would I do that? Nobody around has your rep for wanting to destroy this society."

He goes into the bedroom for his shirt. The bureau mirror gets to him, as always, and the weight lifter's poses start.

"For the sake of ar-

"*So much for kinetic art, eh, Leo?*"



"I said, 'Get off'!"

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gument, Karl," I continue, "say you do burn the Public Library. Now, that figures to get a certain amount of publicity."

"Dig those biceps," he says.

"Publicity means investigation, right? They're bound to find out you didn't have my permission, so your attempt to carve a place in captive peoples' history will go down as just another case of bourgeois arson."

"Groovy deltoids."

I wonder if Mao has this trouble with his Minister of Terrorist Activities.

Karl beams a farewell to his pectorals and pulls on an Ohio State Phys. Ed. T shirt, carefully making a one-inch cuff on the sleeves. Then he goes for the suitcase, leaving me no choice except to pull rank. "All right, I'm not reasoning with you anymore," I say. "This is an order: Do not burn the library."

He grabs me by the front of my fatigue jacket. Cool in the face of this break in revolutionary discipline, I take a bent cigarette out of my pocket. "I warned you about that maximum-leader bit, man, because to me you're maximum chicken," he says. "Look at you—don't even have the guts to quit smoking." (Karl quit six months ago, but he doesn't have my responsibilities.) "Word stuff, that's your route. No guts, just words. Marx this, Mao that. Well, the time for talking is over. Either stand up at the plate and take your cuts or give somebody else the bat."

"We're taking cuts all over the world, old buddy."

"Bunts," he says. "Mao talks about paper tigers—*he's* a paper tiger. If he had heart, he'd row over and rumble with Chiang Kai-shek and get this show on the road. Not him, though. All he does is talk while Henry Ford is machine-gunning those workers out in Detroit." (Shouldn't have given him that copy of "U.S.A.") "And don't start with Fidel, either. I don't see him liberating Miami Beach."

I'd point out his ideological error, but it's difficult when he's shaking me this way.

"The masses want a rumble, not word stuff. That's why I'm hitting the library. It's full of books and books are full of words." He shakes me a final time. "You want to say something?"

"Let's compromise. We'll steal a tray from the card catalogue."

He tosses me against the wall and leaves to give aid and comfort to the Fascist conspiracy.

WHEN you're a maximum leader, you need maximum ruthlessness. I go to his closet, which is our arms locker. (We deal with a St. Louis outlet, and we have everything from a B.A.R. to a Swiss Army jackknife.) Feeling that the B.A.R. might attract attention, I settle on a crowbar. Now along Carmine Street in the darkness. No lights in the apartment buildings around me; everybody sleeps, resting for another day of exploitation. It's my responsibility to save them, whether they like it or not. I crouch behind a lamppost, watching Karl flag a cab on Sixth Avenue. As his hand touches the door handle, I make my rush and quietly and smoothly but powerfully give him the crowbar at the base of his revisionist skull.

"Be through here in a second," he tells the driver.

Opening my eyes (eye, really, because the left one won't), I stare up at the street lamp. This isn't just a matter of the Front's survival now; my future leadership effectiveness is at stake. If one party member gets away with slugging the Chairman, where will it end?

Taking a cab uptown, I jump out in front of the library, which never looked bigger. No flames. As I climb the steps, Herman appears around the north side of the building. He is running as fast as Karl's suitcase will let him.

"We're in, man!" he cries, grinning. He pounds down the steps and crosses Fifth, heading crosstown.

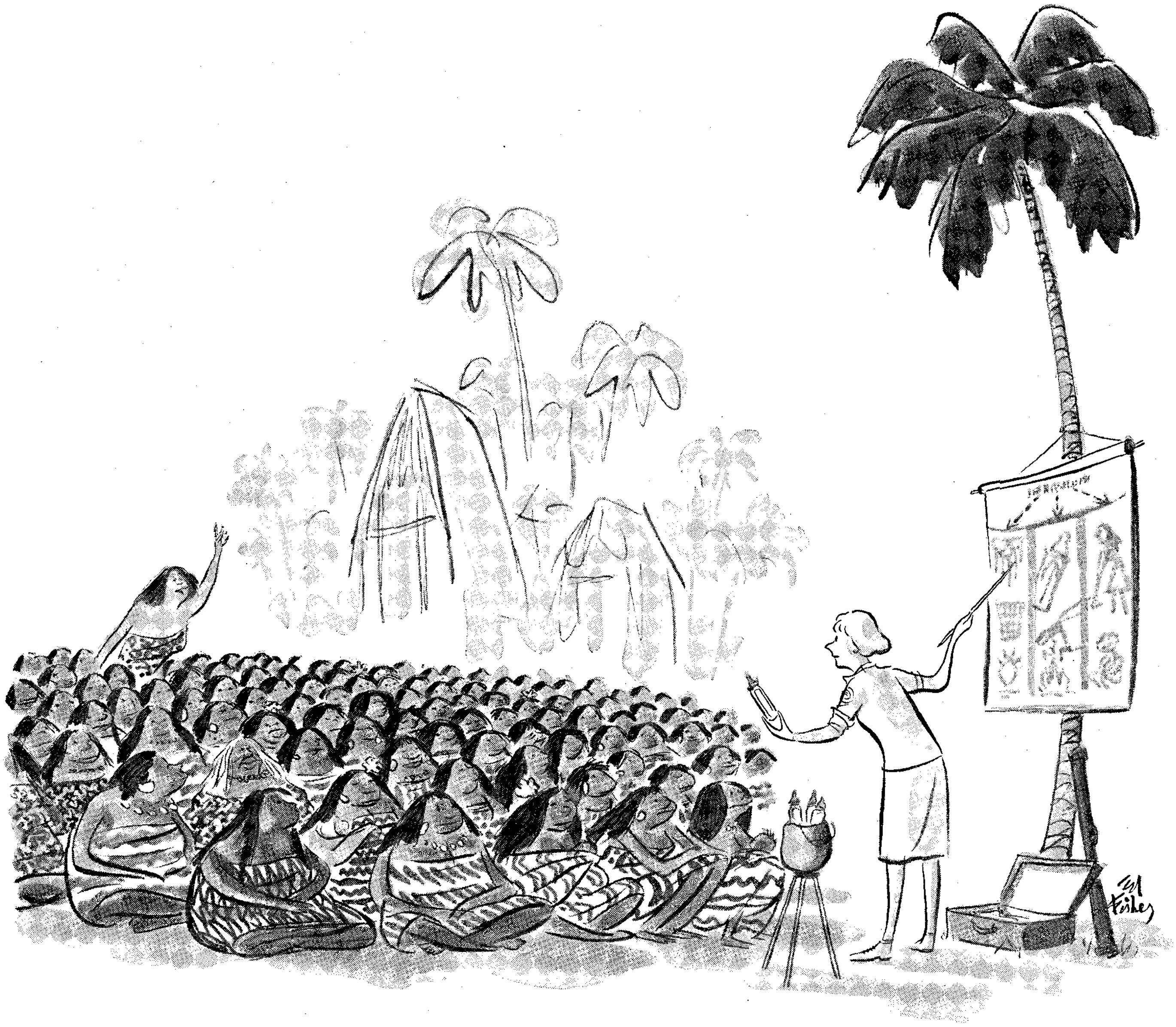
It's the biggest lesson of my ideological life. I've always suspected that Herman was basically a dilettante who joined the class struggle to meet wild chicks; never again will I judge commitment by the parents' address. Recovering, I sprint after him until we collapse in some shadows just off Third Avenue.

"Oppressed peoples and I will never forget this, Herman," I say, panting.

"No, Karl's the one who will never forget it!" Between pants, he giggles a little, then a lot. Then he breaks up completely, laughing himself into a coughing fit.

"Go ahead, Minister. Emotionalism after a party triumph is no vice."

"It's just so—whoo!—so great, that Karl won't dare show his—whoo-hoo ha!—his ugly face *anywhere* after word gets round that he—that he—" He collapses over the Molotov-cocktail bag. Finally, he pulls himself together, takes a deep breath, and, limiting his giggles to punctuation, delivers his report. "Well, I tried to stall him as ordered, but Karl gave me that lighting-a-beacon-fire-for-the-proletariat jazz and a push in the face, and then he went right at a door panel with his glass cutter. Only thing left for me was a strategic bugout. Right then, though, a prowl car came up Fifth, and I had to cool it in the shrubbery. I tell you no lie, Chairman baby, I was shook; Mama would flip if they nailed me. But the cops didn't spot us. Karl



"What about us working mothers?"

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had like ignored them, you know, and he finished his cutting. He put the suitcase through, started in after it, and—here's the gas. The big creep stops dead with this—this *look* on his face. Then he starts feeling in all his pockets and swearing like crazy."

"My God," I say, slowly understanding. "Because he's stopped smoking he didn't have—"

"Right. How do you light a beacon fire for the proletariat without a match? Well, the lunk starts for me with his hand out, and I back off, explaining how I can't help him because Pop's a doctor and he never would let me even *start* smoking, y'know. Then suddenly he sees this old bum—sorry: old exploited worker—asleep on a bench over near Forty-second Street, so he runs over and shakes him until he sort of wakes up, but it's still no dice, no matches. The last I see Karl, he's headed for Times Square looking for a match. I grab the suitcase and split."

I sit quietly, feeling humble. Vietnam, Santo Domingo, now a forgotten match—somebody up there likes us, Mao. The importance of this moment gets through to Herman, too, and his laughter stops. His elbow prodding my ribs, he says, "Look east." It's symbolically fitting, and I do.

A cop stands on the corner, glaring at us. Fatigue jackets make them see red. "O.K., let's *move* it!" he says. "I don't want no loiderin'. No pavement sittin'."

Herman is ready to bug out, but my cool saves us. "We were just going, Officer, sir," I say, rising. We start along the street, me keeping it down to a slow, innocent stroll. The tension is rough; being caught with Molotov cocktails in your possession isn't theoretically sound. I try not to hurry, remembering that Herman has to carry that heavy suitcase. I glance over at him. No suitcase. I look back. The cop has the suitcase open and he is sniffing one of the bottles. Already, the look on his face is changing from puzzlement to wild, stoned happiness; he is seeing himself on the front page of tomorrow's *Daily News*.

Galloping westward, Herman opens a big lead over the cop, and I open an even bigger one on him. You don't get to be a maximum leader without maximum footspeed. —GENE WILLIAMS

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You say that the affair started two years ago. The years can be very disenchanting. The painted moth that dances around the light later becomes an ugly dry cocoon.—*Dr. Joyce Brothers in the Long Island Press.*

Making a proper fool out of every entomologist.

THE BROKEN HOME

Crossing the street,
I saw the parents and the child
At their window, gleaming like fruit
With evening's mild gold leaf.

In a room on the floor below,
Sunless, cooler—a brimming
Saucer of wax, marbly and dim—
I have lit what's left of my life.

I have thrown out yesterday's milk
And opened a book of maxims.
The flame quickens. The word stirs.

Tell me, tongue of fire,
That you and I are as real
At least as the people upstairs.

My father, who had flown in World War I,
Might have continued to invest his life
In cloud banks well above Wall Street and wife.
But the race was run below, and the point was to win.

Too late now, I make out in his blue gaze
(Through the smoked glass of being thirty-six)
The soul eclipsed by twin black pupils, sex
And business; time was money in those days.

Each thirteenth year he married. When he died
There were already several chilled wives
In sable orbit—rings, cars, permanent waves.
We'd felt him warming up for a green bride.

He could afford it. He was "in his prime"
At three score ten. But money was not time.

When my parents were younger this was a popular act:
A veiled woman would leap from an electric, wine-dark car
To the steps of no matter what—the Senate or the Ritz Bar—
And bodily, at newsreel speed, attack

No matter whom—Al Smith or José Maria Sert
Or Clemenceau—veins standing out on her throat
As she yelled *War mongerer! Pig! Give us the vote!*,
And would have to be hauled away in her hobble skirt.

What had the man done? Oh, made history.
Her business (he had implied) was giving birth,
Tending the house, mending the socks.

Always that same old story—
Father Time and Mother Earth,
A marriage on the rocks.

One afternoon, red, satyr-thighed
Michael, the Irish setter, head
Passionately lowered, led
The child I was to a shut door. Inside,

Blinds beat sun from the bed.
The green-gold room throbbed like a bruise.
Under a sheet, clad in taboos,
Lay whom we sought, her hair undone, outspread,

And of a blackness found, if ever now, in old
Engravings where the acid bit.
I must have needed to touch it
Or the whiteness—was she dead?
Her eyes flew open, startled strange and cold.
The dog slumped to the floor. She reached for me. I fled.

Tonight they have stepped out onto the gravel.
The party is over. It's the fall
Of 1931. They love each other still.

SHE: Charlie, I can't stand the pace.
HE: Come on, honey—why, you'll bury us all!

A lead soldier guards my windowsill:
Khaki rifle, uniform, and face.
Something in me grows heavy, silvery, pliable.

How intensely people used to feel!
Like metal poured at the close of a proletarian novel,
Refined and glowing from the crucible,
I see those two hearts, I'm afraid,
Still. Cool here in the graveyard of good and evil,
They are even so to be honored and obeyed.

. . . Obeyed, at least, inversely. Thus
I rarely buy a newspaper, or vote.
To do so, I have learned, is to invite
The tread of a stone guest within my house.

Shooting this rusted bolt, though, against him,
I trust I am no less time's child than some
Who on the heath impersonate Poor Tom
Or on the barricades risk life and limb.

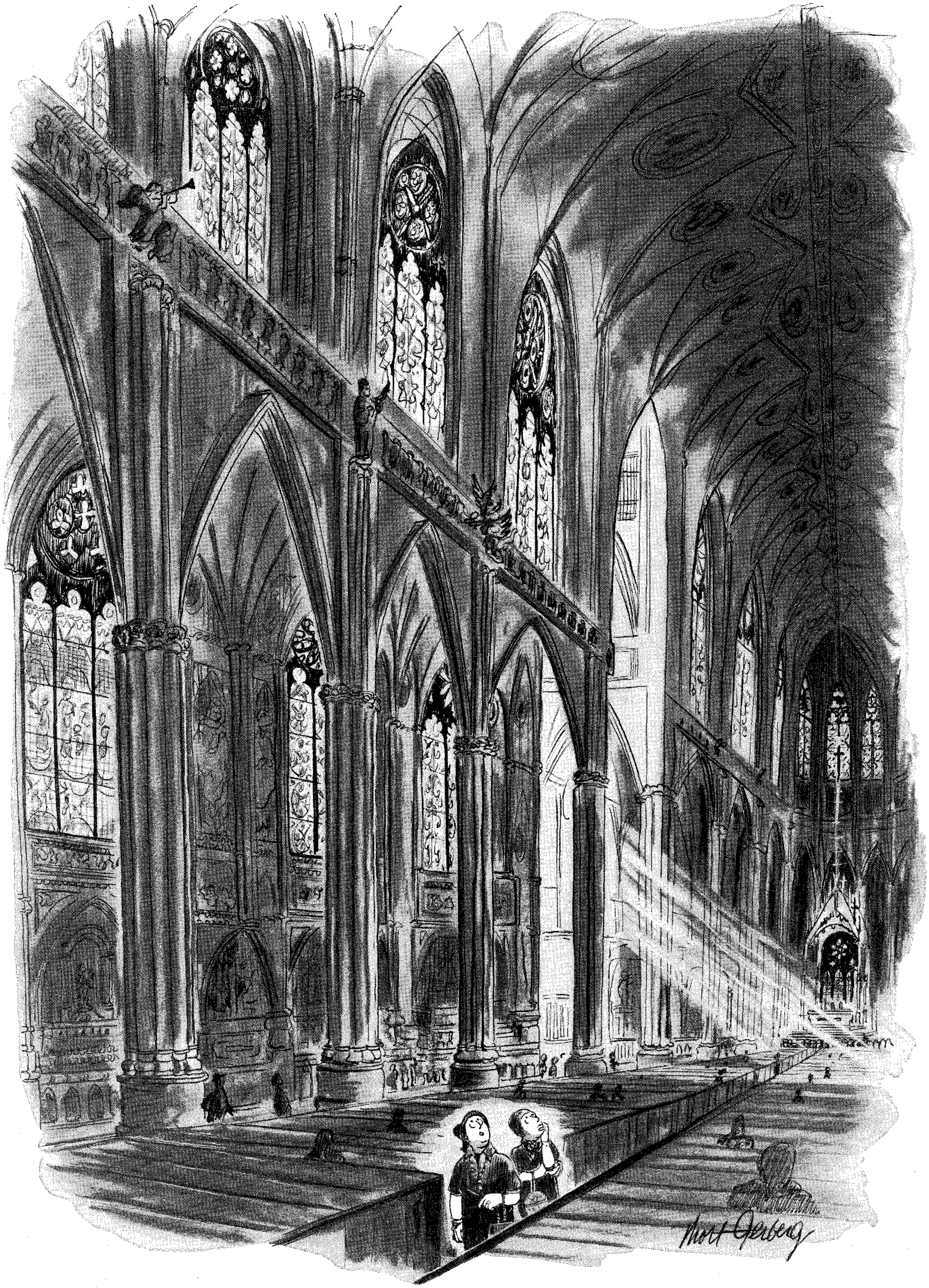
Nor do I try to keep a garden, only
An avocado in a glass of water—
Roots pallid, gemmed with air. And later,

When the small gilt leaves have grown
Fleshy and green, I let them die, yes, yes,
And start another. I am earth's no less.

A child, a red dog roam the corridors,
Still, of the broken home. No sound. The brilliant
Rag runners halt before wide-open doors.
My old room! Its wallpaper—cream, medallioned
With pink and brown—brings back the first nightmares,
Long summer colds, and Emma, sepia-faced,
Perspiring over broth carried upstairs
Aswim with golden fats I could not taste.

The real house became a boarding school.
Under the ballroom ceiling's allegory,
Someone at last may actually be allowed
To learn something; or, from my window, cool
With the unstiflement of the entire story,
Watch a red setter stretch and sink in cloud.

—JAMES MERRILL



Mort Gerberg

"I've always been partial to high ceilings."

DON'T GIVE MY BODY TO SCIENCE, THE DYING MOTHER SAID

THE terrace was slathered with the ruddy leaves shed by summer, shining like patent leather in the damp autumn evening. They did not crackle underfoot, as the leaves recently fallen into the front yard and onto the driveway did, but, rather, clung to shoes and were apt to be tracked into the house. And here there was none of the pungent, smoky aroma of a classical fall twilight but a shocking sunset and a foreboding smell that might have been of danger and decay. Mrs. Archer, whose black hair rested on her head in a brittle cloud, felt it with the palm of her right hand as she inspected the chairs under a flowered parasol.

"Better sit on one of these, under the parasol," she said over her shoulder to Mr. Archer, who followed with a tray of bottles, glasses, and an ice bucket. "They're less likely to be damp."

Mr. Archer, neat, casually dressed, looking like the picture of a man recently given a promotion in a firm of names that gave no indication of the kind of business they were involved in or with, put his tray down on an aqua-painted glass-topped table and rolled a paper napkin between his palms.

"That's a nice suit," he said. "One of the best you've ever had. I've always said pink was your color. Now, don't get it spotted out here. Why don't you put on something else? It's just the two of us now."

Mrs. Archer shook her head. "No, these chairs are all right," she said. "The parasol protects them. I've been wanting to screen the terrace in for years; now I suppose we never will." She folded her hands before her and stood with her head bowed for a minute. Then she said, "You think I looked all right, then?"

"Nifty," Mr. Archer said, taking the top off the ice bucket.

"Nifty," Mrs. Archer repeated. "Oh, I don't suppose I'll ever look nifty again." She sat down. "Possibly well tailored, or perhaps chic, if I knew how to do that sort of thing. But I did want to look nice on his last day home, and especially going to the airport and seeing all his friends and their families there. And I do think she did a good job with my hair this time. But—" Something in the darkening trees on the other side of the stone wall began a hoarse commentary, and something else in the great sugar maple that spread over the terrace interrupted.

"And now," Mr. Archer said. "What can I give you?"

Mrs. Archer glanced indifferently at the tray. "Well, I can't have a Martini," she said. "Because it's after dinner. Funny, how I think it's the only really worthwhile drink." She smoothed the pink linen skirt over her knees, then held up her left hand and studied her rings, and then she faintly smiled. "Remember how we always drank Martinis when the children were very little? And then when they were old enough to go to school we gave them up? And now in the last few years we've been drinking Martinis again?"

"Scotch?" Mr. Archer suggested.

Mrs. Archer shook her head. "I haven't liked Scotch for years. I used to drink it when we went out dancing. Before we were married."

"I never gave it up," Mr. Archer said. "Bourbon?"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Archer said. "Do you have any rum?"

Mr. Archer sighed. "Of course I don't have rum here," he said. "You haven't permitted me to bring rum into the house for years because you have this peculiarly female idea that you won't be able to get into your new dress if you drink rum because it's got more calories than other stuff. Personally, I don't care a lot for it myself, but at times I think it has been a bitter disappointment to many of our friends who do happen to be rum drinkers."

"Anyway, you can't say I haven't been thrifty," Mrs. Archer said. "Thrifty, if not nifty. I've tried to watch my weight."

"Put your money where your mouth is," Mr. Archer said suddenly, and then he bent over and clutched his sides. "My God, I haven't thought of that for years." He shook his head from side to side and, recovering, said, "Oh, all right. Vodka-and-tonic?"

Mrs. Archer looked haughty. "I'm not at all sure that I like that expression," she said, a light chill in her voice. "Nor that I really understand. If you mean to imply that I have put on several extra pounds since I was a girl, or since we were married, which comes to the same thing, I wouldn't talk."

"I wouldn't, either," Mr. Archer said, handing her the tall drink. "But then I don't." He sat down, complacently swirled his Scotch, and went on. "Pretty quiet around here, isn't it?"

"Oh, don't," Mrs. Archer said. "Please don't."

Mr. Archer looked at his wife in surprise. "Don't?" he said. "Why not? How many times in the last few years have I heard you pray for a little peace and quiet? Now all I'm saying is, you've got it."

"It isn't the same thing at all," Mrs. Archer said. "And you know it. The last child is gone—gone, don't you understand? Way off to the other end of the country, to a school I've never seen. All those earthquakes and things they have there. And here we are. Suddenly it's all over. And what's left?" She looked at her glass and drank.

Mr. Archer cleared his throat. "We've still got me," he said. "Or am I being absurd?"

"You know what I mean," Mrs. Archer said. "What does happen to mothers when the children have gone?"

Mr. Archer looked pleased with himself. "Well, take Marge Foster," he said innocently.

"Poor Marge," Mrs. Archer said. "That's not fair. There was that tendency in her family; I understand that's why her mother but never her father came to visit them."

"And I always heard the old man couldn't stand his grandchildren," Mr. Archer said. "You mean he was back home cozying up to the bottle all those times?"

"And Marge inherited it," Mrs. Archer said. "The tendency."

"Perhaps it should be called an ability," Mr. Archer suggested. "It takes one hell of a strong constitution to stay pickled year after year. Marge must have inherited that tendency, too."

"Let's not talk about it anymore," Mrs. Archer said. "You're being unkind. It isn't easy, you know."

"What isn't easy?" Mr. Archer asked. "Or, rather, is anything?"

"For a woman," Mrs. Archer explained, "nothing is easy. Men go right on as if nothing had happened, but a woman spends most of her adult years caring for a family, and then one day there isn't a family, and what happens then?"

"I hope you're not explaining away Marge Foster's tendency," Mr. Archer said. "Because she drank while she still had the family."

"But they were difficult children," Mrs. Archer said. "They both had reading problems. And she was told by the guidance counsellors early in elementary school that neither of them was college material."

"Oh, well," Mr. Archer said. He thrust his feet out, tipped his glass, and finished his drink. "God, what a nice night. This is the only reliable season there is. Autumn. All the cards are on the table." He got up and fished in the ice bucket. "Fix yours?"

Mrs. Archer nodded and handed him her glass. "I'll have this one short," she said. "On the rocks."

A tattered gray squirrel ran across the bottom of the lawn, and in the woods beyond a late bird started a sudden commotion and as suddenly was still. A band of gold circled one cloud, turning it black, and an ice cube slipped from Mr. Archer's hand and rattled back into the bucket.

"Thank you," Mrs. Archer said as her husband placed a short glass before her on the aqua terrace table. "Anyway, I still like spring."

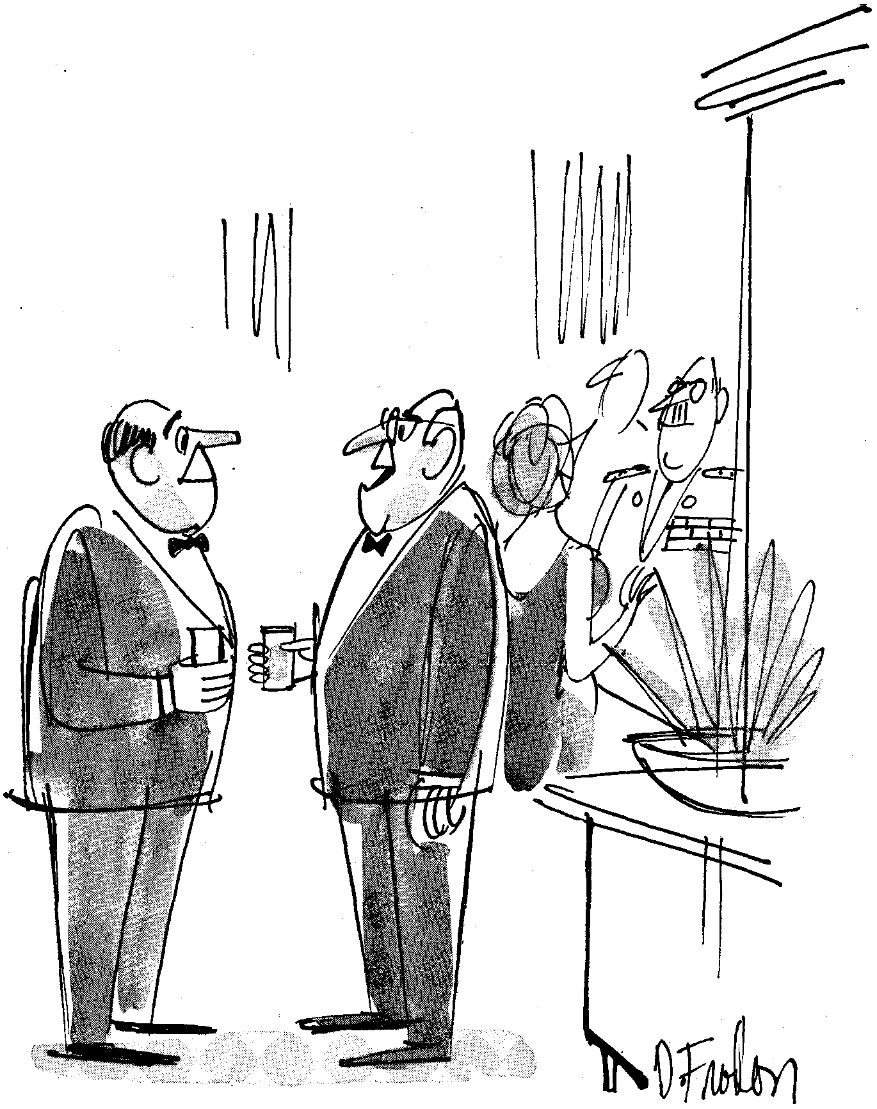
"You what?" Mr. Archer said, settling into his chair.

"I prefer spring," Mrs. Archer said. "You said you liked this time of year, and now I am saying that I prefer spring."

"Spring," Mr. Archer repeated. "There isn't any. There isn't any spring anymore. You know that. In the old days we had spring. You could count on it. But not now. What do we have now? Well, I'll tell you. Winter, cold raw days, and then the next day, what? Heat. Heat and humidity. Right into summer. Remember rain? The gentle rains of spring? Do we have rain? Certainly not. Naturally, it is raining everywhere else, all around us, but on us? Why, no; of course not. And what happens to my lawn that I have sunk a fortune in, feeding and inoculating it against every pest known to man? Well, not only do the old bugs come strolling back as if nothing had happened, but they bring friends, new bugs never before known to man. And still no rain. Stroll on my lawn in your bare feet? Why, certainly, go ahead; please do. And welcome. Crunch, crunch, crunch. I could package my lawn, slip a prize in each box, and make a fortune. Don't talk to me about spring."

"All right," Mrs. Archer said. "I won't. Not if you're going to carry on so."

"Carry on," Mr. Archer whispered to his glass. "I'm carrying on." He put his head back and laughed silently. "Women can talk and talk and talk, but if a *man* puts more than five words in a simple sentence he is accused of carrying on. However, that seems to be the way the ball bounces."



"Tell you what I'll do. I'll trade you my Medicare pen for your Civil Rights pen."

A CRUMPLED maple leaf descended from the tree and caught on Mrs. Archer's hair; carefully, she removed it, studied it, and tossed it aside; it floated onto the polished carpet of leaves on the terrace and perched there.

"I've been wondering," she said, "if maybe we shouldn't sell the house. Now that the children are all away, it seems so big."

"*Sell* the house," Mr. Archer said, sitting up in his chair and looking directly at Mrs. Archer. "Sell the *house!* Why on earth would anyone think of selling the house? What ever gave you that idea?"

"Just what I said," Mrs. Archer told him. "It's so big now, with the children gone. So much to take care of. And we don't really need it. We could get along with a smaller one—or else move back."

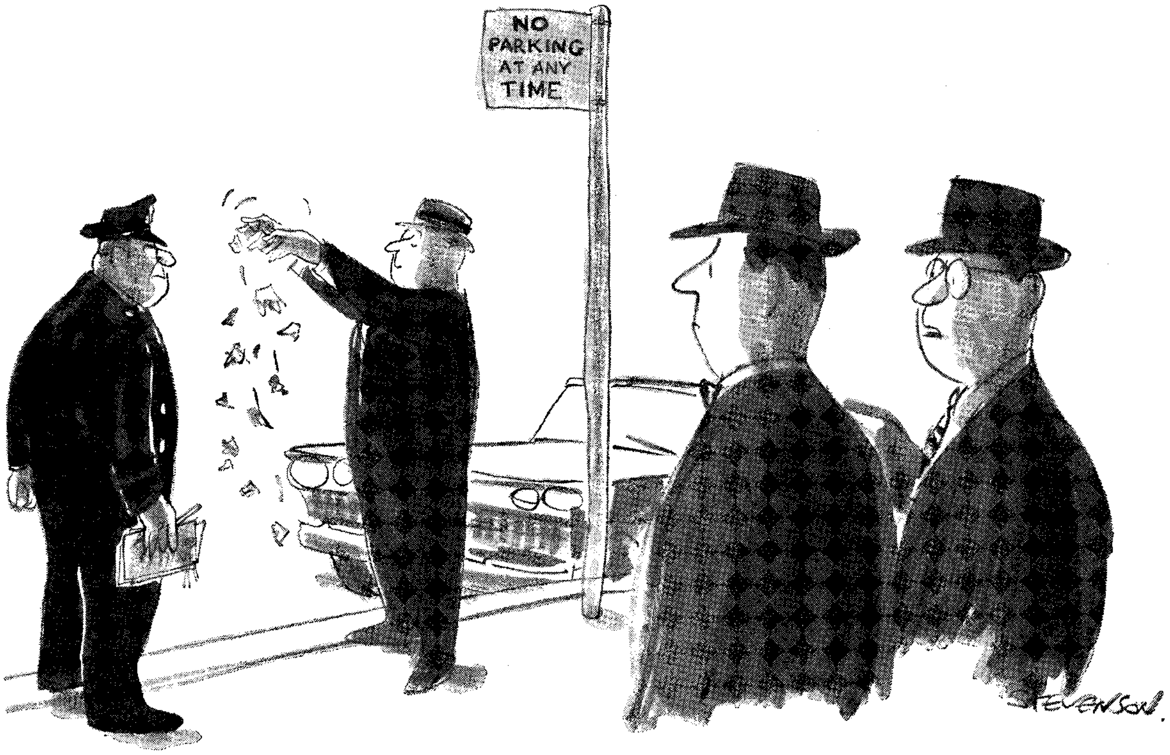
Mr. Archer looked puzzled. "Move back *where?*" he asked. "That is, move back in the sense of retreating, such as in war or chess, or move back to a specific location?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," Mrs. Archer said. "I mean move back to New York. Lots of people do."

"But what would be the point?"

Mrs. Archer shrugged. "We could go to the theatre more, for one thing," she said.

Mr. Archer remained puzzled. "But who wants to go to the theatre more?" he persisted. "We go to the theatre as


NO PARKING AT ANY TIME
STEVENSON

"Now, that's what I call a real scofflaw."

• •

it is. And half the time—say, even more than half—it isn't worth the trip. Under other circumstances, you would be the first to admit that. And would you mind telling me about this smaller house that you have all but moved into, although you have still got to pick out the drapes? The children have not completely disappeared from your life. They will, for instance, be coming home for vacations, as you already know. In this small house of yours, where will you put them?"

"Well, I had thought of a small house with a guest-house," Mrs. Archer told him.

"I will admit that they often seem like guests even in this house," Mr. Archer said. He got up and looked around the yard. "I have no intention of being a domineering male, but selling this house is out of the question. Why don't you sell the children?"

"Why should I want to sell the children?" Mrs. Archer said.

"I've put just as much time into this yard as you have with them," Mr. Archer pointed out. He swung his glass out in a gesture that took in the entire property. "How about that brick walk, and those little steps going down into your rose garden? Do you recall how long that took me? Ten years ago, and still perfectly good. Frost heaves and all, that brickwork has survived, and may quite possibly survive you and me. In the years to come, this place may very well be the old homestead to our children. It was nothing when we came here, and look at it now." Had there been a little breeze and had Mr. Archer only a little more hair, it would have stirred slightly.

Mrs. Archer nodded and looked at the bricks. "I remember when you did it, and it looked almost too even to me—so perfect. Not at all the way a rustic walk should look. But it's beautiful now—all sunken and looking as if it had grown that way right out of the ground. I remember Ricky was only a little thing when you started it. He helped you carry the bricks."

"You know, I've always been glad I used stone dust," Mr. Archer told her. "I still remember someone tried to talk me into using sand, but I talked to a lot of experts and it seemed to me the best opinion was stone dust. Maybe I should build something again." He closed one eye. "A wall, possibly. It might be quite nice out there"—he moved his glass to the right—"and you could plant something that would crawl up it. We certainly don't need any more roses, but there are other things. Vines. Or else"—and he pointed his glass at Mrs. Archer—"we could espalier something on it. How's that!" He sat down.

"It sounds very nice," Mrs. Archer said.

Mr. Archer examined his drink. "Of course, it will have to wait until spring. That's one thing about living in this part of the country, where there are *seasons*. You get through the winter somehow, because you know that spring will come one day; by God, it has to."

Mrs. Archer looked at her husband thoughtfully. "You just said there wasn't any spring," she said.

Mr. Archer rattled his glass impatiently. "You know what I mean. Petty annoyances. We all have to learn to put up with them."

Mrs. Archer nodded. "Yes, I know. Spring somehow has seemed such a sad time to me in the last year or two."

Mr. Archer swung around and faced his wife. "*You* just got through saying that you like spring. What on earth is the matter with you? Can't you keep track of what you like and what you don't like?"

Mrs. Archer flicked a dead leaf off her skirt. "Oh, I still like it," she said. "You can like something and still feel sad about it. I just mean that in the spring so many children are getting married. I suppose ours will, too, someday. That's what I meant by saying it was sad."

Mr. Archer squinted at his wife. "Let them," he said. "It seems a perfectly normal thing to do. And by the way, why is getting married so sad? You got married. Has that cast a pall over your whole life? Has it been so awful? Are you thinking of a direct-mail service to all young people on the horrors of marriage?"

Mrs. Archer said nothing.

Mr. Archer spoke again. "All women want," he said, "is to have the securities in their name."

MRS. ARCHER smiled. "Do you remember that cruise we took the children on when they were little? Bermuda, Nassau—that one?"

"I remember how much it cost," Mr. Archer said smoothly. "And what ever made you think of that?"

Mrs. Archer continued to smile and to regard the sunny spring afternoon when the bright white ship slipped smoothly from the river into the deep blue sea.

"Don't you remember?" she said. "How frightened they were when the captain blew his stack? And then tea was served and we found a table big enough for us all, and the children were so excited about everything, especially those carts of pastries that were being wheeled around, and they sat there waiting their turn—all except Annie."

"I remember most of it," he said. "But not about Annie. Where was she?"

"She wouldn't sit down," Mrs. Archer said. "But she insisted on standing over by a table of middle-aged women a little distance from us. They were all having the time of their lives, and we had noticed them waving goodbye to their husbands when the gangplank was pulled away. And they weren't having tea; they were having cocktails."

"Sensible," Mr. Archer murmured. "Was I drinking tea?"

"We both were," Mrs. Archer said. "And finally I sent Rick over to bring Annie back to the table, because I was so embarrassed by her standing there and staring. Well, Rick got her back and I made her sit down, but she just sat there and sulked and wouldn't eat. And finally I said, 'Now, Annie, isn't this fun?' And she gave me a dirty look and said, 'I was having more fun watching the drunken ladies.'"

Mr. Archer nodded. "I remember now. Off they went on a cruise, and the old boys had to get back to the office and pay for it."

"Anyway, it was all a good time," Mrs. Archer said. "It doesn't seem possible that it's all over."

"*Will* you stop saying that?" Mr. Archer begged. "We'll do it again sometime, all of us. I have a feeling that it may be soon, that this is going to be a good year for us."

"Really?" Mrs. Archer said. "Why?"

Mr. Archer stretched his legs and tapped his glass mysteriously. "Never mind," he said.

"Oh, please," his wife said. "Tell me."

Mr. Archer drummed on the aqua table with his left hand. "Very well," he said. "Let me see. One thing I didn't tell you. I found a pin today."

"Found a pin?" Mrs. Archer said. "What on earth does that have to do with it? With it being a good year?"

Mr. Archer swallowed some Scotch. "Now, don't tell me," he said, "don't tell me that you never heard of that."

"Of what?" Mrs. Archer said.

"'See a pin and pick it up,'" Mr. Archer said. "It brings good luck. You know that." He made an expansive gesture with his glass. "At least, it's a very good sign."

Mrs. Archer put her glass on the table and pressed her hands tightly together. "But which way was it pointing?" she asked.

Mr. Archer stared at her. "What on earth are you talking about? Which way what?"

"The pin," Mrs. Archer said, miserably. "Which way was the pin pointing?"

Mr. Archer sighed. "How in God's name should I know how the pin was pointed?" he said. "I don't think I even noticed. But I've got it somewhere—oh, it's on the jacket I wore to the office."

"But if you are going to go around picking up pins," Mrs. Archer persisted, "you will have to look at them closely."

Mr. Archer lowered his chin to his chest.

"If they bring you good luck," Mrs. Archer continued, "they have to be pointing at you. Otherwise they simply don't count at all. They're just—pins." Her voice sank into the damp air.

Mr. Archer coughed. "I might say," he said, "that it is the role of women either to confuse or to complicate quite simple things. What I *will* say is that I have never heard that the pin must point toward you, and I doubt that anyone else ever has. Except you."

"I never heard it any other way," Mrs. Archer told him. "It's what my grandmother used to say. . . ."

"Then that's two of you," her husband said. "And you have every right to believe it, but it sounds silly to me. There aren't that many pins lying around that we can afford to be choosy about which way they're pointing."

"I suppose not," Mrs. Archer said. "And now that I think about it, maybe the pin should not point toward you

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ODE TO POSEIDON

LINES ON A GRECIAN URN RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY
THE WILLIAMS COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART

Well, hail, Poseidon! Old mariner who was caught
Between brothers—Zeus and Hades—but
  There you are, bent
  On sinking your new trident
Into the vitals of poor Polybotes,
Who rears back upon space as if a cot
  Waited; only his shield,
  A lion, will not yield,
But, switching its black teardrop tail,
Glares out at us; Poseidon, hail!

On the vase's other side live three students
Dancing home, exams over, brains spent;
  Life in their heels, they clown
  The cobbled road on down
To celebrate. The central boy knows
What it is to want to *dance*, he fools and shows
  Them who is actor, they
  Are end men; so they play,
Lifting imagined wine in wassail
The students shout: Poseidon, hail!

One wed Poseidon, from whom Pegasus
Sprang; no mean feat; many of us
  Know that most able horse,
  Whose love ran with the muse,
Could braid by the very rhythm of his hooves
The formal circlet this vase wears and weaves. . . .
  As to a theatre-in-the-round,
  To lives, music, and sound,
How well this wine jar brings us in!
Oh, navigator, hail! Poseidon!

—BARBARA HOWES

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but *away* from you." She raised her head. "Do you smell rain?"

Mr. Archer sniffed. "I wouldn't doubt it," he said. "Now that nothing is in the growing season we will probably get rain. In fact, nothing else. I can hear it now: rain, rain, rain."

"PERHAPS we'd better go in," Mrs. Archer said. "And turn on the lights. Then I won't worry so much about tomorrow."

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" Mr. Archer asked.

"That's just it," Mrs. Archer said. "I don't know." They sat quietly for a while. Then Mrs. Archer said, "Maybe that's why so many of our friends have got divorced. After the children have grown up, there isn't anything more to do at home."

Mr. Archer pursed his lips. "Could be," he said.

Mrs. Archer frowned. "Of course," she went on, "if you want to look at the other side of the picture, a lot of a woman's time when the children are at home is spent taking the sneakers out of the living room and plumping up the sofa pillows. There must be other things to do that I've forgotten about."

In the woods a cat screamed, and the sound curdled in the cooling night. Mrs. Archer stood up. "I'm going in," she said, "or else turn on the lights."

Mr. Archer raised his left hand. "Take it easy," he said. "We don't need the lights yet. It's a fine night. And I want another one of these. How about you? Why don't you relax?"

"Well." Mrs. Archer sat down again and folded her hands. "Oh, all right. Very light, though. A splash. You know I can't drink after dinner anymore."

"A splash," Mr. Archer repeated, nodding courteously to his wife. "Well, anyway, tomorrow is Saturday and we can sleep late. And spend the day hacking around. And then—well, it is entirely possible that tomorrow is going to be your lucky day."

"We'll be right back where we started, won't we?" Mrs. Archer said. "You know, it seems to me now that when you have children a kind of amnesia sets in, and then when they are gone you go back to being yourself again. What do you think?"

"I don't believe amnesia can set in, as you say," Mr. Archer said. "But then you were never medical-school material. Don't you want to know about what I've planned for tomorrow?"

"A letter in your columns has been brought to my attention which . . ."

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Something raced through the woods in back of the house, but Mrs. Archer ignored it. "I suppose you know where you can put your hands on another pin," she said.

Mr. Archer slowly shook his head. "No more pins. Something even better."

"I give up," Mrs. Archer said.

"Well, for heaven's sake, wouldn't you like to wait?" Mr. Archer asked. "Wouldn't you like it to be a surprise?"

"I hate surprises," Mrs. Archer said. "They're always a disappointment. No, tell me now."

Mr. Archer rattled the ice in his glass casually. "First I'll give you a hint," he said. "It's something we had when we first got married and then outgrew."

"A little apartment in town?" Mrs. Archer asked wistfully.

"Oh, my God," Mr. Archer said. "What would you do with a little apartment in town? Now, don't tell me; I know. You'd stay in it. You'd have to."

"Why?" Mrs. Archer said. "Tell me that."

Mr. Archer's eyes sought the starless sky. "Because you don't have anything to wear in town, that's why," he said. "At least, you don't seem to have. You never wear anything here but slacks and shorts, although you do have that suit and a couple of dresses, I suppose. And Rick's old dungarees, that he outgrew. You couldn't wear *those* to lunch at Sardi's, say."

"I know," Mrs. Archer said. "You are probably right. But I often think of myself as terribly dressed up, sitting with other ladies at luncheon in terribly dressy places, with a lot of gold bracelets on my arms, and a hat. And I would have manicures again."

"And smoke pouring out of your nostrils," Mr. Archer said. "Forget it. And forget the gold bracelets. The way the market is, and with all your children in pay-as-you-go schools, you'll be lucky if you even have sleeves on this winter. Besides—there is the surprise."

"Please tell me," Mrs. Archer said. "Please?"

"All right," Mr. Archer said. "But I should have a Havana cigar. I wish those people would get straightened out."

"Why?" Mrs. Archer asked.

"Because this is where I should be

able to knock the ash off before I tell you," Mr. Archer said. "But—oh, well, it's just that I've bought a new car."

Mrs. Archer swallowed. "We have a car," she said. "The station wagon, and your station car."

Mr. Archer put his glass down. "As of tomorrow," he said, "kiss the station wagon goodbye. I've turned it in on the new car." He paused and brushed a leaf off his shirtfront. "A convertible."

"A convertible!" Mrs. Archer said. "Why, we haven't had a convertible since—since—"

"Exactly," Mr. Archer said. "And it's blue, like the old one, but I think the tops work better these days. And they've made a lot of other changes in the last twenty-five years; extra lights, and— You have to hand it to those people in Detroit. Well, I made a pretty good deal, and so there it is. Or there it will be tomorrow. Four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Four o'clock!" Mrs. Archer said, leaning forward. "But I can't go at four o'clock; I have to— Of course I can." She tipped her head to the side. "I was just thinking about Rick and driving him to his drum lesson. But I don't have to do that now."

"And another thing," Mr. Archer said. "I've arranged a short vacation for myself from the office. We couldn't get away this summer, what with all that went on here and you sewing on those name tapes, so, baby, we are going to get in that convertible and go places! With the top down."

Mrs. Archer hesitated. "I'll have to make arrangements for the dogs and cats," she said.

"That's easy," Mr. Archer said. "Store them; you've done it before."

"Of course," Mrs. Archer said. "What fun. Have you thought of places to go?"

Mr. Archer shrugged. "Some," he said. "For instance, we can drive up to Vermont to see the leaves. How does that sound?"

"Lovely," Mrs. Archer said. "We've never done that. The only time I can remember that we've been to Vermont was in the winter and there weren't any leaves then."

They sat quietly, and then Mrs. Archer said, "Wasn't it in Vermont that Mary got the fishbone in her throat?"

"I don't think Vermont," Mr. Archer said. "I'm pretty sure. It was some other vacation."

"Where was it?" Mrs. Archer said.

"I've got it," Mr. Archer said, snapping his fingers. "It was Cooperstown. When we went up to see the baseball museum. Remember?"

"Of course," Mrs. Archer said. "You're absolutely right. I remember how cross the boys were after lunch because they were in such a hurry to get to the museum, but first we had to get the bone out of Mary's throat."

She put her chin in her hands. "I was trying to think of what hotel it was where the girls didn't want to leave because of that flowered carpeting in the lobby. They fussed at me for weeks because I wouldn't buy one like it for the house. Must have been one of the trips to Washington, or maybe Boston."

"I picked one with matching upholstery," Mr. Archer said. "Blue, with a white trim. It's got a transistor radio, too; none of this waiting around for something to warm up when you want instant news."

"I can't wait," Mrs. Archer said, with a sigh.

In the dark, the aqua-painted table glowed in a perfect circle. Mrs. Archer sat staring at it, and Mr. Archer watched his wife. Then he said, "By the way, which one was it that couldn't stop saying 'turtle'?"

Mrs. Archer raised her head. "I'd forgotten that," she said. "But I remember now. It was Rob. When he was just learning to talk, and someone had given those hideous little green ones to the girls, and when we told him their name he said, 'Turtle, urtle, urtle, urtle,' until we had to stop him."

"I put my hand over his mouth," Mr. Archer said. "I thought all along it was Rob."

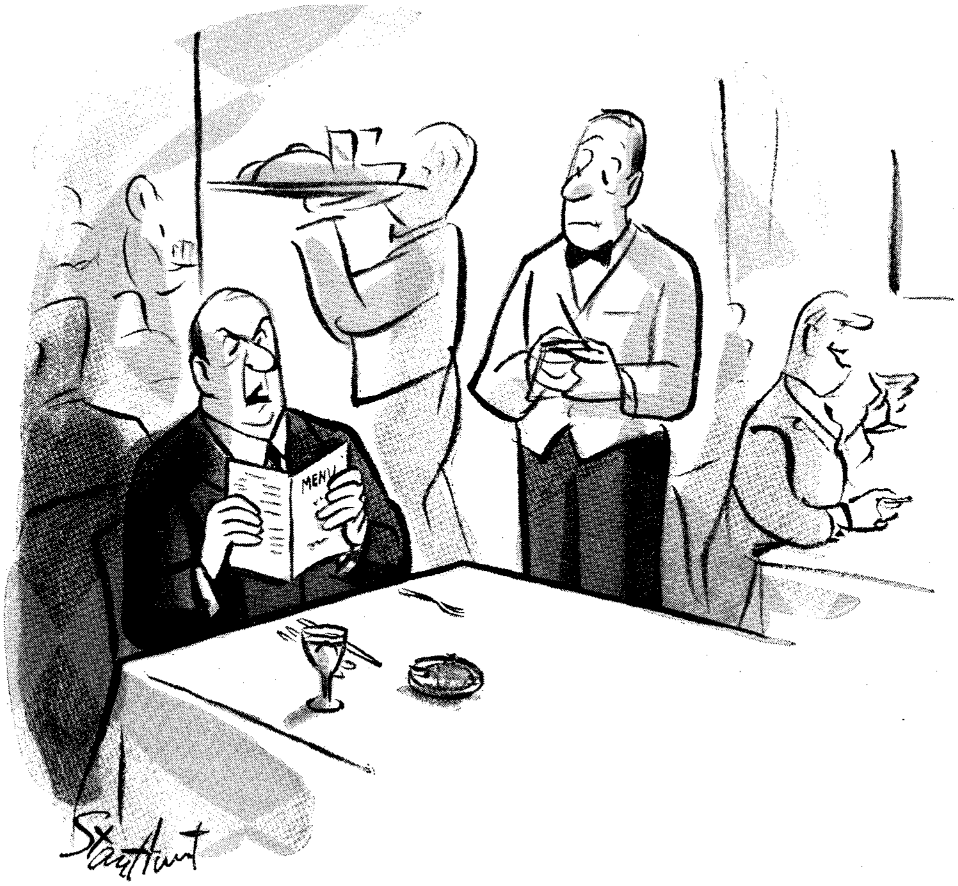
Mr. Archer put down his glass. "O.K., let's go in. It's going to come down any minute now; you were right."

"Well, we mustn't complain," Mrs. Archer said. "We certainly need it."

"We certainly do," Mr. Archer said. He got up, and then he put back his head and laughed.

"Turtle," he said. "Turtle, urtle, urtle, urtle . . . " and his words disappeared in the sound of rain spattering the leaves of the sugar maple.

—Katinka Loeser



"*A cup of carrot juice, one poached egg, a slice of toasted protein bread with half a pat of butter, tea with lemon, half a cup of Jell-O, and a goddam vanilla wafer.*"

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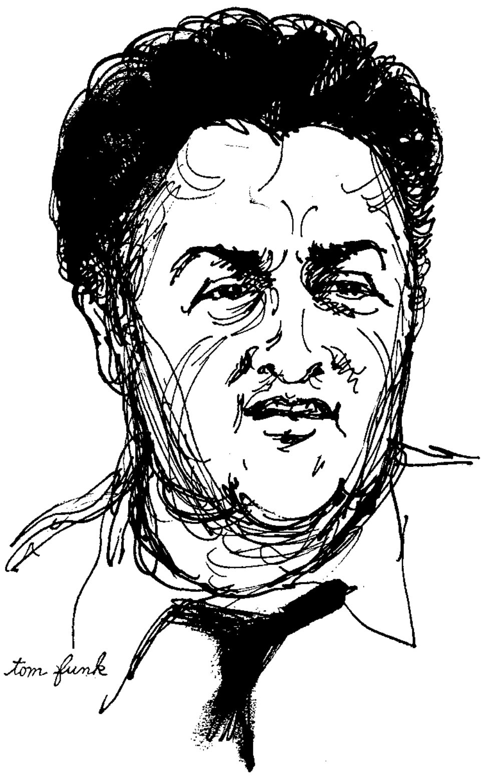
Perhaps, when the long perspective of history falls on our age, it will be seen that America contributed as much through the development of a high standard of living for the masses as through the invention of liberty.—*Dr. George Katona in This Week.*

We always thought the Russians invented it.

PROFILES

10½



Federico Fellini

10½
A Movie
Technicolor

Starring Federico Fellini, director of "Variety Lights" (1950), "The White Sheik" (1952), "I Vitelloni" (1953), the segment "Una Agenzia Matrimoniale" for "L'Amore in Città" (1953), "La Strada" (1954), "Il Bidone" (1955), "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), "La Dolce Vita" (1959), the segment "The Temptation of Dr. Antonio" for "Boccaccio '70" (1962), "8½" (1963), "Giulietta of the Spirits" (1965).

With Giulietta Masina, Ruggero Mastroianni, Gino Marinuzzi, Jr., Salvato Cappelli, Liliana Betti, Franco Gorgone, and others.

ESTERNO. Rome. A clear, hot, sunny morning. The Cinefonico Palatino, a movie studio on the Piazza Giovanni e Paolo, at the top of one of the seven hills of Rome. Across the piazza is the Basilica dei SS. Giovanni e Paolo. The church, which dates from late in the fourth century, was built onto a Roman house, part of which is still visible in its flank. It is built of brownish-yellow bricks. Its porch is Romanesque. Its campanile dates from the twelfth century. The movie studio is owned by Angelo Rizzoli, the producer of "Giulietta of the Spirits." It is surrounded by an old Roman wall and echoes the style of the church and the Roman house, but it has recently been augmented by a two-story, reddish-beige brick building, where Fellini has been working day and night for several months. He has been working on the final editing of his latest movie, in technicolor, "Giulietta of the Spirits," with Giulietta Masina, Mario Pisu, Sandra Milo, Sylva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, Lou Gilbert, and others.

Fellini emerges from the studio building, walking quickly, and heads for his car, a black Mercedes sedan, which is parked nearby on the piazza. He is forty-five, heavy, dark, and unshaven, and he has a large jaw and almost white, kinky, untrimmed sideburns. Longish, black, graying hair damply encircles a bald spot. He has thick, swollen ankles. He is wearing a wrinkled suit of that plum color seen almost exclusively in warm, sunny lands. He has on a black silk necktie, its knot loosened a few inches below his shirt collar, which is not buttoned. His pants sag. A gold watch chain hangs from the top edge of his belt on the right side into his right pants pocket. A thick gold wedding band is squeezed onto the fourth finger of his left hand; the finger is pudgy, and the ring is close to the first knuckle. Walking with Fellini—or, rather, trotting behind him—is his cutter, Ruggero Mastroianni, who is the younger brother of Marcello Mastroianni and who looks very much like him. Mastroianni has on a short-sleeved sports shirt (with multicolored dots) and no tie, and he is carrying the jacket of his suit over his arm. Fellini, gesticulating but without slowing his pace, is talking to Mastroianni over his shoulder. They address each other by names they have taken from characters in American gangster movies they saw as children—a running joke between them. Fellini calls the cutter "Donovan." Mastroianni calls Fellini "Kerrigan." Whereas Mastroianni, like most of Fellini's companions, is speaking in Italian, Fellini is often speaking in English, thereby creating an air of playful mystification.

Fellini: It is too much. For a year and a half, Donovan! To be possessed by the same movie, the same ghosts, the same ideas. To be always on the same imaginative level. Everything has been a battle. The spirits were against this movie. It was full of obstacles. Nothing was easy, eh, Donovan? That has surprised me. I am not used to having to fight. The actors who got sick. The big strong tree that was in place for a hundred years that we started to shoot one day, and then, the next day, we have the storm, and we find that the tree was destroyed.

Mastroianni (*with a smile*): It's the movie business.

Fellini: The movie business is macabre. Grotesque. It is a combination of a football game and a brothel. I like things to come to me with gaiety, with spontaneity. I do not like to fight. (*They reach the car and halt. Fellini taps Mastroianni on the shoulder.*) O.K., Donovan! Today I want to find a laugh of a small child to put on the sound track for Giulietta's nightmare. But it must not be a realistic laugh. It must be like extrasensory acoustic perception. Like the two-tone voice of the frog.

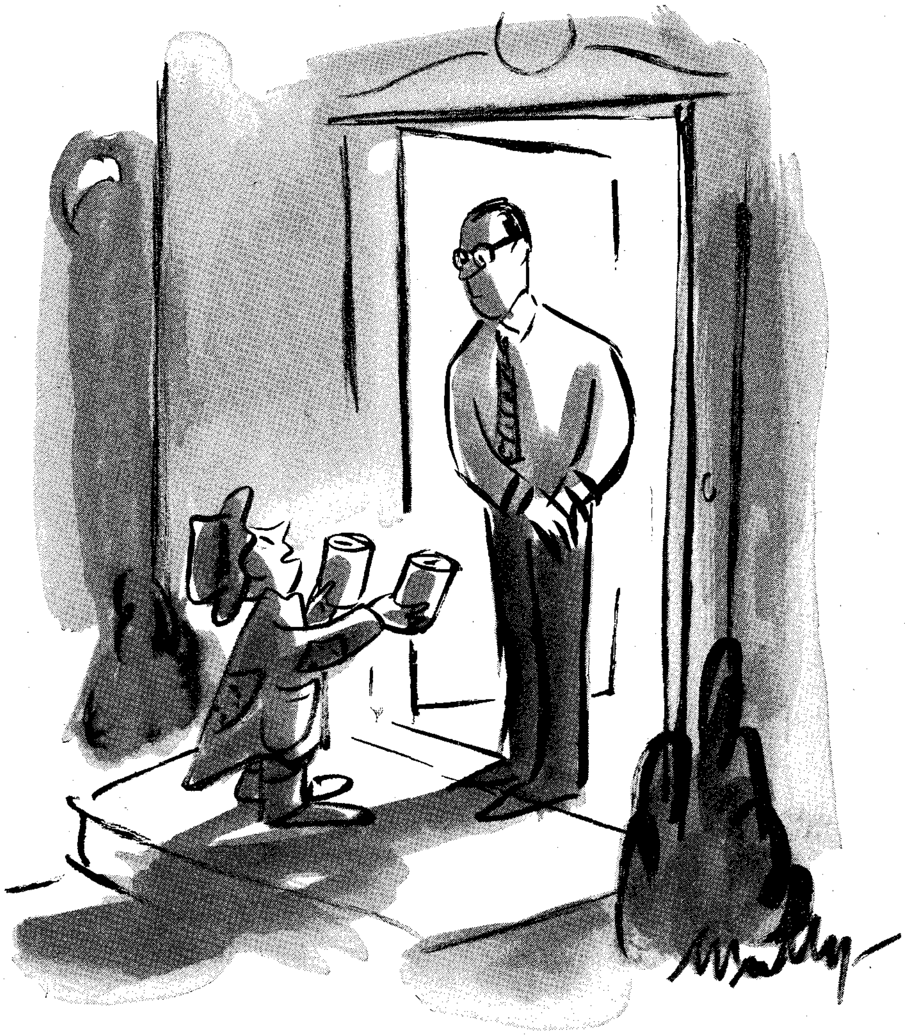
Mastroianni (*pretending to be horrified*): That frog! I want to forget about that frog!

Fellini: *My* frog. Near Fregene. A very strange frog. I wanted his voice as soon as I heard it. So we got twenty-five people, two sound trucks, cars, machines, just to get the quonck-quonck. On magnetic tape. The voice is beautiful. Maybe the frog had a little cold. And then some stupid little girl takes the box with the magnetic tape and puts it on a table of iron, and when we go to listen to the frog's voice it is completely gone. I tell you, Donovan, the spirits are against this movie.

Mastroianni: You want to leave it, Kerrigan? You want to let go of it?

Fellini (*pretending to knock the younger man on the head*): I cannot understand how some directors can leave a picture before it is finished, before every little detail of the picture is in place.

(*They are approached by an elderly priest from the church. The priest is wearing a black cloak, a white cassock. He is bareheaded and bald and he has on plastic-rimmed glasses. Fellini gaily embraces the priest, and they joke for a few minutes. Then Fellini gets behind the wheel of his car. Mastroianni*



"One is for UNICEF and one is for me."

gets in beside him. Fellini puts on a pair of oversized sunglasses of the kind worn by Marcello Mastroianni in "8 1/2.")

ESTERNO. The black Mercedes moves downhill, past the Colosseum, toward the Flaminio district of the city. Fellini is seen in closeup, through the windshield of the car, as he drives. He does not speak for a while. His eyebrows, behind the sunglasses, look black and bushy. There are deep perpendicular furrows between them. He is smoking a cigarette. He closes one eye against the smoke from the cigarette, and he lifts the brow over the other eye.

FELLINI (*waving the cigarette out the window*): The sounds must not be realistic sounds. They must be abstract. The laugh of the child must not be a real laugh. (*He smokes and gestures with both hands as he drives.*)

MASTROIANNI: Will you show this picture at the Venice Film Festival?

FELLINI: I hate film festivals. They all have the kind of atmosphere I do not like—the atmosphere of a competition, which is foreign to my temperament. Festivals and New York cocktail parties, they both have the same atmosphere, with all those people who come and talk, talk, talk. And they look at me with cross eyes. When I finish a picture, if it is not released I would not care. I am glad when my pictures have success, but I would not care if they do not have success. The things I am asked to do *after* I finish a picture is the only aspect of my work that makes me tired.

MASTROIANNI: But Rizzoli wants to take the picture and go to the Venice Film Festival.

FELLINI (*with a sigh*): He is a seventy-five-year-old man, and he *likes* to go to film festivals. He likes to go on his yacht. He tells me, "We will have a nice time on the yacht, we will see a lot of beautiful women, we will have good food." I tell him, "Film festivals are dangerous. This picture does not need publicity. Going to a film festival does not add to your prestige. Film festivals are passé." I *hate* this atmosphere of examination. I hate those press conferences. But Rizzoli will do this we-have-to-defend-our-flag kind of talk, and sometimes I get so bored and tired of saying no that I might say yes. (*He crushes the end of the cigarette in the ashtray of the car. He continues talking, with gestures, often taking both hands simultaneously off the wheel.*) I can be very strong in everything concerning the picture, but in these other things I do not like to be unpleasant, so I might say yes. I do not like to fight with Rizzoli. And, besides, outside of my work I do not have definite ideas. All I know is that I do not like this festival atmosphere of competition. When I was a boy, I always refused to put myself in competition as a student, and later on I would never compete for beautiful women. In competition I feel lost. If I put myself in the mood, I can fight, but for that I have to feel detached. (*He pauses, then lights another cigarette and continues talking and gesticulating.*) But this time, to Rizzoli, I will probably say no.

(*On a very narrow cobbled street, the black car draws up in front of an old apartment building. On a copper plate at the entrance is the name "Gino Marinuzzi."*)

INTERNO. The Marinuzzi apartment and office. A small, dark, wood-panelled room. The room has a console with a 1984 panel of push buttons. Various kinds of sound-effects equipment, including a tape recorder, stand against the walls. Marinuzzi, a composer who specializes in electronic music, is a slightly built, scholarly-looking man of middle age, wearing a medical-looking white coat. He is puttering around, as Fellini and Mastroianni wait together. A boy of sixteen, Marinuzzi's apprentice, stands on the sidelines. He, too, wears a white coat. As a succession of weird electronic-music sounds is played, Fellini listens, and then speaks against the background of the music.

FELLINI: I want to bring in pieces of the different dreams I have had during my life. The faces, the gardens, the squares, the towns, all the places I have visited during the night. To show how people are deeply alone. It is very exciting. There is something very decadent and something very innocent at the same time. (*He draws the fingers of one hand together, shaping a cone, and turns the cone back and forth.*) Strength and weakness. Like a baby covered with dust. Those are the feelings I want the sounds for. (*Marinuzzi anxiously hops about the room getting up an assortment of* *sounds. The apprentice looks puzzled.*) Can you let me hear the laugh of the child?

(*Marinuzzi puts on a shrill mechanical sound faintly suggesting a child's laughter.*)

FELLINI (*looking pleased*): Softer. Softer. (*The sound is reduced. Fellini quickly pats the apprentice on the back of the neck and starts to leave.*) It is what I want. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. Fellini's country house in Fregene. Sunday morning, about eleven. A terrace of the house, a brand-new two-story structure of white stucco and red brick with cherry-wood trim, a red tile roof, and windows outlined in green. It is in a heavily wooded area, with many tall pines, twenty miles outside Rome and about ten minutes' drive from the Tyrrhenian Sea. Many scenes from "Giulietta of the Spirits" were shot in Fregene. A flagstone walk leads from an unpaved road to the house. There are pines and ilexes around. One large ilex stands in the middle of the flagstone terrace. Running around its base is a soft, large, round bed of daisies. A glider with a white metal frame stands under the tree. It can hold two people, and it has bright-blue canvas cushions with white piping. The black Mercedes is parked near the front door of the house. Behind the house is a sweeping, bright garden. Many flowers and vegetables. Roses, petunias, gardenias. Sunflowers ten feet tall, with giant heads. Giulietta Masina, who is Fellini's wife, stands in the garden. She is a small, soft, pretty woman with the permanently wistful look of a waif. Her hair, which is reddish, is brushed straight back from her forehead. She wears a gold wedding band like Fellini's. She has on a sleeveless green-and-orange printed cotton dress. She is smiling up at a big sunflower. At the side of the house, white French doors leading out to the terrace open, and a thin, stooped, frail-seeming middle-aged man in gray slacks, a gray shirt, and bedroom slippers slowly walks out and sits down in the glider, looking bleak. He is Salvato Cappelli, a friend and weekend guest of the Fellinis. Cappelli is a writer for the newspaper *Il Messaggero* and a former editor of the magazine *Le Ore*, and he is also a playwright. There is quiet around the house, except for the buzzing of bees, the singing of birds, and distant sounds of picnickers in the woods. Fellini emerges from the house, wearing the pants of the suit he had on the day before and the same black tie, but with a yellow shirt. He is newly shaven. He has the gold watch chain hooked in the same place over his belt. He blinks, not happily, in the sunshine. He addresses Cappelli as "Marquis"—another Fellini joke-name, based on the editor's aristocratic background.

FELLINI (*mildly irritable*): This is the first Sunday since I started the picture that I am not working. If I do not work, I annoy myself. My life is just to make movies, Marquis. When I am not making movies, I feel that I am not alive.

CAPPELLI (*still looking bleak*): It's a fine house. My room is very comfortable. I slept well.

FELLINI: Where is Giulietta?

CAPPELLI: In the garden. She said she wanted to pick some cucumbers and tomatoes for lunch.

FELLINI: We built the white house for the picture just fifteen minutes away from here. While we were shooting the picture, Giulietta found time to supervise the building of *this* house.

CAPPELLI (*still with no change of expression*): Giulietta did a good job.

FELLINI: She is the biggest happiness of my life. She lives in my imagination always—sometimes too much.

CAPPELLI (*nodding*): Yes, yes.

FELLINI: You know, Marquis, when I am asked "Who is most important to you in your life?" I do not say "My mother," I always say "My wife." Giulietta is the most important for me in my life.

CAPPELLI: How did you find working with her in this new movie?

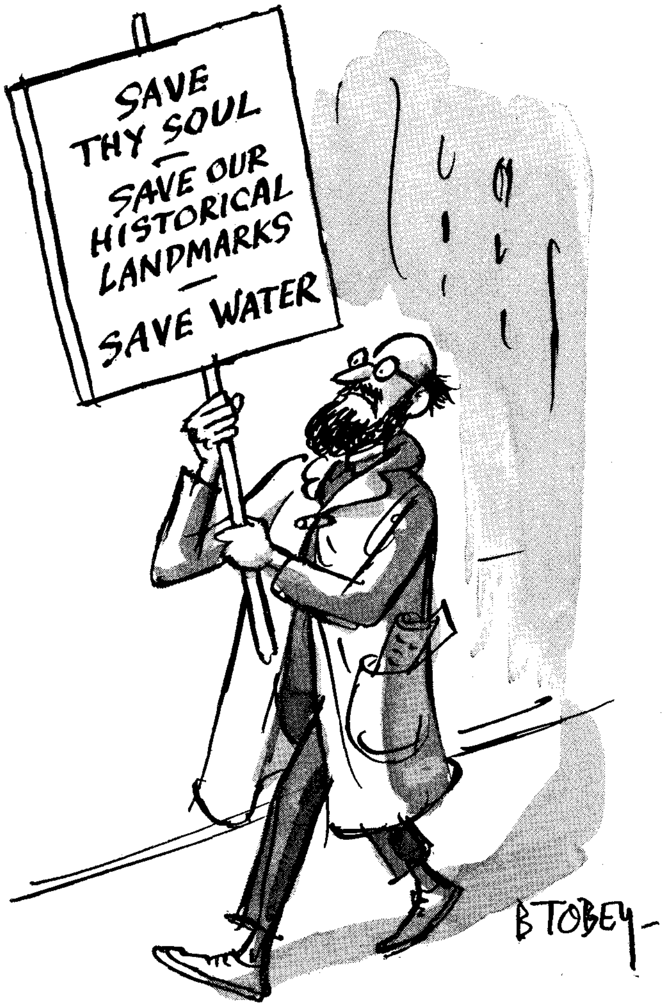
FELLINI: This part was easier for her to play than the parts in the other films, because she understands me better now, and, also, she herself has more in common with the Giulietta of this film. This part includes something she has inside herself. It was more difficult for her to understand exactly what I wanted in "La Strada," because she refused to identify herself with the feeble-minded girl in that movie. And in "Nights of Cabiria" she had to depict a girl who is a victim of society. The character of Giulietta was easier. It was less of an effort, because of her own understanding of the problems of an Italian wife.

CAPPELLI: Then the picture is about Italian wives?

FELLINI: And about Italian marriage. But seen in fantasy. (*He sits down in the glider next to Cappelli, lights a cigarette, and gives the glider a push with his toes. His ankles are shown in closeup. Very swollen. His socks, black, are falling down.*)

CAPPELLI (*looking omniscient and bored*): What is the theme of the picture? What are the ideas about marriage that you bring out? (*The camera swings with the glider.*)

FELLINI (*making a grimace of distaste, primarily with his nose, in the manner of a small boy*): An artist is always obliged to explain what he has done. He tries to intellectualize it, to say something near to the truth. And he never can give a complete explanation. Once in a while, he can talk about just one aspect. But really to talk at all is impossible. A creation is first of all the



TIM'S BAR &
CLOSED TILL 9 PM ELECTIONS

"Just for that, nobody gets my vote!"

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fruit of a spontaneity. In the moment you try to explain it, you kill it or else you caricature it. You can never give an exact answer. If I try to talk about what I have done, I change what I say from week to week. If I am sincere, I say nothing, eh, Marquis?

Cappelli (*looking bleaker than ever*): Nothing?

Fellini (*laughing*): Nothing? All right. *Some*thing. (*Loosens his tie. Draws on his cigarette. Gives the glider a big push. Puts his left hand, clawlike, to his forehead. Closes his right eye and lifts his eyebrows in mock seriousness.*) In this new picture, I want to help Italian women to become free from a certain kind of conditioning produced by the middle-class marriage. They are so full of fear. They are so full of idealism. I want them to try to understand that they are alone, and that is not a bad thing. To be alone is to be *all of yourself*. Italian women have this myth of the husband. I want to show that it is sentimental, this myth. At the same time, my picture of the Italian husband is a little bit confused and not completely honest.

Cappelli (*seeming to wake up and looking indignant*): Not completely honest?

Fellini: Of course not. Because I myself am an Italian husband. (*He laughs. He is enjoying himself.*)

Cappelli: Then why did you want to make this picture?

Fellini (*laughing and swinging*): Maybe because I have this contract with Rizzoli and the contract says that he gives me money and I am to make a picture for Rizzoli. (*Laughs again. Looks at his friend and puts an arm comfortingly around his shoulders.*) Marquis! You know what I want to show in this picture?

Cappelli (*looking comforted and nodding affirmatively*): What?

Fellini: That marriage is not a state of sanctity, inspired by a divinity. That marriage is a relationship filled with problems, which you have to solve day by day. Most people, when they get married, sit down on the marriage. They say: We! Are! *Married!* (*He thumps himself down three times—once with each word—on the glider.*)

Cappelli: Then that is the story of the picture?

Fellini: The story is nothing. There *is* no story. Actually, the picture can be described in ten different ways. Movies now have gone past the phase of prose narrative and are coming nearer and nearer to poetry. I am trying to free my work from certain constrictions—a story with a beginning, a development, an ending. It should be more like a poem, with metre and cadence.

Cappelli (*looking rather dissatisfied*): A poetic film about *marriage*? (*It is his turn to make a wry face. Fellini puffs on his cigarette. Laughs. Raises the back of his right wrist to his forehead and thoughtfully looks off to the woods.*)

Fellini: The young people are different today, however. They are more free. They are more spontaneous in their relationships. The young men do not have the guilt, the fear of women. Today, a boy and a girl of eighteen stay together in a new way. There is no guilty desire. There is not this myth of a woman who must be either a virgin or a whore. There is something clean about the kids today. They are not like the characters in the movie. But the kids are without mystery. I think a new kind of man has been born. Everything is antiseptic. The kids today have no fear. But also they have no hope. These kids are so often cold. I am curious to know what kind of art they can have. To me the feeling of fear, the feeling of hope, the feeling of mystery are all very important. Maybe we are entering a stage of life in which art will consist only of the art of living. (*He looks happy.*)

Cappelli (*looking unhappy*): You think the public will like this new movie? The way you show the Italian wife and Italian marriage?

Fellini (*shrugging, and putting out his cigarette in an ashtray standing on the flagstones*): In Rimini, where I was born, my mother, who still lives there, is known as the mother of the man who made "La Dolce Vita." Rimini is a small town. (*Again he shrugs.*) My sister, Maddalena, lives in Rimini. She is ten years younger than I am. I do not know her very well. I left home when she was seven. She is married to a pediatrician. Everywhere in Italy, "La Dolce Vita" was like a bomb. It made my sister feel ashamed. Such a silly episode in Italian life, eh? To be the sister of the man who made "La Dolce Vita"! Last April, my sister, after ten years of marriage, finally had a baby. So I was obliged to go to the baptism. When my mother saw me, she said, "'La Dolce Vita'—why did you make such a picture?" My mother

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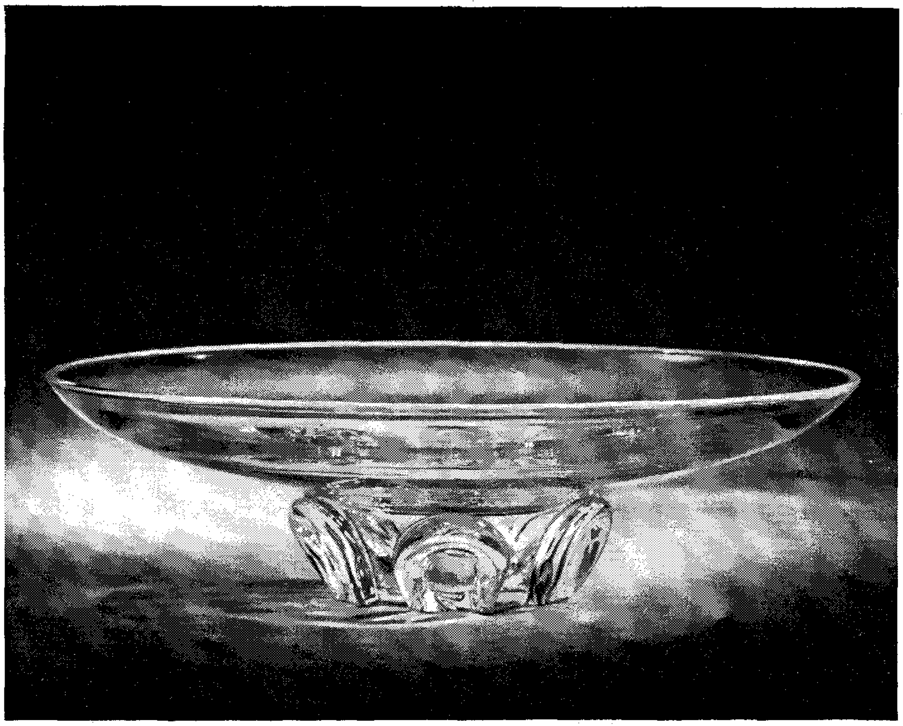

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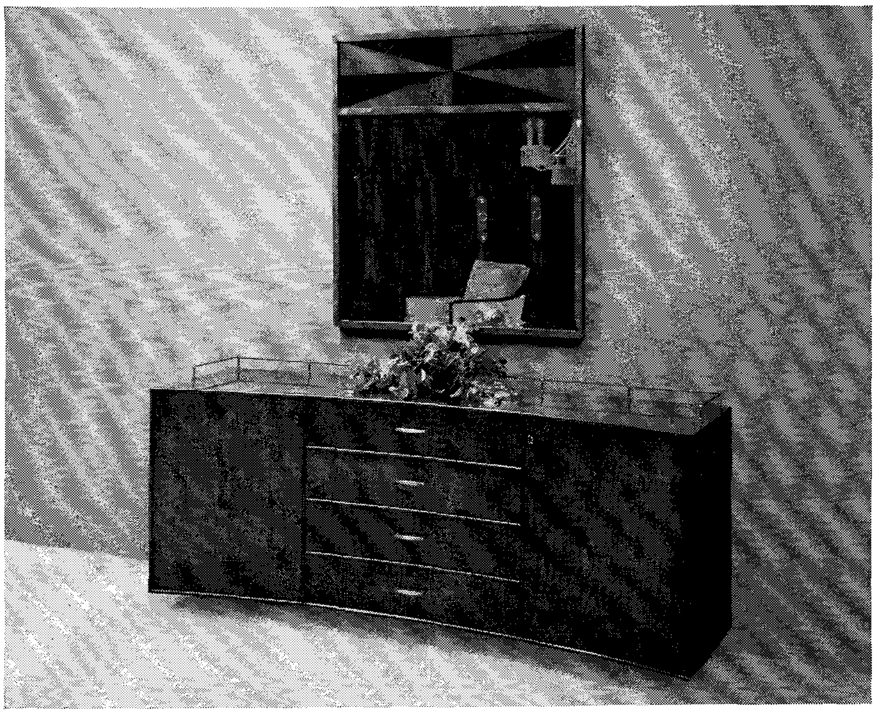

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thinks it would have been better if I had become a lawyer. *Figli di Mamma!* In Italy we have water all around us. Water is a feminine thing. It is necessary to become free from these feminine things, from the power of the mother.

Cappelli (*looking sleepy*): Yes.

Fellini (*looking at Cappelli sympathetically and giving the glider another push*): A couple of years ago, I had occasion to go to Padua, and I missed my train back. I was obliged to wait several hours for the next train. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. So I took a walk. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. Padua. A large piazza. Early afternoon.

(*Fellini goes on talking, and the picture is shown over his voice.*)

Fellini's Voice: It was a very hot day. The sun was scorching. There was nobody else on the streets—no man or woman or child or dog. I walked around. I came to a church. (*Fellini, wearing a black suit, a white shirt, and a black tie, is shown walking slowly through the cobbled streets of the town, walking up to the door of the church. On the door of the church is a large sign. It says,* "PRAY FOR THE SALVATION OF THE SOUL OF PUBLIC SINNER FEDERICO FELLINI." *Fellini is shown gazing in shock at the sign. He looks around him. Everything is completely still, completely silent.*) I felt as though I had died. With the town so quiet. With my name written in black letters on the poster on the door of the church. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. The Fellini terrace in Fregene. Cappelli has fallen asleep. Fellini shakes him and wakes him up.

Fellini: People now accept it.

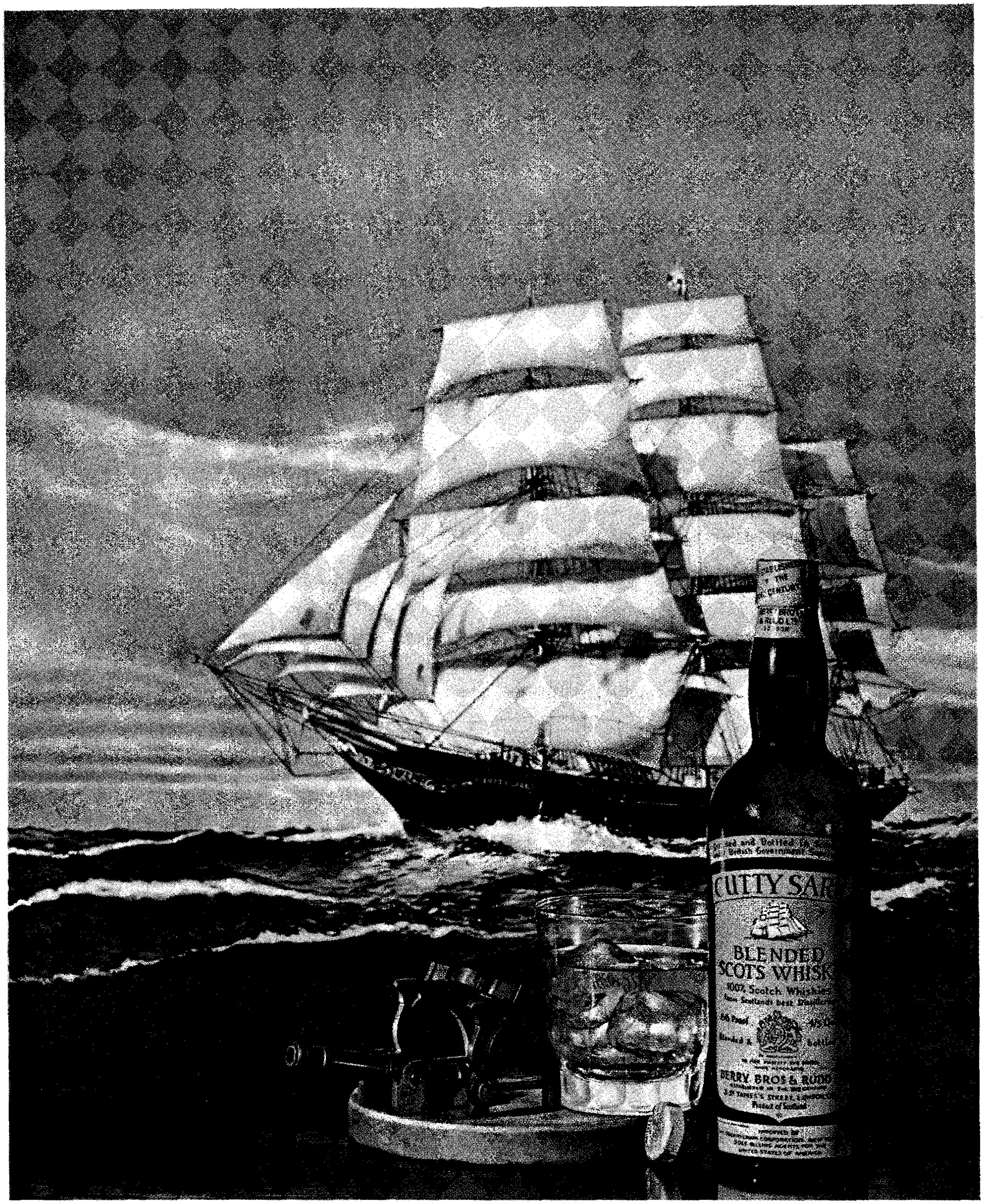
Cappelli: What? What?

Fellini (*laughing, and making a face at his friend*): Everything, Marquis, everything.

(*Giulietta Masina comes out on the terrace. She is smiling. Cappelli gets up from the glider, yawns, and stretches. Giulietta sits down beside her husband. He pats her on the knee. They hold hands and swing.*)

Giulietta (*looking proud and happy*): I found cucumbers as big as watermelons. We have tomatoes the size of pumpkins. (*She smiles at Cappelli. She smiles at Fellini and addresses herself to him.*) Should we show him what we have, Fefè?

Fellini (*looking bashful, then making a face that signifies the arrival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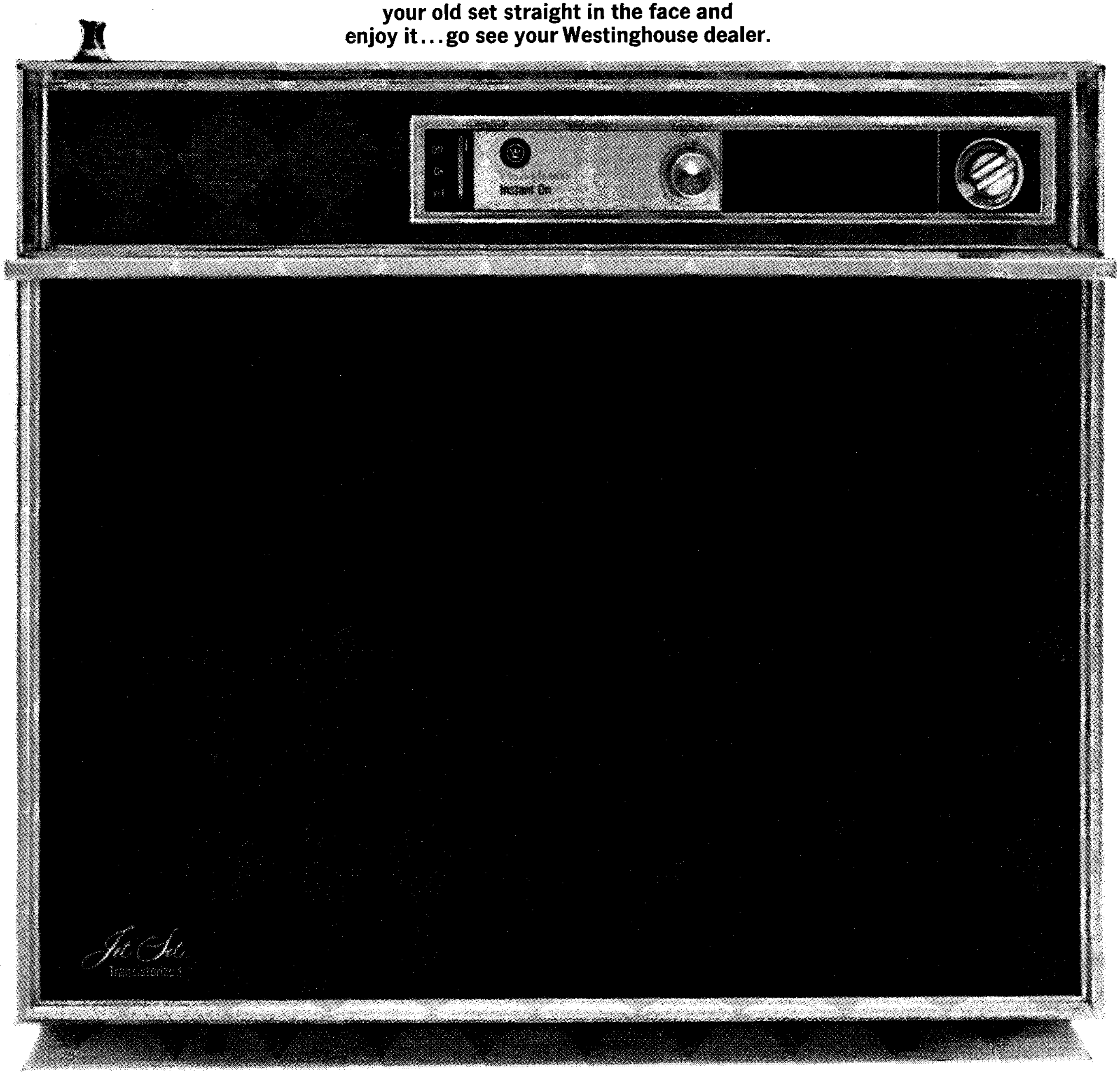

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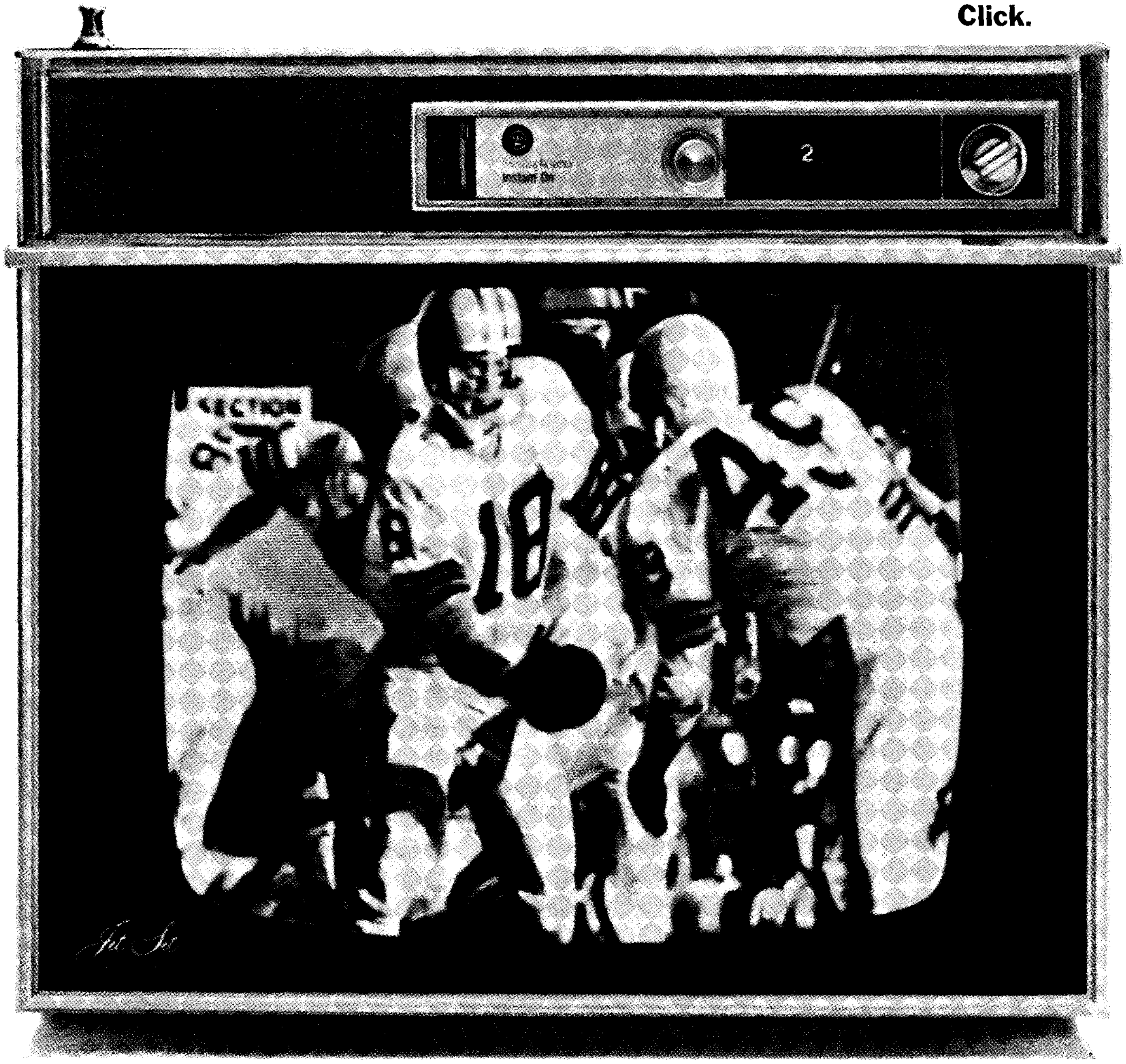
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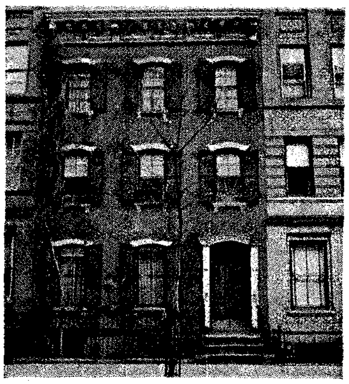

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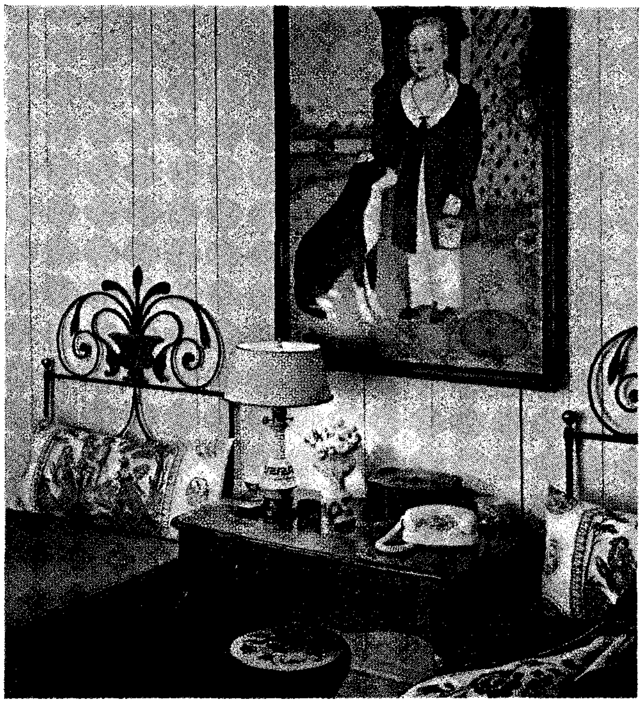

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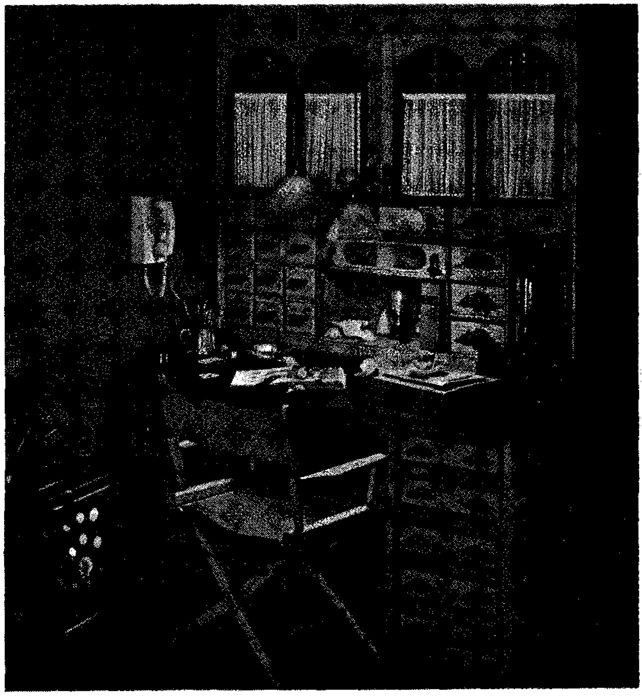

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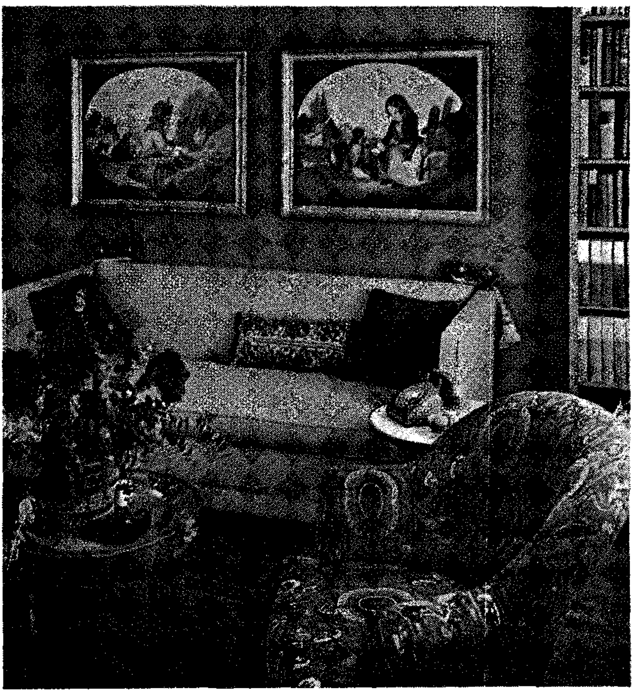

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of an important moment, lowering his voice, and acting conspiratorial): Yes, Ciccina, show him what we have.

(Giulietta gets up from the glider and takes Cappelli by the arm. He yawns and drags his feet as she takes him around the outside of the house to the kitchen door. Without speaking, she points out the huge sunflowers in her garden and smiles. Cappelli gives them a small smile of appreciation. In pantomime, she urges Cappelli to close his eyes. He does. She takes him by the hand and leads him over to a cardboard box outside the kitchen door; then she tells him to open his eyes. He does, and looks into the box, seeing a cat, gray with an orange stripe on her back, that is nursing seven newborn kittens. Six of the kittens are gray and one is orange. While Cappelli stares bleakly at the kittens, Giulietta picks up the orange kitten, cuddles it, and gives it a kiss. Fellini approaches them from behind, walking slowly. He rocks his head from side to side at the sight of the kittens.)

FELLINI: We have this. *(He pokes a pudgy forefinger at the nose of the orange kitten.)*

(The kitchen door opens. Fortunata, the cook, a serious-looking woman with an unmistakably Italian-housewife face and wearing a cotton house dress, steps out.)

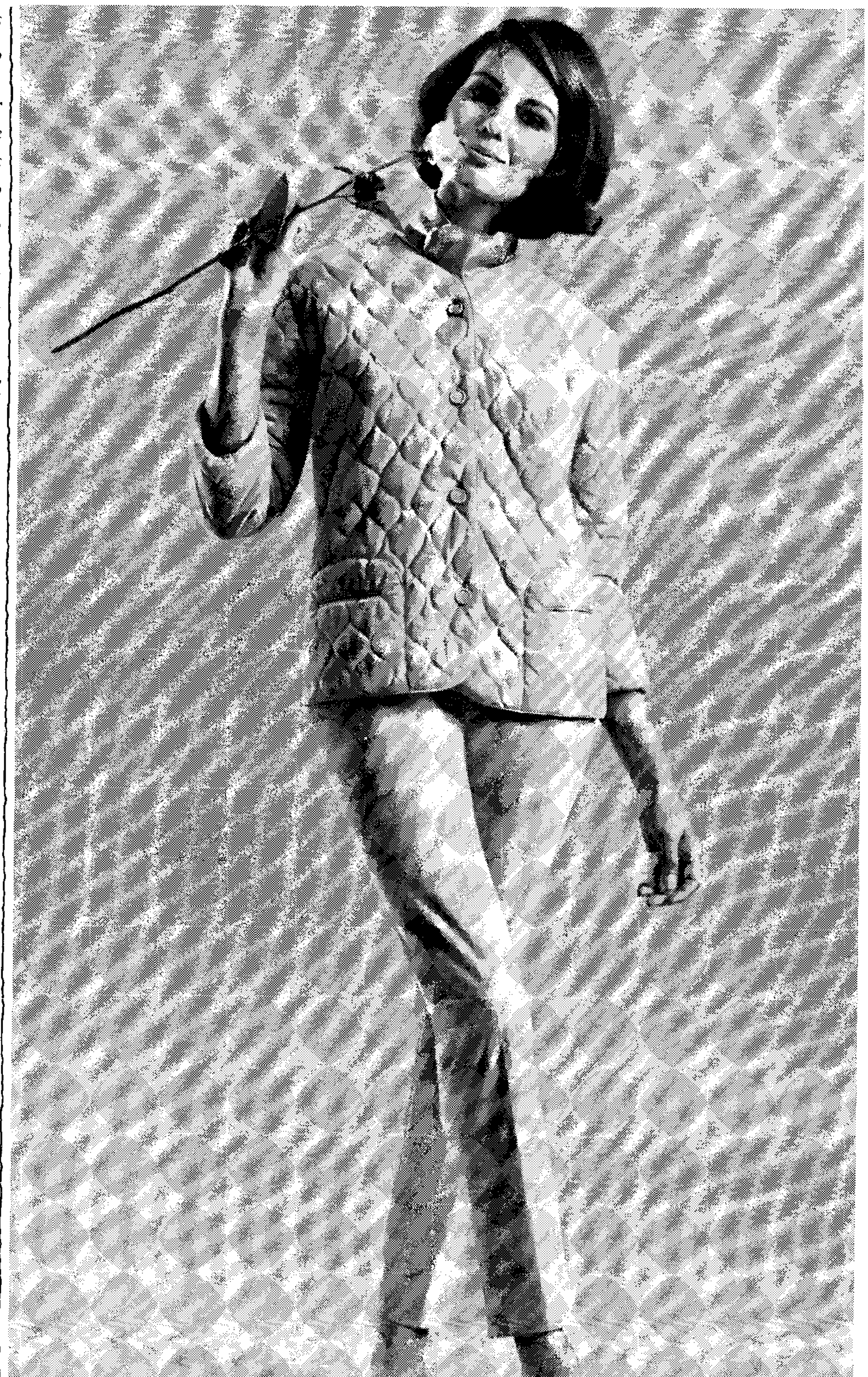
FORTUNATA: Lunch is ready. *(Dissolve.)*

INTERNO. The dining room of Fellini's house. A simple, conventional room, similar to the dining rooms in many other recently built Italian country houses of modest but comfortable proportions. The rectangular-shaped dining table, of gleaming dark wood, is set with embroidered white cotton placemats. The china has a floral pattern. The silver is solid and heavy. The wineglasses are of cut glass. There is a centerpiece of freshly cut gardenias, roses, and daisies. Fellini sits at one end of the table, his wife at the other end, and Cappelli at one side, facing the door to the kitchen.

GIULIETTA *(calling)*: Fortunata! *(She does not call loudly.)*

FELLINI *(loudly)*: Fortunata! Fortunata!

(Fortunata, who has put on a white half-apron over her house dress, enters and goes around the table with a silver tray, offering prosciutto and melon. Everybody serves himself. The prosciutto is perfect—a clear dark pink, not fatty, not too limp. The melon is almost translucent. Everybody is busy eating. Nobody speaks. Fortunata brings in a bottle of red wine, unla-



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belled. She fills Fellini's glass, then Cappelli's, then Giulietta's. Fellini takes a swallow of the wine and continues eating in silence. There are no sounds other than the scraping of the silver against the china, the pouring of the wine, the footsteps of the cook, and, again, the distant noises of the picnickers. Fortunata now takes the used plates to the kitchen and returns with soup plates and a large bowl of soup on the serving tray. It is a clear soup, pale yellow, with small pieces of red tomato floating in it. Again, there is no sound except the noises incidental to serving and eating. The busiest eater is Cappelli. After finishing his soup, he gives a long sigh and looks at Fellini.)

CAPPELLI (*looking more cheerful*): This last movie was a tough job, eh?

FELLINI (*laughing, and taking a small sip of wine*): I do not like to do a job when I make a picture. I like to amuse myself.

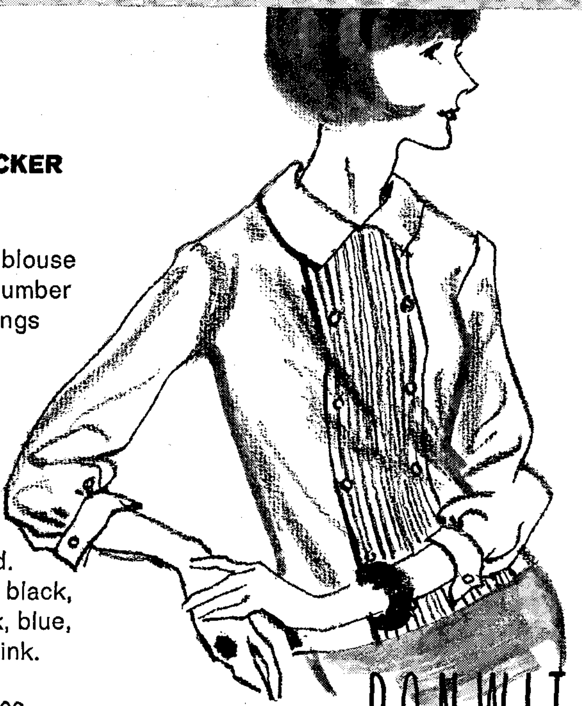
GIULIETTA (*looking shyly from Fellini to Cappelli, and smiling with pride*): Fefé enjoys it all. (*She speaks quietly.*)

FELLINI (*holding the wineglass up in a toast to Cappelli*): For me, it is exactly as it was thirty years ago, when I was a boy. Inside myself, I am exactly the same. Marquis, I think I am a lucky man.

CAPPELLI (*still looking cheerful*): You are a *very* lucky man.

(*Fortunata has been collecting the soup plates. She now serves a dish of beef with noodles. Fellini helps himself generously.*)

FELLINI (*chewing with zest*): But I have been working on this picture for more than a year. It is difficult to live for one year with the same phantoms. It is boring and dangerous. There is the danger to identify oneself with what one has done in the picture. It is necessary to fly away. (*Giulietta smiles and flutters a hand, looking proudly at her husband.*) All I want to do when I finish a picture is to fly away. I like life. I am bored by the intellectuals, or these people who call themselves intellectuals. They try to give an exact name to everything. "A *good* woman." "A *bad* woman." And they are not real intellectuals. In the original meaning of the word, an intellectual was someone who had intellect. But the people who now *call* themselves the intellectuals have become interested in the movies. They want to give an exact name to my thoughts. I do not believe an artist has or needs to have exact thoughts. Any talk he does outside of his work means noth-



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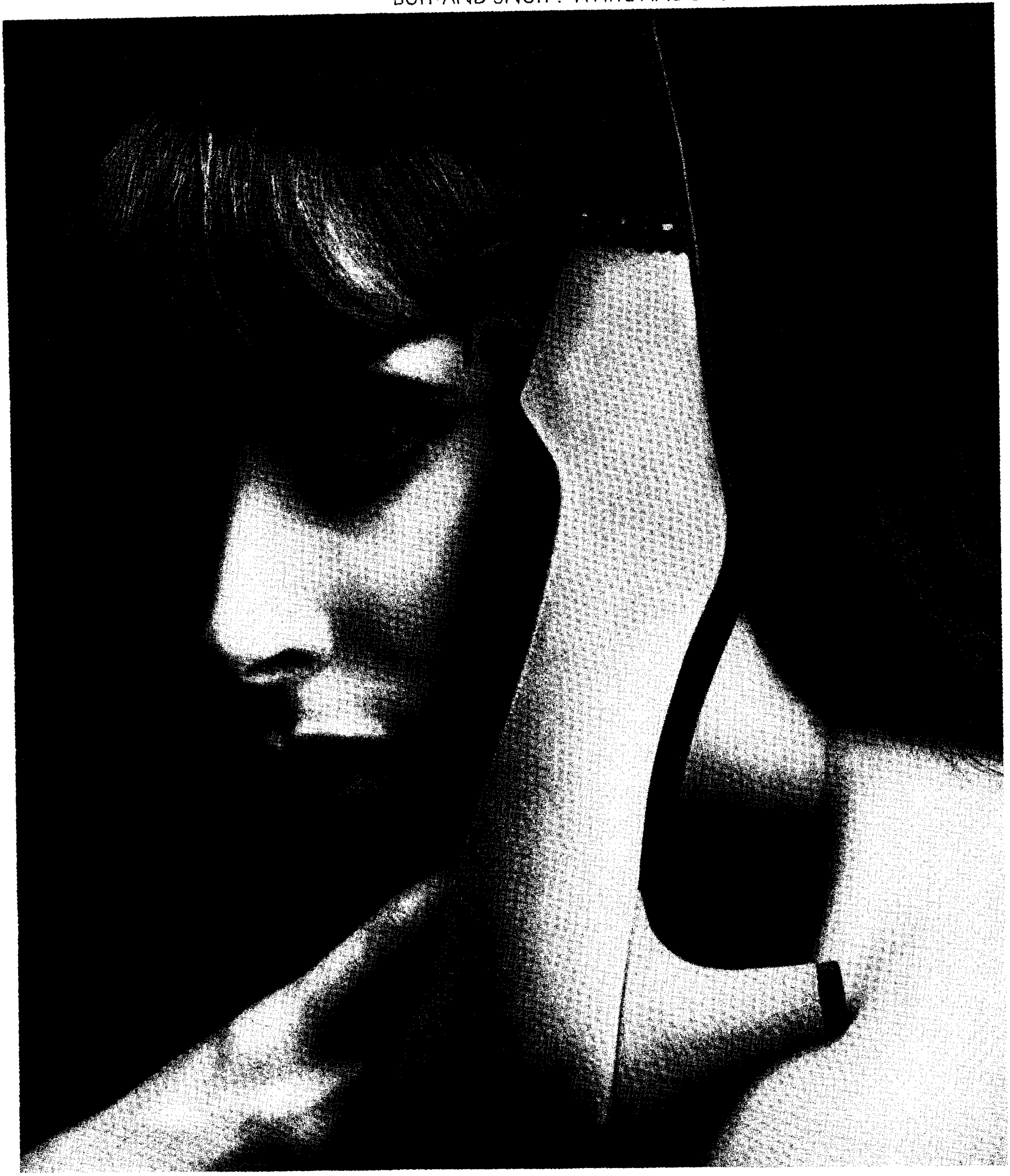

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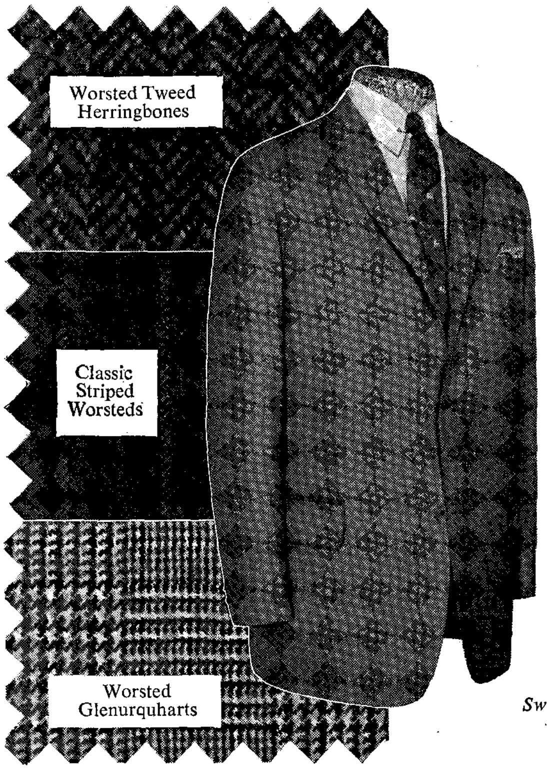

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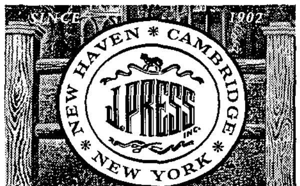

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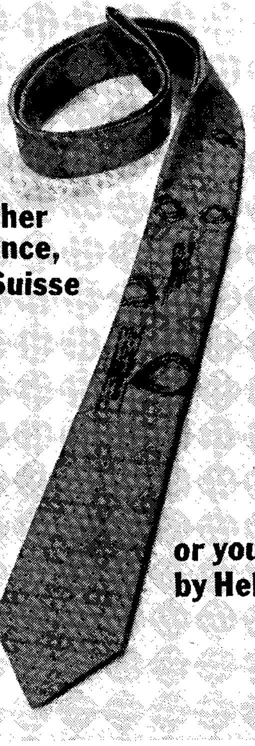

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ing. It is a lot of stupidities. I do not want to have a fixed idea about life. The only thing I want to know is: *Why am I here? What is my life?* I am not social. I do not like to sit around with these intellectuals and talk. I am full of admiration for people who can do that, but I cannot do that. I make pictures for myself. (*He waves his hands impatiently and lifts his eyebrows.*) If I read, I like to read the newspapers. I read the journals of proceedings in the law courts. But I do not read many novels or books of that kind.

CAPPELLI (*beginning to look less cheerful*): Yes.

FELLINI (*taking a sip of wine and then laughing*): But I am not sure of anything outside of my work. The older I become, the less I know. I do not follow a particular system of working or of living. I just live. I just do things. When I was twelve and thirteen, I went to movies all the time—American movies. But I did not know there were directors of the movies. I always thought that the actors did everything. So now I know much more, but to me the actors are still the most important ones in the movie. They are as they would be in life, as they are in the inside of themselves. That is why a movie is conditioned by the actors. Children for me are the best actors because they like jokes. I am a clown, a big clown, and I like jokes. If you put children in an atmosphere filled with jokes, you can do anything with them. I do not miss having children of my own. But I have a lot of fun with little kids. They are such funny clowns. Little girls are so full of vanity. Those two little girls in "Giulietta of the Spirits" were always so jealous of each other. Every morning, they came to the set with their parents, who were very ambitious, pushing the children to be in important parts. These two little girls loved me more than their parents, because I knew how to make jokes. (*Fortunata serves a green salad on cut-glass salad plates. Fellini spears a large piece of lettuce and eats it.*) When I start a picture, I put a notice in the paper that I am starting, that I will be in my office, and that I will see anybody who wants to be in the picture. I see everybody who wants to come. I want to talk personally with everybody. That is another way to waste time. (*He laughs.*)

(*Cappelli and Giulietta laugh, and draw out their laughter.*)

FELLINI: I have just signed with Dino De Laurentiis to make a new picture. I do not know what it will

He could have been a doctor

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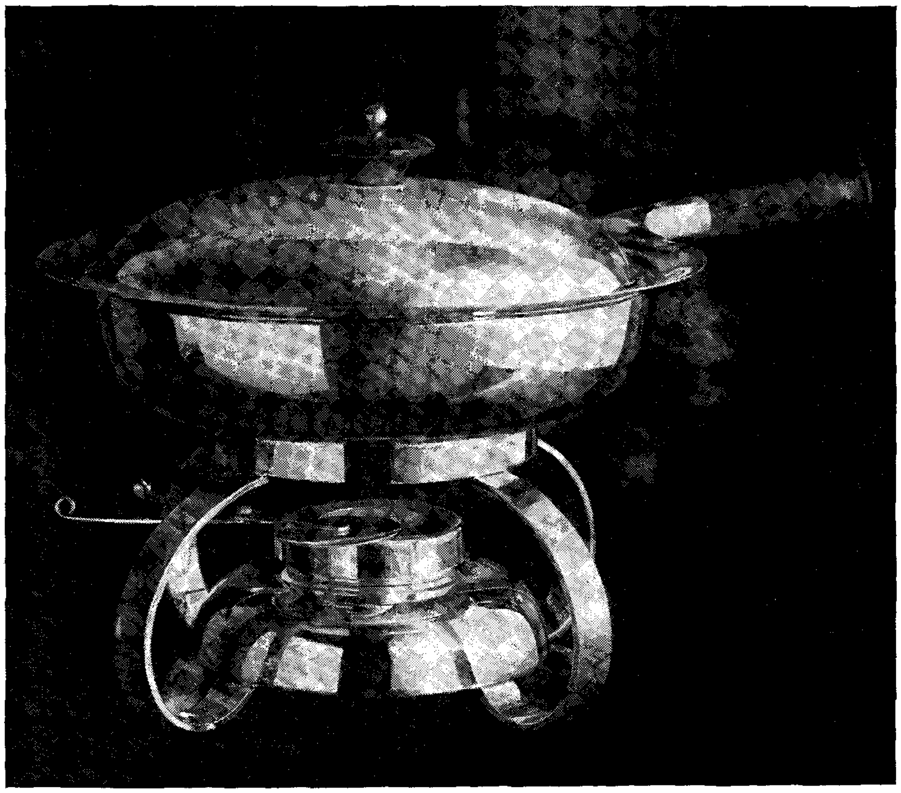

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be. I have a very confused idea of what it will be. I have to do many things just to prepare to start the picture, even *without* knowing what it will be. I have a lawyer, a secretary, many assistants, but I like to do everything myself. I like to walk into the bank myself and see what kind of face the cashier has. Everything is part of my preparation to make a picture. And everybody who comes to you brings to you a *message*. (*He lights a cigarette, then looks into Cappelli's eyes.*) The people I see make suggestions just by being there for me to see and to get a feeling of them and to listen to them talk. I start by having a vague feeling about the picture I want to make. When I am asked how do I make a picture, I do not know how to answer. A real artistic creation is born spontaneously—not deliberately, not coldly, not in any calculated way. I know in America it is customary to start with a definite script, saying exactly what the picture will be. But I let it grow. I feel between you and me there is a big fog. I feel you exist. I want to show you as I feel you. I listen to your voice. I pull you out. All the little details about you I want to see and feel, and then I begin to feel what I want to do. It all comes in a spontaneous way. For "La Dolce Vita," the first thing that happened that indicated what the picture would be was when I was looking at costumes—a certain kind of clothes that were geometric in shape. The *moda a sacco*. The first meeting between me and the picture came through that sack.

CAPPELLI (*restlessly*): You are going to make the new picture with De Laurentiis? But he refused you on "La Dolce Vita"?

FELLINI: "La Dolce Vita" went through the hands of *eleven* producers before Rizzoli finally bought the contract. Now all producers want to make a picture with me, and they all want me to make "La Dolce Vita" again. (*He laughs.*)

CAPPELLI (*foxily*): You will make another "La Dolce Vita" for De Laurentiis?

FELLINI (*making a funny face and then smiling*): Ah, Marquis! Dino De Laurentiis knows that if he wants to have a picture from me, he will see the picture only at the end, when it is finished. They all want to be close—like Sam Spiegel. I do not want that. It is another kind of mentality. They think a picture is a coöperative venture in which the producer and the director must be close. Many American producers have asked me to make pictures

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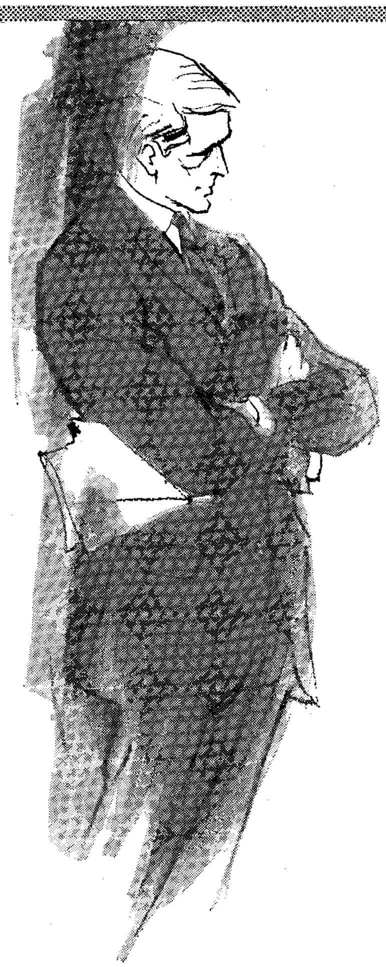

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with them. But an American producer would give me too many things that I do not need. I need only a good production *manager*. I do not need a producer. I need only a man who will give me money. In the work, I have to be alone.

CAPPELLI: Why didn't De Laurentiis make "La Dolce Vita"?

FELLINI: Because he started to talk like Sam Spiegel—"No story" and "I do not want Mastroianni." But after "La Dolce Vita" he was begging me to make a picture with him. And now I think he is more experienced, more subtle, more refined. He has become more mature and more human. What is most important, he is now more respectful of artists. And he is full of energy—he is like a big motor. And when he gives you his confidence, he then leaves you alone.

CAPPELLI: You are a good businessman?

GIULIETTA (*calling*): Fortunata! Bring the fruit and cheese, Fortunata!

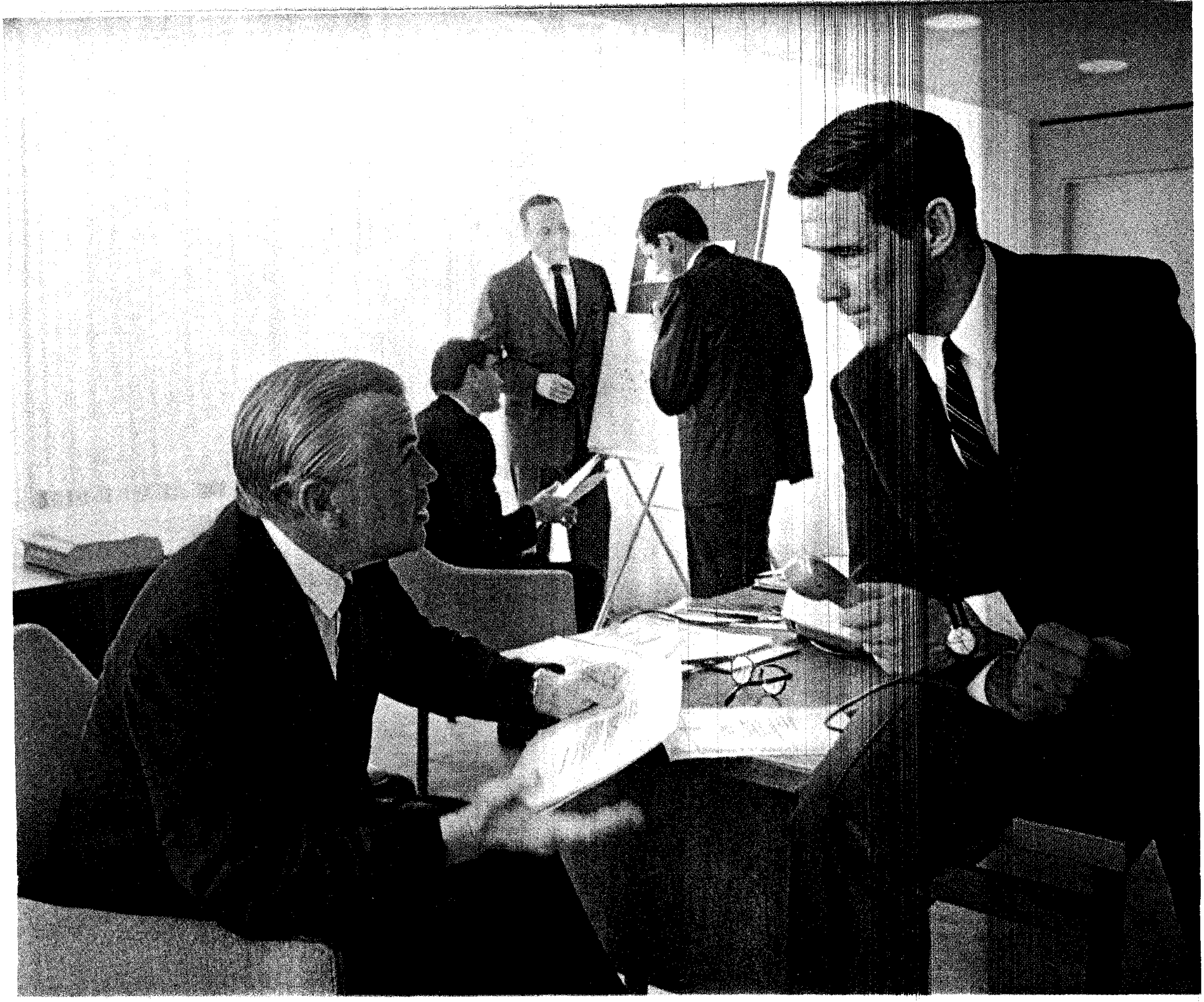
FELLINI (*sounding genuinely apologetic*): I am not a good businessman. It is one of my faults. I should be able to develop all aspects of my personality, because one aspect affects all the others. Another trouble I suffer from is not knowing how to talk about women. I heard a sentence once: "A woman stands at a point where darkness begins for a man." That is the only thing I know how to say about women. (*Everybody laughs. Fortunata brings in a large plate of fresh fruit—purple grapes, yellow pears, red apples, small yellow bananas—and a plate of cheese. She passes them around and then puts them in the center of the table. Fellini takes a handful of purple grapes from the fruit plate. He cuts a piece of cheese and eats it. Cappelli begins eating a big yellow pear. Giulietta lights a cigarette and smiles.*) I am not a man who has a tendency to make money. That is the point of conflict between me and Rizzoli. I do not make expensive pictures. I always have a very cheap budget. But although I do not want to make money, I like to have money for my pictures. I tell Rizzoli he has to make money and give the money to me. (*Laughter all around.*)

CAPPELLI: Will you go with Rizzoli and the new picture to the film festival?

FELLINI (*sighing and eating a couple of grapes*): I do not like to fight with him.

CAPPELLI: You own part of the new picture?

FELLINI: I have a percentage of the



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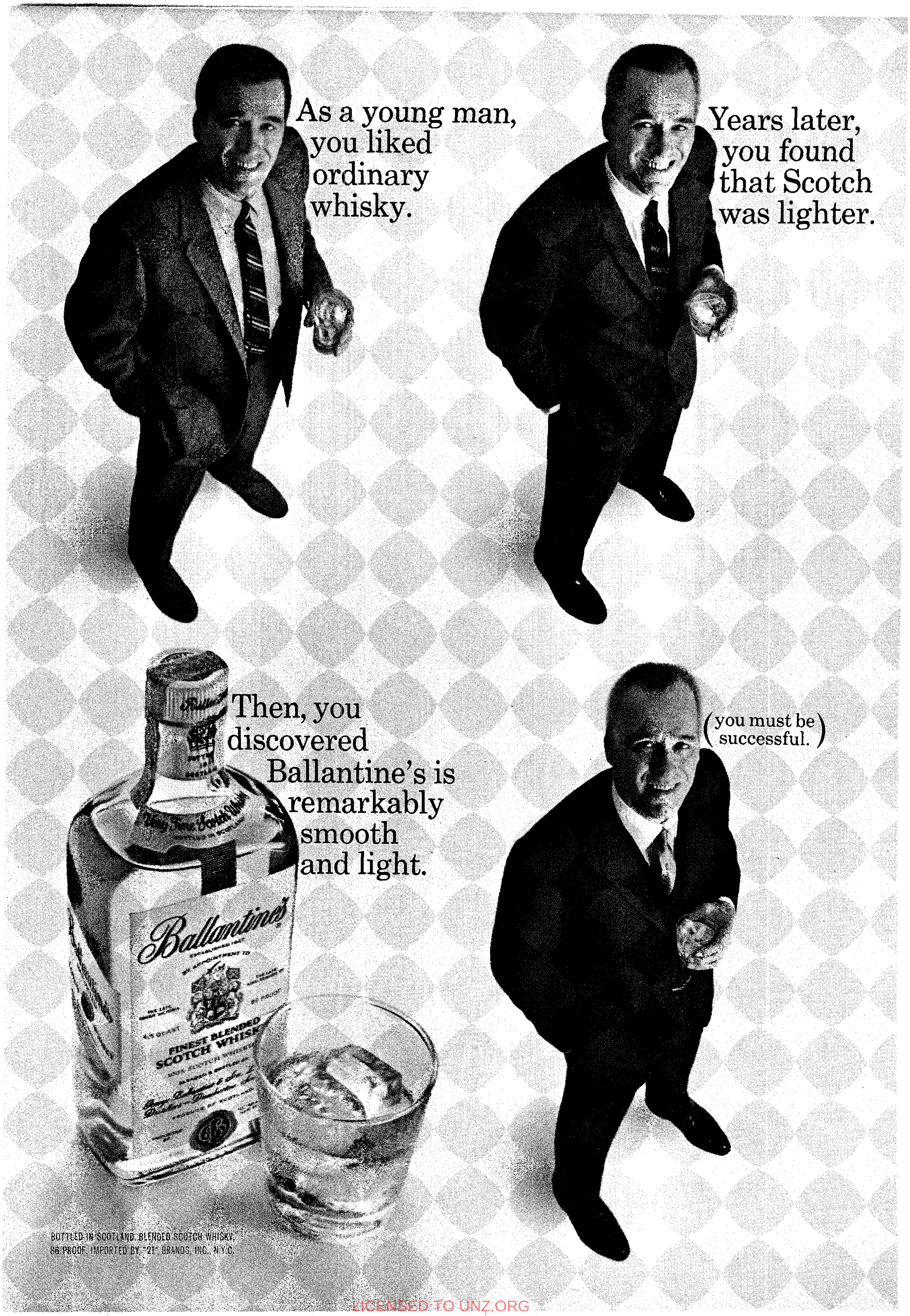
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net profits of the picture, in addition to my salary. I have the same with "8½" and "Nights of Cabiria," but not with the one that made the money, "La Dolce Vita." From that picture, all I have is this gold watch. (*He indicates his side pocket.*) And even when you own part of the net profits, it is so difficult to control. How can you know what happens in Tokyo?

CAPPELLI (*giving a sympathetic nod, to suggest that he is highly indignant over the situation*): Then you will go to the film festival?

FELLINI: I am getting tired of saying no. So I will probably say yes.

(*They get up from the table and go through a door leading to the living room.*)

INTERNO. The Fellini living room. This room, like the dining room, is very conventional. It contains three comfortable, cushiony modern sofas, one covered in a soft-colored print, the others in a solid off-white, with two off-white armchairs, and a large white, round marble coffee table. There are French doors leading to the terrace. The doors are open, and their blind has been left up. Through the open doors come the sounds of the picnickers, much nearer now. A woman is heard calling "Pepe! Pepe!" She sounds angry. Pan to open French doors leading to terrace. A four-year-old boy wearing nothing but bright-red shorts, barefoot, black-haired, dirty-faced, with dirty hands, runs up the flagstone walk to the terrace and stands in the doorway, staring silently at the Fellinis and their guest. He is very dark-skinned. His eyes are huge, round, and black. Immediately, a woman, wearing a long-sleeved black dress, black stockings, and black shoes, runs up and drags him away by the hand, excusing herself, excusing the boy. Cappelli gets up and lets the blind down over the French doors, darkening the room. Fortunata brings in the coffee tray. Everybody takes an *espresso*-size cup and begins sipping. In the distance, the woman is heard scolding the little boy.

FELLINI (*sipping his coffee*): She is severe.

(*The others smile. Fellini's face in closeup. His smile is nostalgic. His jaw seems to be jutting out more. The perpendicular lines in his forehead deepen. Dissolve.*)

INTERNO. The house in Rimini where Fellini was born, on January 20, 1920. A bedroom. The room shows signs of a woman's occupancy, not

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many signs of a man's. Fellini's father, who sold coffee and chocolate to grocery stores, was always travelling. The four-year-old boy Federico is standing on a chair in front of a mirrored dressing table. There is no color in the room—only drab grays and dull whites. The boy Fellini is wearing a white, long-sleeved shirt, white short trousers, white half-socks (bare knees and thighs), and black shoes. The only color anywhere is the red of the lipstick that the boy is putting on his face. He is making himself look like an American Indian in war paint. His hair is cut Buster Brown style. His face is round. He draws the red stick over his cheeks, keeping his mouth open. His mother, wearing a dark-brown, long-sleeved dress, comes into the room, snatches the lipstick away from him, scolding, and takes a towel and wipes at the red paint, smudging it in her efforts to get it off. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERNO. The living room of Fellini's house. The three people are still holding their coffee cups. Giulietta is smiling wistfully. Cappelli has his eyes closed and seems to be dozing. Fellini stares at the blind lowered over the French doors.

GIULIETTA: Fefé, more coffee?

FELLINI (*sounding remote*): Yes, Ciccina. (*She pours another cup for him from a silver urn. He gives her an affectionate pat as she turns away.*)

FELLINI: When I was that little boy's age, I saw my first American comic strips. (*Camera pans to blind, holding on the texture of the dark-green wooden slats.*) When I was ten, I never missed an issue of *Il Corriere dei Piccoli.* I found in it a way to masquerade. In *Il Corriere dei Piccoli* I regularly read "Bringing Up Father" and "Felix the Cat" and "Boob McNutt" and "The Katzenjammer Kids."

(*Pan to Giulietta, who is smiling. Pan to Cappelli, who wakes with a start.*)

CAPPELLI (*vaguely*): When did you leave Rimini?

FELLINI: When I was seventeen. I finished school, and then I started to work. I went to Florence and stayed for three months, selling cartoons and satirical sketches to *Il 420*, the only satirical magazine in Italy. But I wanted to go to Rome. My mother was a Roman. As soon as I came to Rome, I had the feeling that I was home. Now I consider Rome my private apartment. That is the seduction secret of Rome. It is not like being in a city, it is like being in an apartment. The streets

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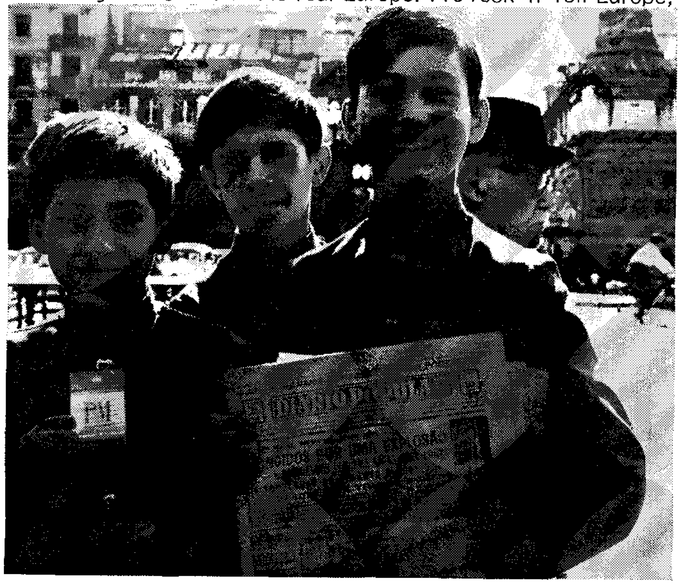

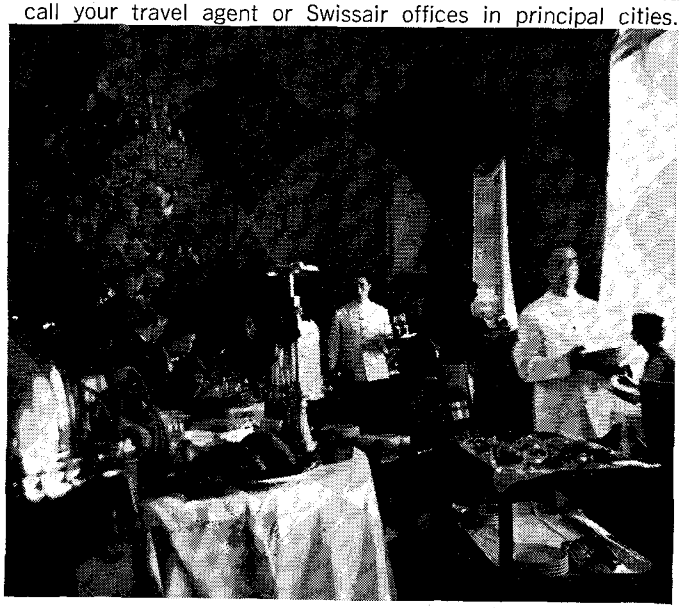

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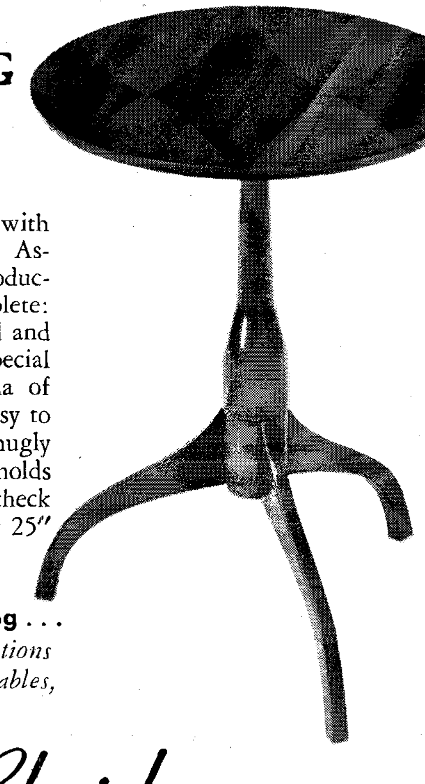

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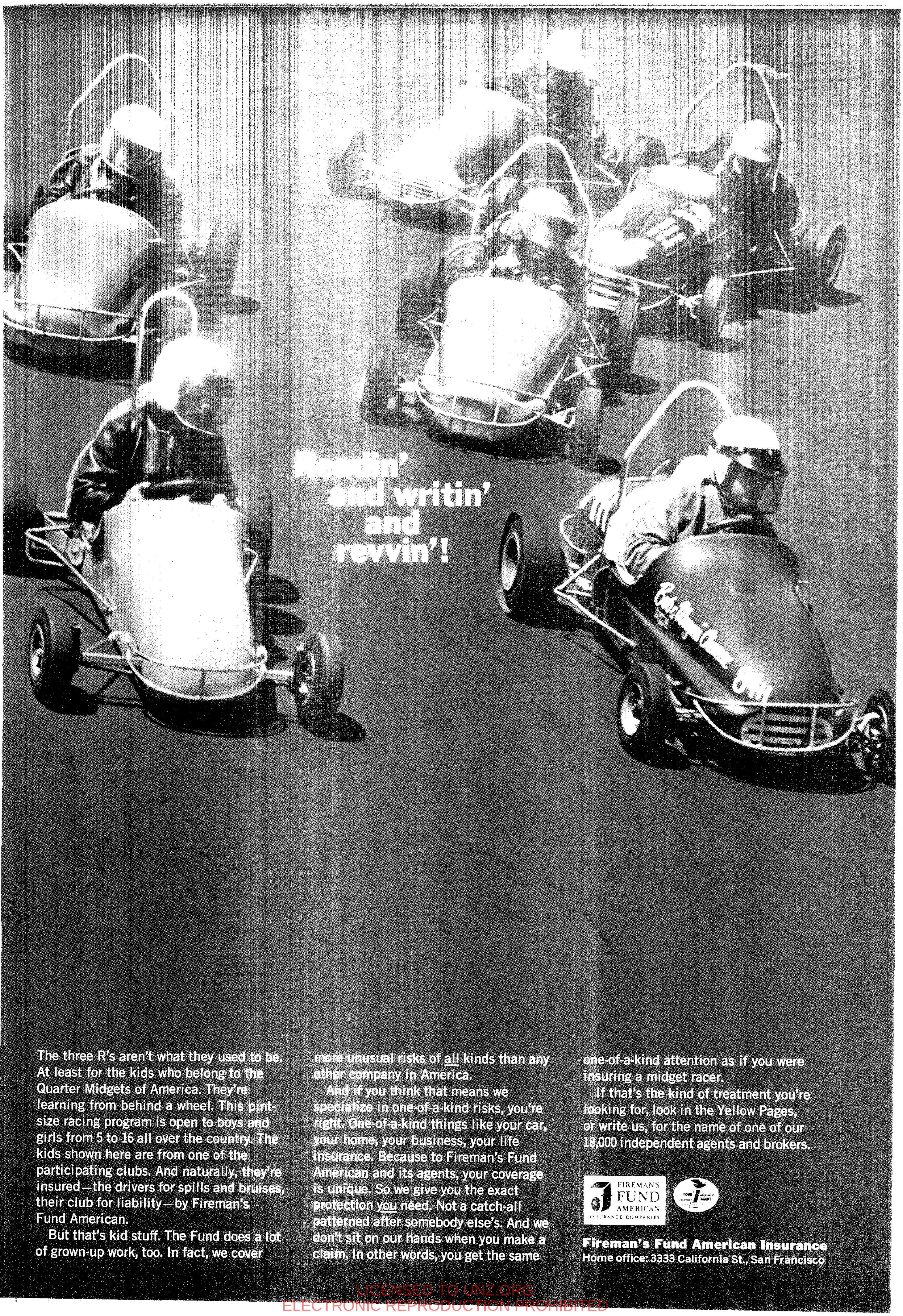
are like corridors. Rome is still the mother. Rome is protective. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. Rome. The streets of the city. Some of the well-known sights, such as the Forum, but mostly just ordinary crooked, narrow cobbled streets. Fellini at eighteen. He is very thin, and his hair straggles over his shirt collar. He is wearing white ducks, white shoes, and a bright-green two-button jacket with a large white handkerchief protruding from the breast pocket. His necktie is striped in purple and white. He is seen walking through the winding corridors of Rome, slowly at first, then very quickly, and finally he is running. Then he is seen floating, horizontally, head first, through the corridors of Rome. Fellini's voice goes on talking over the picture.

FELLINI'S VOICE: I was very pale and romantic. My shirt was always dirty, and my hair was long. I went to work as a secretary for *Il Popolo di Roma*, and opened the mail and took messages. I wrote stories and sketches and sold them to the magazines. The editor of *Marc'Aurelio* thought of himself as a discoverer of talent. He was good to young people—mostly because young people would accept less money for their work. He bought little stories from me, and sketches. I lived in a rented room. I moved from room to room, either because I could not pay the rent or because I got into romantic trouble with the landlady. After a couple of years of working for the magazine, I started to write for the radio. Giulietta was a radio actress, and I wrote a weekly program about a young married couple for her. Four months after we met, we got married. Then I started trying to write scripts for movies. (*Now Giulietta is shown floating with Fellini around the streets of Rome. They are holding hands. She wears a pink chiffon dress and has pink ribbons in her hair. Fellini's voice talks on, slowly, dreamily.*) In the beginning, I wrote just jokes and gags for the movie scripts. Then I met Aldo Fabrizi. He was a comedian who wanted to make movies. So I wrote a story for him. A producer liked it and bought it. It was "L'Ultima Carozzella." Eventually, of course, I met Roberto Rossellini, and I started working part time on the screenplays of "Open City" and "Paisan." When I was a newspaperman, I was able to not serve in the Army. We journalists were called Soldiers of the Pen. I was not an effective soldier of the pen. I have never been political, but I laughed at what the Fascists did. One of the inventions of Achille Starace,



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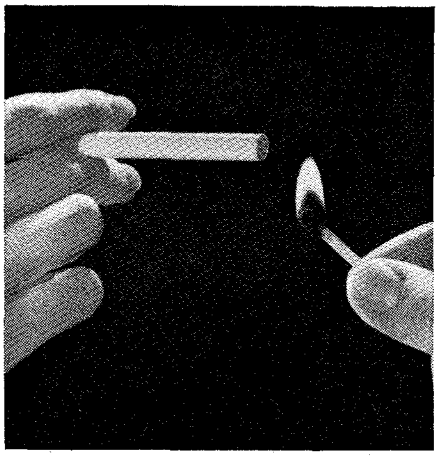

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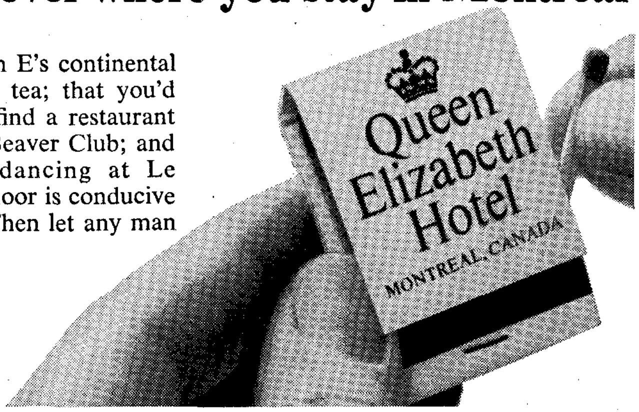

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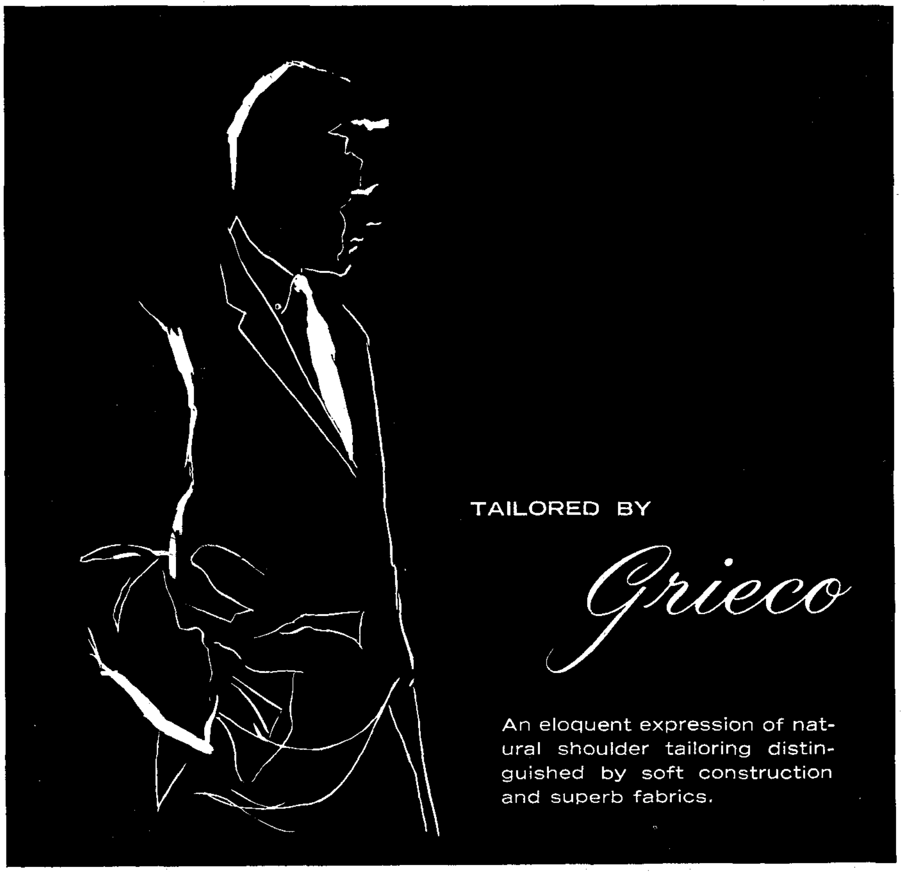
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who was the chief of staff of the Fascist militia, was to show that Italians are full of vigor and virility and energy. So he made the rule that everybody must go up steps two at a time. It was forbidden to shake hands—we were supposed to give the Fascist salute instead. Also, they made old men jump fences. It was very silly, making all these old men jump and run and get out of breath. I got into trouble only once. I had an idea of writing a series of letters for the newspaper as though a girl is writing to a soldier in the Army. When the first letter appeared, the newspaper was confiscated. The letter was called too sentimental, and anti-war.

INTERNO. The living room of Fellini's house.

FELLINI: The Ministry of Popular Culture was in charge of propaganda, and I was called to go to the Ministry and explain the letter. There I came to a big marble staircase. A big sign at the foot of the staircase said, "Go up the stairs two at a time." There were guards, with rifles, standing at attention all the way up the staircase. I was offended. I went up the stairs like a paralytic. I took four steps to go up each step. But nothing happened to me. The guards were so surprised that they just looked at me. I was warned not to write any more of such letters, and they let me go. When I was twenty-four, Fascism was finished.

CAPPELLI: Those were some days!

FELLINI: Politics I have never been able to follow, eh, Marquis? I look at it with childish eyes. I am interested only in what makes a man feel free. But I am not able to make a speech in front of a crowd. We were told America was no good, but for me America was always a mythical place, because of the movies. In Italy, everything looked boring. A pack of cigarettes looked plain and gray and smelled terrible. But whenever we saw a pack of American cigarettes, it had an attractive wrapper, full of color, and it smelled good. (*Cappelli is dozing again. Giulietta lights a cigarette and watches Fellini rise and shake Cappelli by the shoulder.*) We go sleep now.

(*Cappelli nods sleepily, waves a hand at his host and hostess, and starts toward his room, which is on the ground floor. Fellini starts upstairs. Fortunata is heard talking loudly from the kitchen. Fellini stops on the stairs and waits. From the kitchen Fortunata brings in a boy of eleven and a girl*

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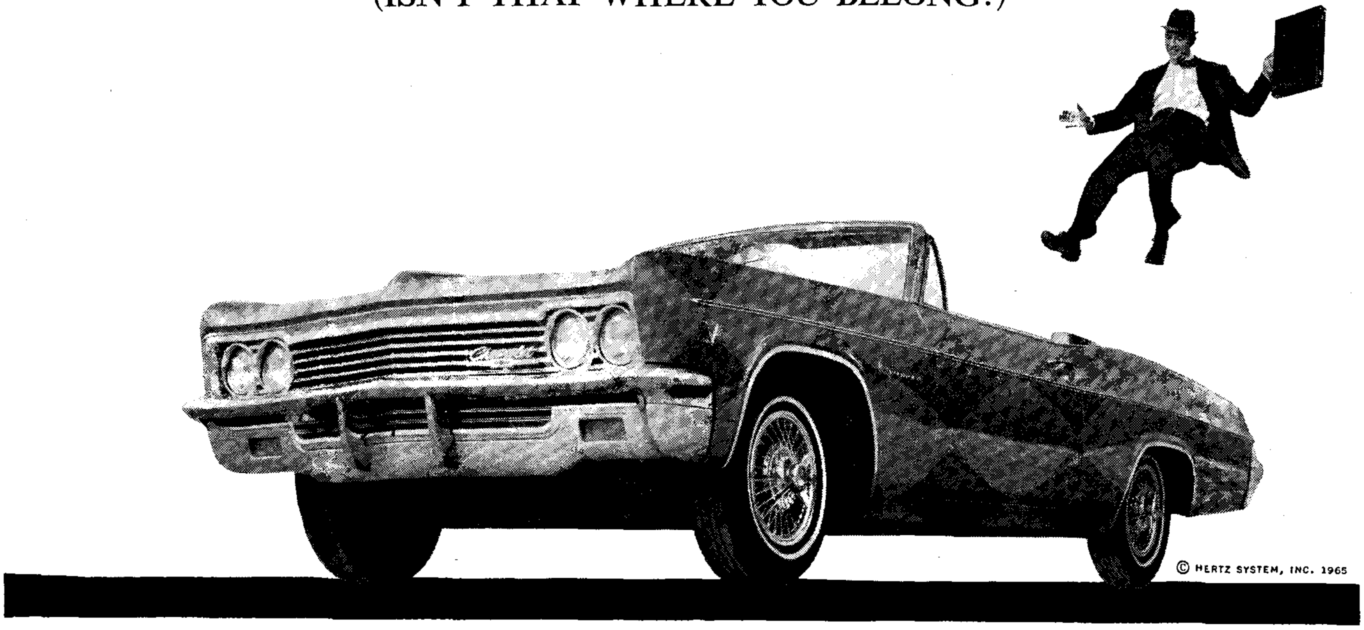

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of thirteen. The boy is dressed in blue shorts and a T shirt of yellow, red, and black horizontal stripes against a pale-blue background. The girl has a red ribbon holding her hair back. She has on oversized, round sunglasses, a white turtleneck sweater, and red slacks. Giulietta introduces the children to Cappelli as her niece and nephew—her sister's children. He waves sleepily and goes through a doorway leading to his room. Fellini comes back downstairs, kisses the children, laughs with them, then goes upstairs. Giulietta stays downstairs to entertain the children. She appears delighted by their visit. They are very quiet and polite and have been respectful to everybody.)

INTERNO. A bedroom. Fellini is in bed—a large brass double bedstead—with only his face showing above the covers. He is asleep. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. A gray, empty beach. A gray afternoon, late. There is a gray mist over the beach. Sombre music. Fellini as a young boy approaches. He wears a sailor suit, navy blue, with a black neckerchief at the collar, which has two white stripes. He is now about nine years old. His hair is no longer cut in Buster Brown style but is parted on the right side and falls over the left side of his forehead at a slant. He is holding the hand of his brother Riccardo, who is about a year and a half younger. Riccardo's hair is cut in Buster Brown style, and he wears a sailor suit exactly like his brother's. They walk through the gray mist along the beach, which is the beach at Rimini. They walk slowly, in time to the sombre music. Suddenly, they hear a dramatic burst of gay music. Lots of woodwinds and drums. They start to run. They come upon a circle of dancers. The dancers are Felix the Cat, Maggie and Jiggs, Boob McNutt, and the Katzenjammer Kids. All are wearing very heavy makeup. Federico pulls his brother, who tries to hang back, closer to the circle. They see an American Indian, resplendent in war paint, in the center of the circle. The Indian beckons to the boys. Riccardo pulls his hand free and runs away. Federico eagerly ducks in between Felix the Cat and Boob McNutt and starts dancing with the American Indian in the center of the circle. Everything is vividly colored. Felix the Cat is bright purple and wears a wide orange belt. Maggie has on a red-and-white checked gingham dress and carries a green rolling pin. The Katzenjammer Kids have on knickers of scarlet and bright-green velvet, with white and gold satin shirts. Boob McNutt is done up in tan, red, and luscious brown. Everybody is having a terrific time. The gray mist lifts and is gone. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERNO. The living room of Fellini's house. Late that Sunday afternoon. Fellini is descending the stairs. He has shaved again and looks refreshed. His hair is slicked back on his head. He is dressed in a black silk suit and has put on a clean white shirt with the black tie. He is greeted at the bottom of the stairs by Cappelli, who has on a brown pin-striped suit, a white shirt, and a brightly flowered necktie.

CAPPELLI: You look as though you are going to church.

FELLINI (*raising his eyebrows*): I have not yet decided which religion I have, but I am religious anyway, Marquis. To be religious means to love and to have confidence in life. To feel that things are going right, going exactly the way they should go.

CAPPELLI: But you do not go to church?

FELLINI: I go to church only when I have to shoot a scene in church, or for an aesthetic or nostalgic reason. For faith, you can go to a woman. Maybe that is *more* religious. (*Fellini goes outside, and Cappelli follows him.*)

ESTERNO. The Fellini terrace. Fellini sits down in the glider, and Cappelli sits beside him. Fellini gives the glider a big push. He looks thoughtful and relaxed. He says nothing for a while. Cappelli looks back and forth, uneasily, from the flagstones of the terrace to his host.

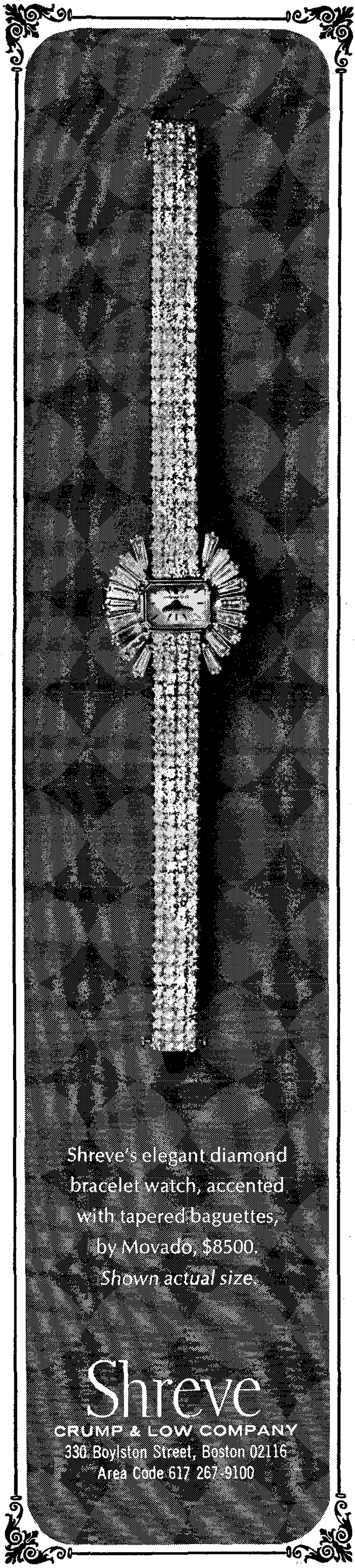
FELLINI: Giulietta is getting dressed. We go to dinner tonight with our neighbors, and with Gorgone. (*He has lowered his voice, and he puts on a wild expression of mystery and delight.*)

CAPPELLI: Gorgone, who owns the two Jaguars—one in Rome and the other in Sicily?

FELLINI: *That* Gorgone. The Sicilian. His life has followed the pattern of the self-made man. He is about five feet tall, and he wears a monocle. He is very, very rich—he makes and distributes all the Lederle drugs used in Italy and Sicily. He reminds me of many characters I have seen in the American movies.

CAPPELLI: *That* Gorgone!

FELLINI: And my neighbors you



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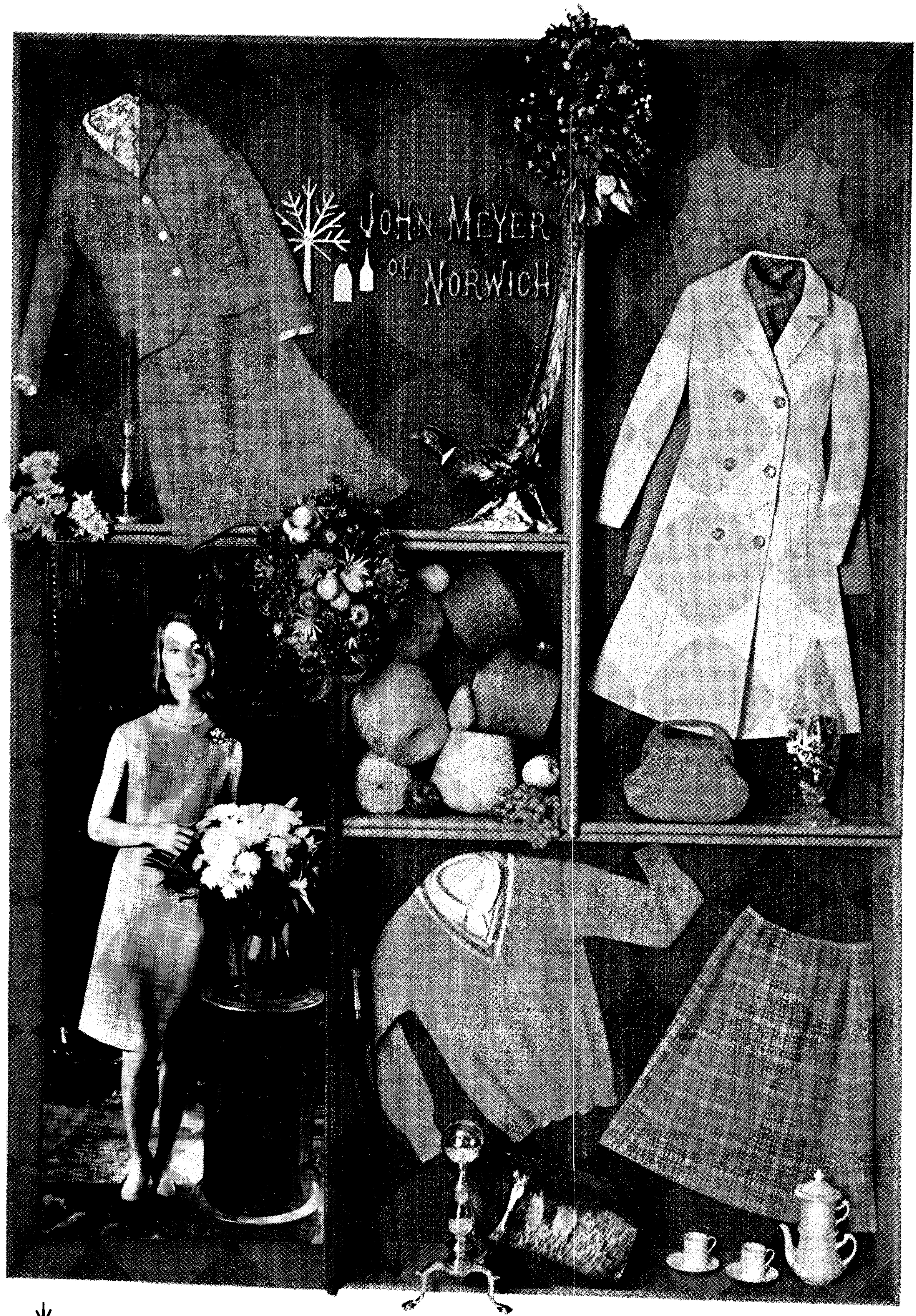

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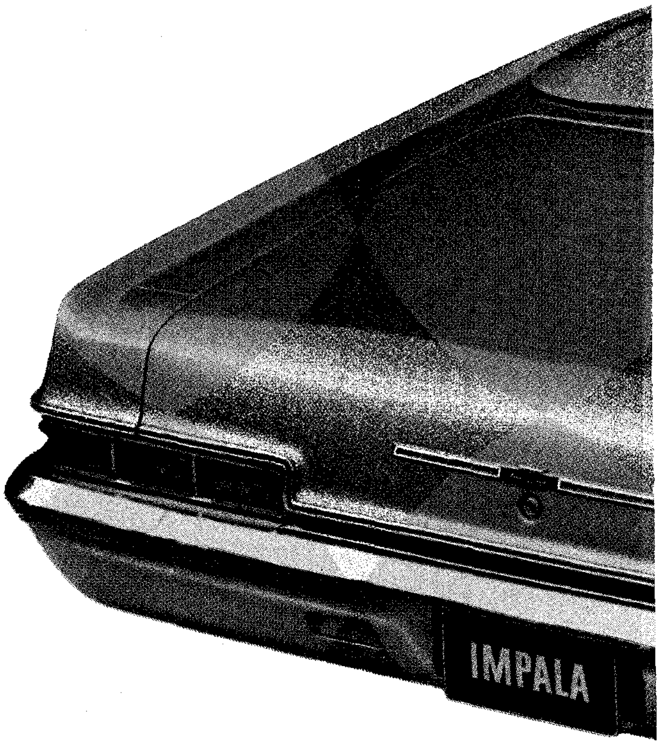

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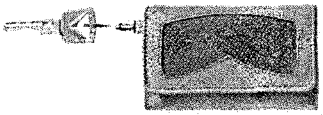

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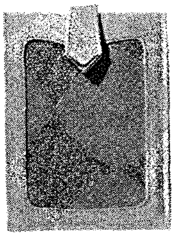

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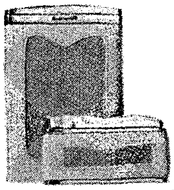

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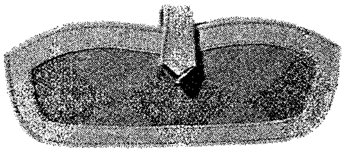

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know. The businessman. With the face of a devil. He, too, is a very rich man. He thinks he can buy anything. (*Laughs.*) I put him in my picture. I made him play a psychoanalyst.

CAPPELLI: *That* businessman.

FELLINI: *That* one. The one who looks like a devil. (*He laughs.*)

(*They both swing silently. The rhythmic creaking of the glider is heard. The cat that is the mother of the seven kittens approaches and stands in front of Fellini, then sits down and stares at him.*)

FELLINI: Listen. (*As though addressing the cat.*) I may not go to church. But Pope John! I loved that Papa John. (*Cappelli nods.*) In one moment in the life of humanity we had Khrushchev, Kennedy, and Papa John. Three people like that appeared on earth at the same moment. It was such a short moment in the life of humanity. It was a very sad, a very fearful miracle.

CAPPELLI: Did you ever meet Pope John?

FELLINI: Once. In a way. I was driving to the studio in my car. Suddenly, behind me, I heard sirens, horns blowing, the police. I did not know what it was. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. A street in Rome. Morning. Fellini is driving his car.

FELLINI'S VOICE: I stop for a traffic light. Then, right next to me, a black car draws up. In the back sits Papa John, wearing the big red hat. (*A long black limousine pulls alongside. A figure in a red hat is seen in the interior.*) I will never forget how Papa John looked. The smile! The innocence of his face! Like a baby. It was like an apparition in a fairy tale. He looks at me. He looks embarrassed, as though he wants to apologize for making such a fuss in traffic. I make a sign. And he goes like this. (*Pope John makes the gesture of blessing. Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. The terrace of Fellini's house. That same afternoon, still at the glider.

FELLINI (*looking affectionately at the cat*): Papa John's face was so transparent. As soon as it was published in the newspapers, all simple people saw immediately what he was—the essence of goodness. He has done something that will never be destroyed. He was a poet. What a beautiful man!

CAPPELLI: (*nodding in agreement but looking uncomfortable*): I think I hear Giulietta.

FELLINI: Khrushchev, Kennedy,

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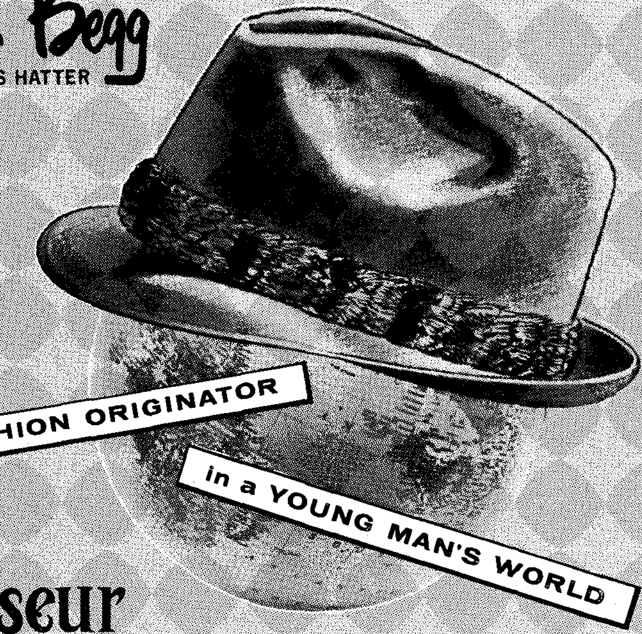

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and Pope John were like three brothers. Khrushchev also had a sense of Christianity and humanity. Pope John was the brother who was a saint. Khrushchev was the brother who was a farmer. And Kennedy was the youngest brother, who went to the university. Kennedy was strong when he had to be strong. And Khrushchev understood that he was a great man, not just a politician. He respected Kennedy for the friendly fight he made with him. America is like a healthy, honest boy. It cannot destroy itself. And I like President Johnson. He has a good face. (*Giulietta appears on the terrace. She is wearing a pretty rose-colored dress and has a white knit, fringed shawl around her shoulders. Fellini gets up from the glider.*) Ah, Gorgone! We are coming! (*He laughs, and gives Giulietta a hug. Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. The neighbors' lawn. Twilight. Fellini, Giulietta, and Cappelli walk slowly across a broad, well-tended lawn toward a large white house with an open veranda stretching across the front of it. Fellini's ankles are particularly swollen today, and he finds it heavy going. As the three reach a walk leading to the veranda, their hostess, the businessman's wife, comes to greet them. She is wearing an expensive-looking black silk dress and pearls. She is thin and nervous and looks distraught.

BUSINESSMAN'S WIFE: Oh, Giulietta! The most terrible thing has happened! (*She embraces Giulietta, Fellini, and Cappelli, in that order.*)

GIULIETTA: What happened?

WIFE: Last night, burglars broke into the house. They stole our canaries!

(*The newcomers make appropriate clucks of sympathy.*)

FELLINI: What about Gorgone? Maybe Gorgone can do something about it. (*He pretends to be very serious.*) Gorgone! (*He yells at a short man wearing a monocle and a black silk shirt.*)

(*Gorgone and Fellini hug each other. With Gorgone is a tall, pretty blond girl, very young, very pale, who is addressed as Elizabeth. She is wearing a Pucci flower-print shirt and white toreador pants and high-heeled white-and-silver sandals. Fellini kisses her on the cheek. Then the businessman, smiling, fat, greets and hugs the newcomers. He wears a monogrammed sports shirt of yellow silk. A ten-year-old boy, the businessman's son, Paolo, wearing many-times-laundered blue jeans, a white T shirt, and high black-and-*

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white sneakers, wanders around among the guests. Everybody is talking about the burglary.)

Paolo: Three canaries. Three of them. This morning, I looked and the cage was empty. The thieves stole only the canaries.

Fellini (*pretending to be stern*): And did you ask Gorgone if he could find out who the burglars were?

Paolo (*shyly*): No.

Businessman's Wife (*in a shrill voice*): What kind of thieves will steal *only* canaries?

Fellini: Gorgone will catch them.

(*Everybody laughs. Gorgone punches Fellini in the side, in mock anger. The guests take chairs on the veranda. Near them is a wicker table on which bottles of Scotch, gin, and bourbon are standing. The atmosphere of this house is luxurious. Many servants are standing by, in blue-and-white uniforms, all of them wearing white gloves. The businessman fixes drinks. Giulietta and Cappelli both have Scotch. The businessman's wife takes Fellini by the arm and draws him into the house.*)

INTERNO. The living room of the businessman's house. The empty bird cage. A very fancy cage. It is indeed empty. The businessman's wife points a finger at it.

Wife: Empty. (*She is coquettish with Fellini, asking for his attention.*)

Fellini (*conspiratorially*): Empty. Empty.

Wife: Why would they do it? Who would want our canaries?

Fellini (*trying to sound sympathetic*): Maybe they like birds.

Wife: It is a terrible thing. The children are so upset.

(*Gorgone enters. He punches Fellini in the side. Fellini hugs him. There is a lot of laughing. They go out.*)

ESTERNO. The veranda. It is now dark outside. The veranda lights are on. Everybody has finished his drink. Paolo kisses his parents, says good night, and goes inside.

Gorgone (*exuberantly*): We will all go to Albos, by the sea, and have fish.

Elizabeth: This is my last chance to have some fun. We have to go back to Rome right after dinner, and in Rome there is nothing for me to do. And Franco (*indicating Gorgone*) is working all the time.

Gorgone: We will drive in my car. We will drive in the Jaguar!

(*The veranda lights suddenly go*

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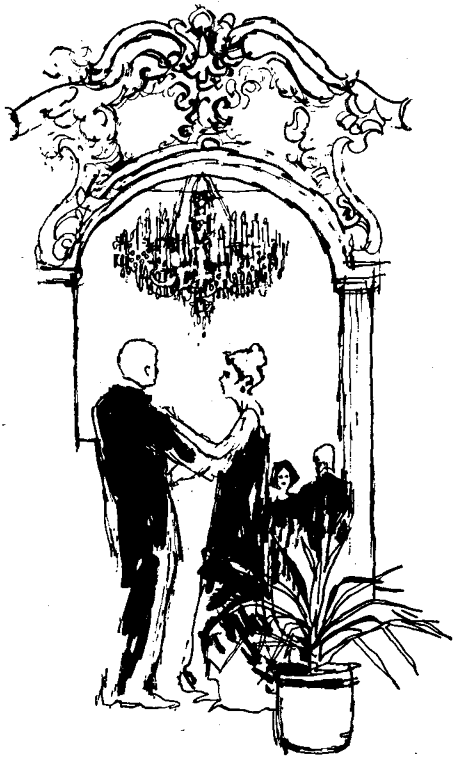

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out, and so do the lights inside the house. Voices are heard in the darkness.)

BUSINESSMAN: The burglars have come back! (*He laughs loudly.*)

BUSINESSMAN'S WIFE (*calling to an unseen servant inside the house to find and replace a burned-out fuse*): Find it! Find it! Hurry!

GIULIETTA: I don't mind the dark. It's rather nice.

(*Fellini is very quiet. He says nothing.*)

ELIZABETH: Something terrible may happen. I feel the way I do every time before I take an airplane. Franco always goes to church and lights a candle before he flies. (*She gives a little scream. Then the lights go on. Everybody blinks. The businessman is near Elizabeth, smiling at her.*)

GORGONE (*adjusting his monocle in his eye*): Let us go to the Jaguar.

ELIZABETH: Franco is so proud of his Jaguars. He is probably the only man in Italy who has two Jaguars. And he's the only man in Sicily who has a Jaguar at all.

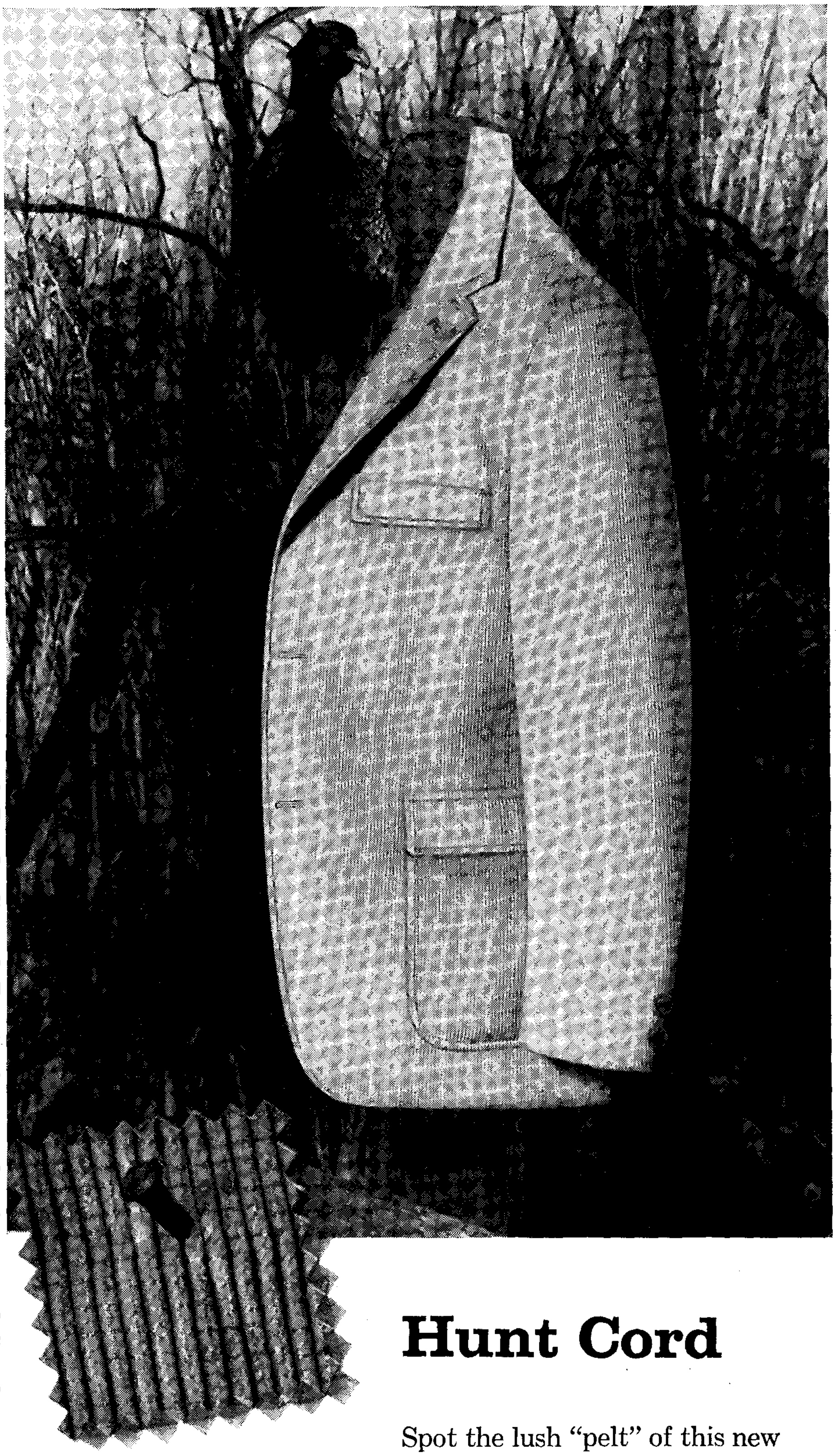
GORGONE (*shouting*): I'm hungry! Let's go to Albos!

(*Giulietta, smiling, walks with Elizabeth to a Jaguar sedan. They get in the back seat. There is a uniformed chauffeur. Gorgone sits beside him in the front seat. Fellini gets into his own car with Cappelli and the businessman and his wife.*)

ESTERNO. The Albos restaurant, in Fregene. A long table on an open porch facing the sea. The sea cannot be seen, in the darkness, but the calm surf can be heard lapping gently at the shore. The proprietor of the restaurant, a deeply tanned, smiling man in a short-sleeved white shirt, white shorts, and brown one-strap sandals, is taking the order. Gorgone is at the head of the table. Elizabeth sits at the other end, facing him. At one side are Fellini, Giulietta, and Cappelli, and at the other side are the businessman and his wife. The businessman is murmuring something to Elizabeth, who is giggling. The businessman's wife looks miffed. Cappelli tries to get her attention and engage her in conversation. Everybody orders scampi, fish, salad, fruit, and cheese. Everybody orders beer. Fellini is very quiet. He says nothing but merely nods, agreeing to order what the others do.

ELIZABETH: This year, I am going to New York. I love New York. I will be lonesome, but I will have some fun. I will go to night clubs.

GORGONE: When I am in New



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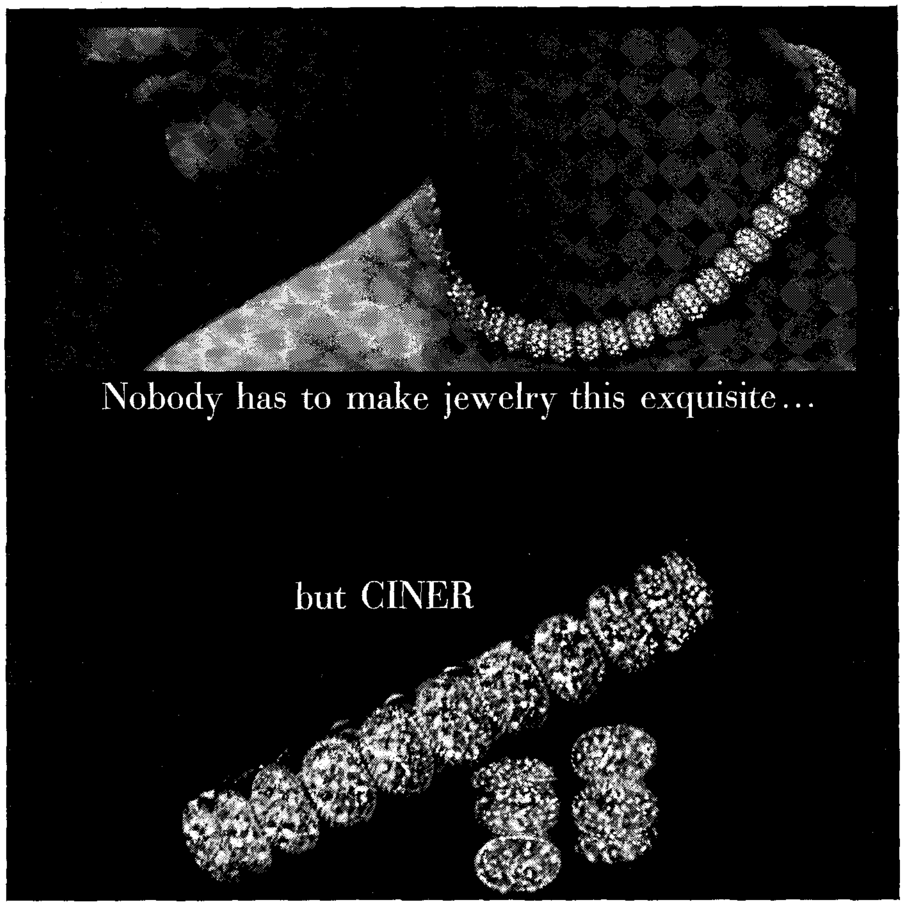

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York, I like the St. Regis. I always stay at the St. Regis. And at night I like to go to Times Square! (*The monocle falls from his eye. He puts it back.*)

ESTERNO. The beach. Darkness. Fellini, Giulietta, Elizabeth, and the businessman's wife are walking across the stretch of sand toward the water. There is no moon. Very faint light comes from the restaurant. The four figures are seen from the rear, as black silhouettes. They walk slowly. They stand for a few moments looking at the sea.

ELIZABETH: I wish I didn't have to go back to Rome tonight. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. An unpaved country road in Fregene, shot from above. The moon has risen. The Jaguar is seen speeding, followed closely by Fellini's Mercedes. The cars, which leave a wake of dust, are heading toward Fellini's house.

ESTERNO. Fellini's terrace. Night. Giulietta comes out with a tray holding a cut-glass decanter of cherry brandy and matching brandy glasses. She pours brandy for everybody. The businessman's wife and Fellini are sitting together on the glider. Fellini is whispering conspiratorially in the woman's ear. He makes her shriek with laughter. Gorgone sits in a chair facing them. The Fellini cat slowly walks over and sits down, staring at him. The businessman, Elizabeth, and Cappelli sit in scattered chairs, watching the others. Elizabeth turns, as if for help, toward Giulietta, who is busy with her duties as a hostess. Giulietta distributes the glasses lovingly and looks with approval and satisfaction at her guests as they drink. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERNO. The kitchen of Fellini's house. Early morning. Fellini comes into the kitchen in a rush. The kitchen is large, friendly, equipped with very new, modern appliances, including a large stove and a white-painted wooden table, which is set with a gaily flowered, cotton placemat, a dish of butter, a pot of jam, a plate of rolls. Fellini wears the black suit, white shirt, and black necktie. He pauses at the stove, where a pot stands over a flame, and he takes the cover off the pot, puts a finger in, sucks the finger, and replaces the cover. Then he sits down at the table. The cat wanders over and stations herself at his feet. Fortunata gives Fellini a *cappuccino*. He gulps it down. He picks up a roll, takes a large bite, and, chewing,

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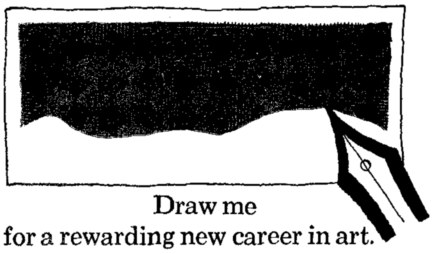

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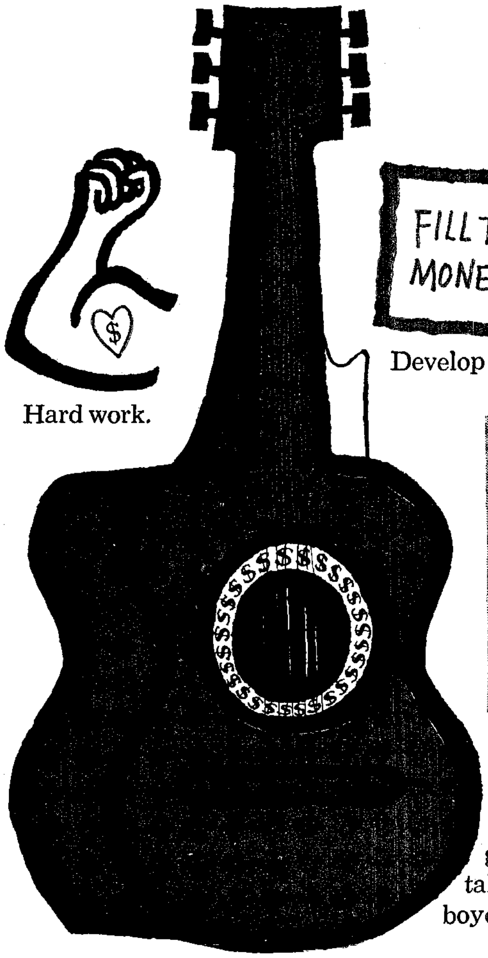

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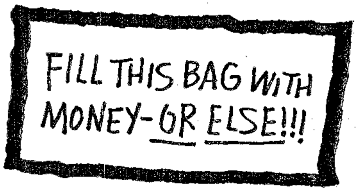

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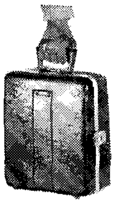

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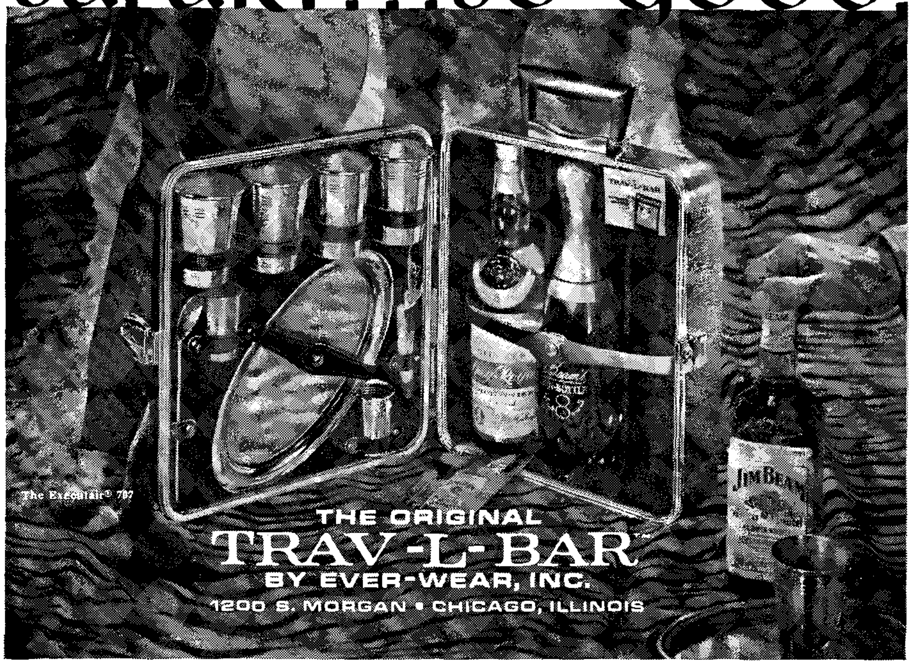

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says goodbye. Carrying the roll, he hurries to his car, gets in, and drives away from the house, away from Fregene, in the direction of Rome. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. The road to Rome. Morning. Fellini is alone in the car. He wears the oversized sunglasses. The camera follows what he sees from the car—farmers gathering hay in the fields, very small children working with the farmers, men and women riding bicycles along the road, a young man on a motorcycle with an elderly woman dressed all in black on the seat behind him, the outskirts of Rome, modern sections with large apartment houses, very heavy traffic, white-uniformed and helmeted policemen directing traffic. Fellini's face, seen in a closeup, is expressionless, almost dazed. (*Dissolve.*)

ESTERNO. Cinefonico Palatino. Later that morning. The black Mercedes screeches to a stop at the gate. Fellini gets out in a hurry. His ankles are swollen, but he shows no sign of diminishing energy or activity. In the yard outside the studio, he is greeted by Ruggero Mastroianni and by Fellini's secretary, Liliana Betti, who is a young, plumpish, innocent-faced girl with a wide-open grin. Her front teeth have a space between them. She wears a tailored shirtwaist open at the collar and an easy-fitting skirt.

FELLINI: *Ciao,* Liliana! *Ciao,* Donovan!

(*Liliana hands Fellini a batch of mail. Mastroianni looks on, smiling.*)

FELLINI: Ah, Liliana! (*He opens a letter and reads aloud, slowly.*) "Dear Signor Fellini: I am writing to you for advice. . . ." (*He crumples up the letter. He looks quickly through all the rest of the mail and tears it up without reading any of it.*) I do not write letters, and I do not save letters. I do not save anything. I like to be reborn every day. (*He lights a cigarette.*) It makes me sad when I see a picture I made four years ago. Maybe I have the psyche of a thief. All I know is I like to be reborn every day.

MASTROIANNI: Kerrigan! There was an urgent message from Rizzoli. He wants you to go to see the Minister of Tourism and Entertainment about the film festival.

FELLINI (*throwing the torn-up letters in a wastebasket near the reception gate and then pretending to tear out his own hair*): The film festival! The film festival! I cannot go to see the Minister. I do not want to drive in the traffic in my big car. There is no place

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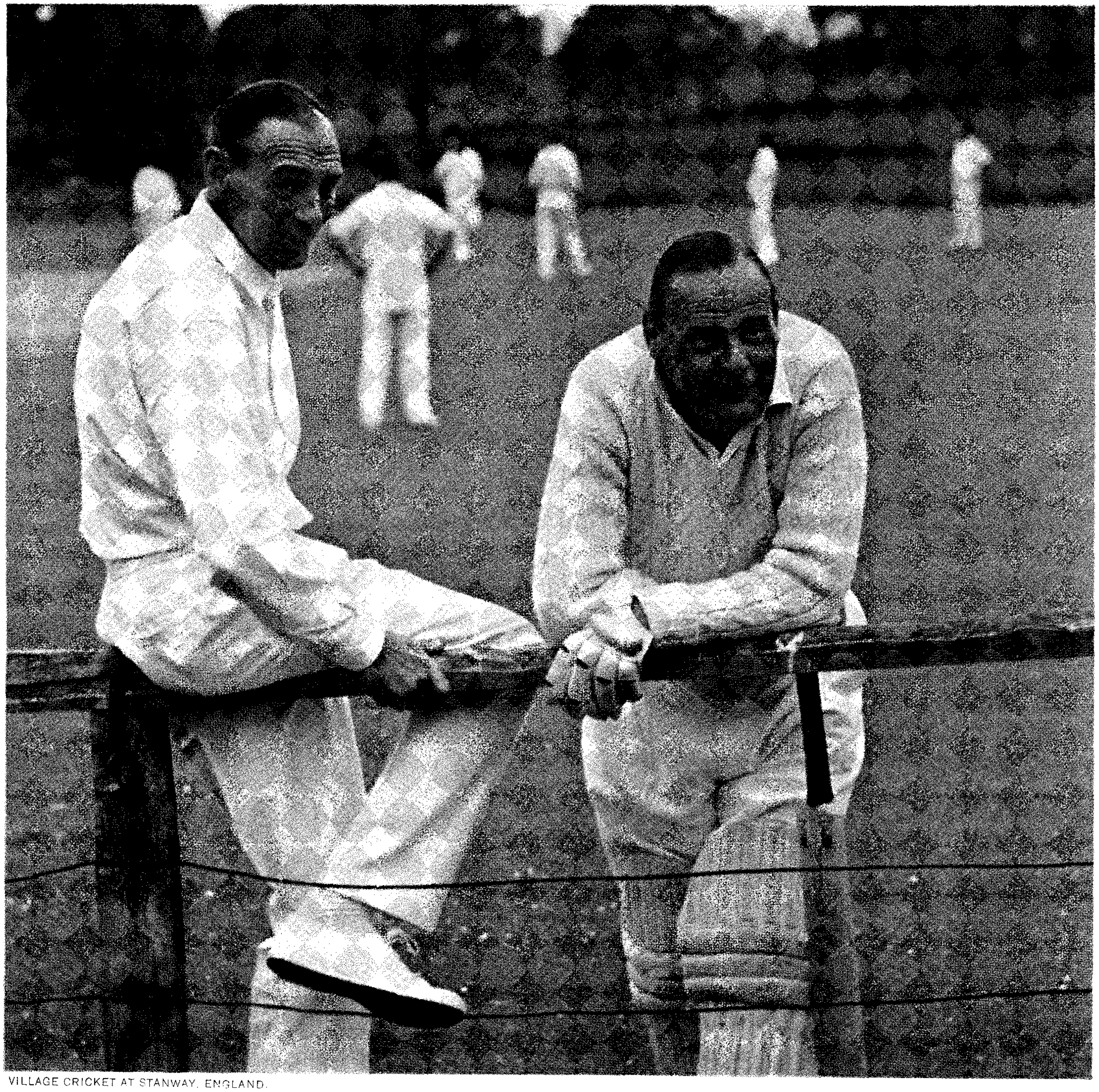

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LILIANA: I have my new Fiat this morning. I will drive you to the Ministry. It will not take long.

FELLINI: O.K. O.K., Donovan! Tell the others I will be back soon. Come, Liliana! *Ciao*, Donovan! (*Liliana leads Fellini over to her Fiat, which is not much bigger than a motor scooter. It is brand-new, and bright red. Fellini assumes a persecuted air as he squeezes himself into the tiny red car. Then he turns around, looks appreciatively at the tiny back seat, and compliments Liliana on it. She giggles with the delight of a child. Fellini reaches out and pats the little car on the behind.*)

INTERNO. Liliana's Fiat. As Liliana drives, Fellini is sketching what could be a cross between an elephant and an anteater. She leans over to see the drawing. Paternally, he turns her face back toward the windshield. Then he briefly holds his drawing up in front of her eyes.

LILIANA: Ah, very nice, very nice!

FELLINI: It is a lady I met at a party last week, eh? (*He attaches the drawing to the visor above the windshield. He sighs.*)

LILIANA (*regarding the drawing happily, then looking to her driving*): Will you take "Giulietta of the Spirits" to the film festival?

(*Fellini gives a long mutter of dissatisfaction and falls silent. He hunches himself up in the cramped space. Finally, he speaks.*)

FELLINI: Liliana! Liliana! Italy is a very strange country. Success does not last long. Today they applaud. Tomorrow they kill you. We are a very ancient people. We have seen so much. Popes. Kings. Warriors. Merchants. Italy has seen so many gods appear and disappear. We have such a big, heavy story. Even the most ignorant man in Italy has something of our history in his blood. Italians applaud the Beatles, but they are really skeptical. They are friendly toward the Americans, but at the same time they are friendly also to the Russians, because they figure maybe the Russians will win. (*He lights a cigarette.*) Yet Italians know that the Americans are fundamentally loyal and naïve. But . . . Liliana . . . the movie society everywhere is very rich and full of vulgarity.

LILIANA: But there are still artists in the movie industry. Bergman. Kurosawa.

FELLINI: I do not go to movies much, but from what I have seen of Bergman's movies I think he is a true

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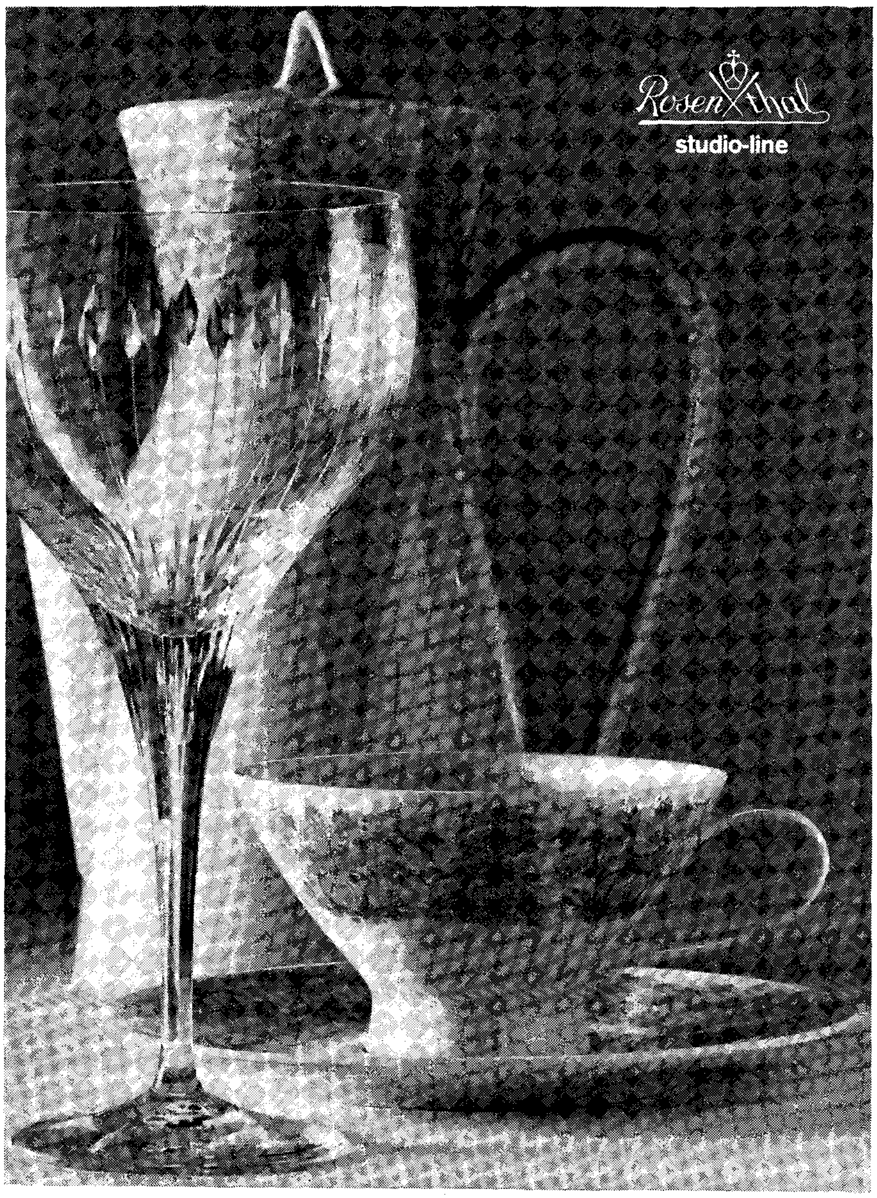

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artist. There are many good movies, but Bergman's movies are the most interesting, the most complete, the most universal. But there are few works of art, because the movies are an industry, not an art expression. So the business points of view push aside the real original talent.

LILIANA: I saw the American movie "The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man." It is supposed to be very avant-garde.

FELLINI: Do you think, Liliana, maybe this kind of movie is *old* avant-garde? Very superficial?

LILIANA (*eagerly*): Did you see "Goldfinger"?

FELLINI: Yes, and I like the James Bond movies very much. First of all, they are well done. And I am not so pessimistic as the people who talk about the phenomenon of James Bond as a very bad symptom. It is the same old story of the hero. I do not agree with the worries of people who think the hero and the villain are interchangeable. Bond wins not because he is right but because he is more good-looking. Its ugly aspect is the racial one: the Chinese yellow men are the villains. But, everything considered, these movies are entertainment machines, technically very well done. The audience is entertained and does not feel ashamed to be, because it can see that the movie is winking.

LILIANA (*after a silence*): Everybody at the studio asks me if you are going to take the picture to the film festival.

FELLINI (*wearily*): Liliana! Liliana! To be a director is very hard. You wake up early in the morning. You impose your will on other human creatures. You are a clown. You are a general. You take the megaphone and scream like a crazy man in the middle of the street. You have to stop traffic. You must have tremendous enthusiasm to do this work. It would be awful if you did it only for the producer. What do you think, Liliana?

LILIANA (*breathlessly*): I agree.

FELLINI: You become a little less generous after the age of forty, Liliana. You start to think about death, about the sunset. You have to think about someday if the energy goes away. If you become sick. Or if the young, new directors come, and what you are doing is stupid. So you prepare a little corner in your brain where you will not be wounded. For me, it is easy, because I am such a clown in my brain. Liliana, a movie director's artistic life is very short. Did you know that? A painter, a musician, a philosopher can go on for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years. But a movie director has ten years. With some exceptions like Charlie Chaplin, who is all by himself, and Carl Dreyer, who is a kind of mystic, a monk. The others—after ten, twelve years of artistic health they are finished. In our profession, you burn out easily. Why? Because success comes so fast. It corrupts you. The big danger is that success takes you out of life. You have money, so you buy a car, you don't go by bus. You take a plane, not a train. It gives you a sense of being superior. You look at other people as if they were in a zoo. Success makes a separation between you and the world. If you are separated in this way, you die. You do not breathe anymore.

LILIANA (*looking terrified*): But that is not the way it is with you.

FELLINI: Of course not. (*He laughs. He throws his cigarette out the window. He sits up straight, or as straight as is possible in the little car.*) I do not *have* a feeling of success. When I start to make each new picture, I start with the same fear every time of what it is I have to do. (*He lifts his eyebrows and laughs.*) What I am able to do in a picture all has to come from inside me.

ESTERNO. The street. The camera zooms back from the little red Fiat. We see the car travelling quickly, winding its way among the other cars on the street. It comes to a halt on the Via della Ferratella, in front of a newly built, tall building—very modern—of glass and concrete. The black-suited figure of Fellini is seen getting out of the red Fiat. He blows a kiss to the little car and hurries into the building.

FINE

—LILLIAN ROSS

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

DEAR ANN LANDERS:

Our son is 18 months old. He has a nasty habit of biting people. Not only does he bite his playmates, he also bites his father and me.

We have tried various punishments and nothing worked. Last week, out of sheer frustration, I bit him back. This seems to have cured him, temporarily at least.

But how can I take him out in public or to the home of friends? If he should bite, I can't bite him back in the presence of others. They would think I was crazy. Please tell us what to do. —OLATHE, KANSAS

—*Richmond* (*Va.*) *News Leader.*

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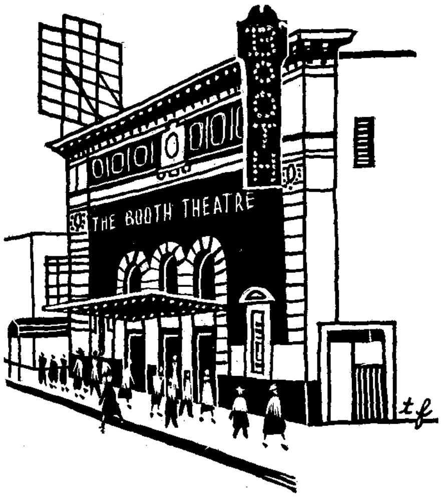
THE THEATRE

HONEST EFFORT

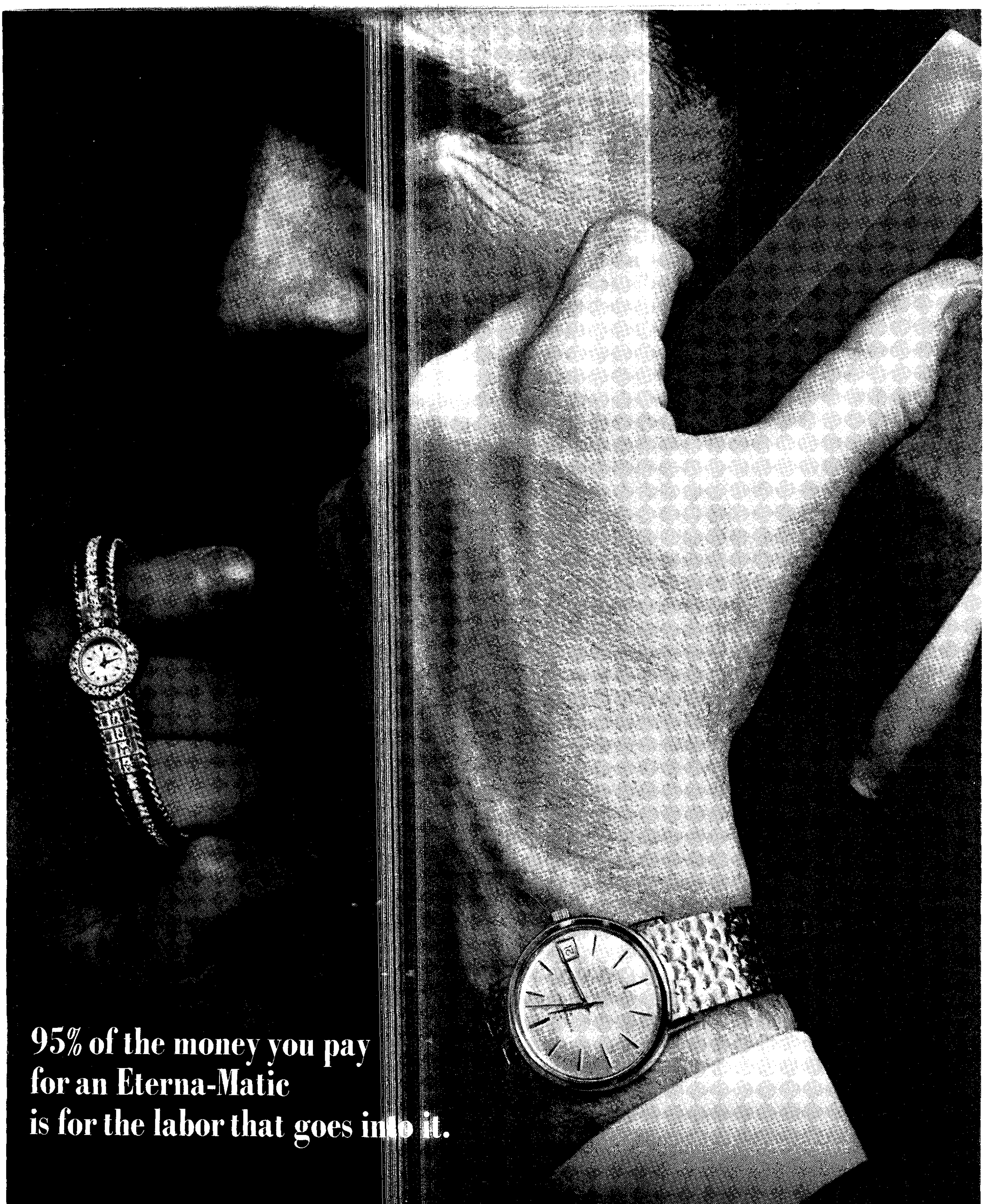
IF you would like to see a well-tailored drama—and there aren't many around these days—drop into the Billy Rose, where "The Right Honourable Gentleman," by Michael Dyne, is playing. Mr. Dyne has developed his drama from some actual happenings in the top political circles of Victorian England in the eighteen-eighties. It seems that Sir Charles Dilke, a big wheel in the Gladstone government and rather a gay blade in his off hours, has been accused of committing adultery with a Mrs. Donald Crawford and also, in passing, of contributing to the delinquency of a servant girl. As it happens, Mrs. Crawford is the daughter of a Mrs. Rossiter, with whom Sir Charles once had a flaming affair when he and she were younger. Furthermore, Mrs. Crawford is the sister of a Mrs. Garland, who is loose in her morals but commendably discreet. Obviously, this crowd could easily be the forerunners of the Profumo set, and as Mr. Dyne describes them they are sometimes an interesting lot, even though he never explores them in any real depth. He has the ability, however, to keep us baffled as to whether Sir Charles did or did not behave incorrectly with Mrs. Crawford, and also whether his colleague Joseph Chamberlain (William Roerick), father of Austen and Neville, didn't take a hand in undermining him for political purposes. As Sir Charles, Charles D. Gray gives a calm and measured performance, and as his nemesis Sarah Badel strikes a spark every now and then. But it is Coral Browne, as Mrs. Rossiter, who really puts some zip into the proceedings. "The Right Honourable Gentleman" doesn't generate enough heat to be entirely satisfactory, but let us say that in its low key it is a tolerable entertainment.

"ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER" is the overly long title of the overly long show now occupying the stage of the Mark Hellinger. Although the enterprise has had the services of Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music), who are usually redoubtable in the musical-comedy field, it sparkles only fitfully, and after getting off to a fairly auspicious start it begins to lose its sense of direction and winds up meandering all over the landscape. At the outset, we are introduced, in a psychiatrist's office, to a young lady who has extrasensory perception and an ardent desire to give up cigarettes. As we become better acquainted with her, she appears more and more remarkable, and, in the person of Barbara Harris, a stimulating person to have around. Not only can she anticipate the ringing of a telephone and read minds but she can also transform herself, under hypnosis, into an English aristocrat of the eighteenth century. Fluctuating between one personality and the other, she first turns the head of her psychiatrist as she describes, in pear-shaped tones, her life as a Georgian belle, and then induces him to give up the girl she used to be and fall in love with her in her twentieth-century reincarnation. The backing and filling between the centuries permits the introduction of various high-style production numbers and a ballet, but the device isn't of much help in keeping the narration flowing smoothly, and while some of the numbers, such as the title song and "Ring Out the Bells," "What Did I Have That I Don't Have," and "She Wasn't You," blend nicely into the action, there are others, such as "On the S.S. Bernard Cohn," that seem to have been tossed in as an afterthought. (Come to think of it, though, "On the S.S. Bernard Cohn" is mildly diverting, so maybe I shouldn't quibble about it.)



Although Miss Harris is beguiling and Mr. Lane's music easy on the ears, I don't think that the source material for "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," which has the air of an amalgamation of "Bridey Murphy" and the works on extrasensory perception by Dr. J. B. Rhine, is quite up to the standard of the material that previously inspired Mr. Lerner. Still, the scenery, designed by Oliver Smith, is attractive; the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are most elegant; the direction, by Robert Lewis, is effective; and John Cullum, as the psychiatrist, is likable. In the comedy line, Titos Vandis plays a Greek shipping magnate anxious to learn whether reincarnation is on the level, so that he can discover who he will be the next time out and leave his money to his new self.

HERBERT BLAU and Jules Irving, the Lochinvars lately come out of the West to show us how the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center ought to be run, have begun their demonstration with a production of "Danton's Death," at the new Vivian Beaumont. This version of the Georg Buechner drama, which was written a hundred and thirty years ago, when its author was only twenty-two, was adapted by Mr. Blau, who also supervised the staging of the piece. In the gracious confines of the Vivian Beaumont, "Danton's Death" is an awfully rackety affair, involving more than fifty actors, a good many of whom seem hellbent on deafening us as they go about portraying French citizens who lived during the Reign of Terror. The Terror, as represented here, is not particularly ominous, despite the introduction of tumbril and guillotine, and I'm not quite sure what historical or philosophical point Mr. Blau intended to make in his adaptation. The dialogue gets very woolly at times, and the performers, for the most part, line it out as if it were an elocution exercise. About the only moving scene in the whole business is one that takes place in prison on the eve of the execution of Danton and some of his friends. The actors make the prisoners human, courageous, and appealing as they strive to sustain each other through a fateful vigil. Despite my lack of enthusiasm for "Danton's Death," I am hopeful that once this company has a little more cohesion in its organization, it will be able to do justice to the very handsome theatre in which it is housed. Incidentally, this initial offering at the Vivian Beaumont has settings, designed



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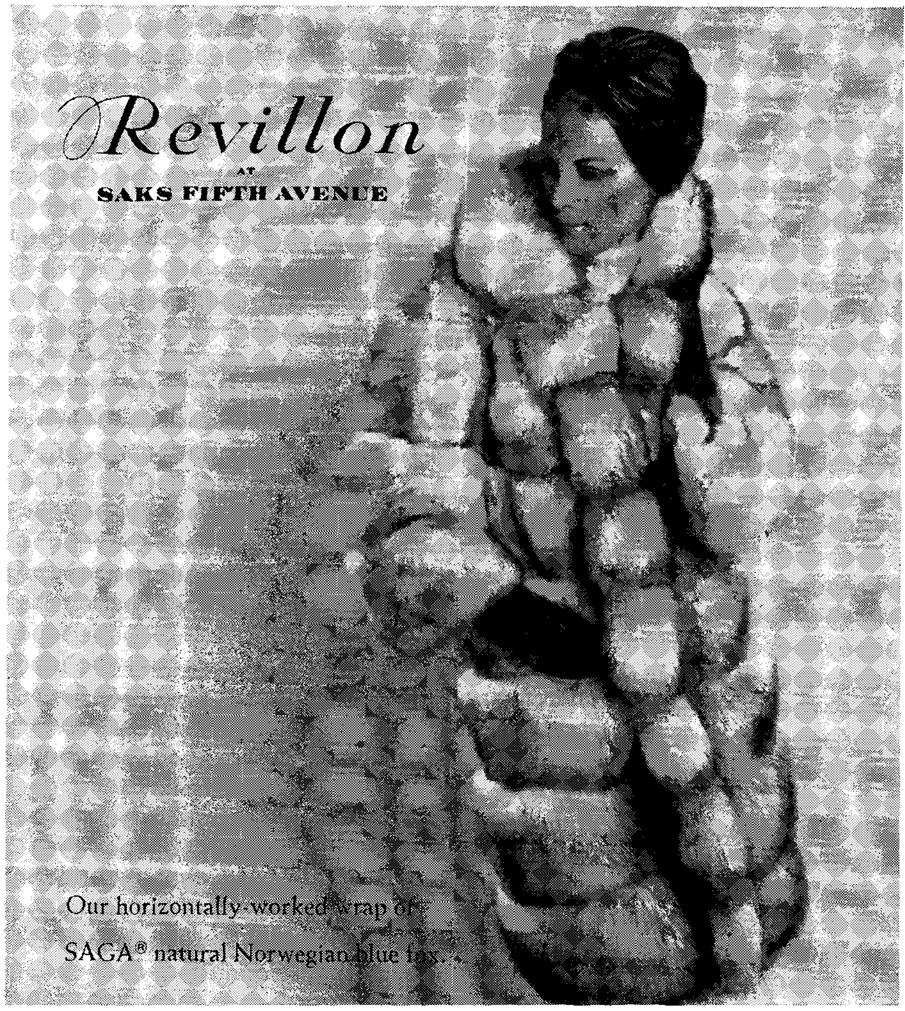
by Jo Mielziner, that are extremely good. On the other hand, the action is accompanied by electronic music, by Morton Subotnick, that set my teeth on edge. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

A Hot Time at the Calendars'

A GOOD new comedy about Jewish domesticity seems almost impossible to imagine, yet "The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love," by Jerome Max, which is a one-act play about a crisis in the life of a Jewish family, is original and unsparing and terribly funny. It is ethnic but not exclusive, and Heaven knows it is uncozy—a sort of counter-"Fiddler." The family's name is Calendar, and the setting is the back porch of their suburban house near Scranton one hot summer morning. There are twin sons. Robert, the one whose love is already exhausted, does not appear—he is with the Army in Germany—but his feelings are made manifest in a couple of letters that are brought onstage shortly before the end. Raymond, the one whose love is certainly flaking out, is the leading character of the play. He spends most of it cutting through any number of passionate irrelevancies in an attempt to convince his parents and Robert's fiancée, Celia, first that Robert is dead (a phone call from overseas seems to say so), and then that Robert is not (a second phone call clears things up). Raymond, in the person of a very funny young actor named Stephen Strimpell, is a touchy, emotional fellow, and he hits peak after peak of exasperation, breaking his voice in the effort to force the others, all of them adept at evasion, to at least consider what appear to be the facts. The plot works well, but what really matter are the details—the intramural catch phrases, the scrapping and making up, the sudden tempests—which are, of course, heightened and nicely out of drawing. There is a splendid feud going on between Raymond and his fiancée-in-law that is mostly undercover but sometimes erupts into wild bickering. This Celia, a girl of minimal intelligence, is very drifty and fanciful. Large and gawky, she tends to bound all over the stage in a pink muu-muu, which is quite a comic asset in itself. Betty Lou Holland is a model of sappiness in the part—droll without ever becoming too grotesque. In one scene, thumping her chest to emphasize some silly point, she dislodges one of her contact lenses, and it is a joy to watch her down on her knees groping and squealing while Raymond,



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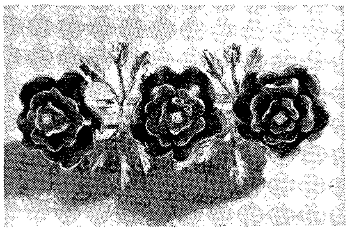

mean and spiteful, stamps around in thick-soled shoes. Albert M. Ottenheimer and Clarice Blackburn do well, too, as the parents. The play is continuously funny, and—again, considering the subject—it is worth mentioning that there isn't a joke in it. Every word is talk, and the talk is full of quirks and surprises; every speech belongs only to the person who speaks it. Mr. Max's ear for character is as strong as his style. The production at the Cherry Lane represents perfect collaboration among the playwright, the actors, and the director, Walt Witcover, who has seen to it that there isn't a limp or murky moment from start to finish. (He is also presumably responsible for the unobvious casting.) Whoever discovered that pink muu-muu deserves special commendation, too.

The evening opens with "Good Day," by Emanuel Peluso, and I must admit sadly that I found it awfully portentous and tiresome for such a minor skirmish in the war between the sexes, and baffling as well. An austere young man is bribed and forced to tell in great detail the story of his courtship and abandonment of a girl some years before. The briber and forcer is a very rich old woman to whom he has applied for a job. As he talks, he drinks and becomes grovelling drunk. He tears the front off her dress and rearranges her hair, and slowly she becomes straighter and younger-looking. (If it's all right with Albee, it's all right with me.) Possibly we are meant to conclude that the old woman is the girl of the story, but it seems unlikely. There is a third character—a servant whose tongue has been torn out. At the end, the young man is taken on as a second servant, and possibly we are meant to think that his tongue will be torn out, too, which certainly does seem likely. The language of the play is ornate, and there is some straining for epigram that comes to little, in spite of a bright spot here and there. Frank Langella, last year's good Benito Cereno, and Nancy Marchand, an APA alumna, appear in the leading roles.

FOR the record: "Kill the One-Eyed Man," a feeble and feebly performed adaptation of Gogol's "The Diary of a Madman," opened last week at the Provincetown.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

YOUNG LADY—Desires furnished one room apartment with bath where piano could be taught. Write Box 36.—*Adv. in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

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FOOTBALL

Quarterbacks

UNBRIDLED science can be the death of everything, not omitting football. Contemplate, if you will, the legality, to say nothing of the ethics, of hiding a transistor set in the helmet of a quarterback so that he can be briefed from the sidelines. But though football is already waist-deep in electronics, no one has yet thought up a device to be called, say, Instant Hindsight, or maybe Predictex. When that arrives, football can be reported (where a lot of it, college style included, belongs now) in the industrial-management pages of the *Journal of Commerce*. This device might, last Saturday, have kept Harvard from falling off the slimming roster of unbeaten teams and have given it a tie with Dartmouth, which remains on the roster. The device would have considered the ponderables of starting, on offense, a quarterback and two ends who had never before appeared in a varsity match and sending them up against as gingery an operator as Dartmouth, and would have decided that the ball would be dropped when one of them got an extra-hard jolt. Precisely this error offered Dartmouth one of the easiest touchdowns of its long career. (The other one, which made the count Dartmouth 14, Harvard 0, required Dartmouth to work like fury—a task for which it is thoroughly suited.) The device might *not* have predicted that Choquette, a most reliable Harvard runner, would fumble the ball just one millimetre inside the Dartmouth goal. Had he held on to it, the device's game would have ended up at 7–7. Harvard, though stubborn, seemed tentative. Dartmouth seemed not to miss its wounded (Urbanic, though, did appear for a few understandably mild sprints), and with good reason—or two reasons. They were, and are, the quarterbacks Beard and Ryzewicz. Every year when Dartmouth graduates a King or a Kelly, relief is sighed in the Ivy League, because next year Dartmouth will have no replacement, and every year the sigh is in error. Beard and Ryzewicz, working alternately or in tandem, move Dartmouth the way Sponaugle moves Cornell. Ryzewicz often turns backward in his flight so far that it appears he will be nailed behind his own goal; then, finding the opening he has been waiting for, he takes off in the other direction—the way, centuries ago, Cagle of Army tormented his pursuers.

THERE was no Cagle in the Army squad that went West last week to be beaten, 31–14, by Stanford; had there been, my own Instant Hindsight would have set up a 31–31 tie. There was no Molloy, now damaged beyond repair, in the Pennsylvania backfield to contend with Princeton, which has attained a momentum (Princeton 51, Pennsylvania 0) that sort of overawes its opposition. There was experimentation in Pennsylvania's use of quarterbacks (changing quarterbacks in midstream, or midseason, is a chancy business), and this—as in the case of Harvard—led to little or sometimes nothing. Yale, though, finally got something out of *its* experimentation with quarterbacks, and Humphrey had a wonderful time throwing the ball against Cornell. Untrue to form, Yale therefore trounced Cornell, 24–14. Cornell, true to form, turned turtle (most of the season it had been a hare) and attained its customary midseason collapse. Columbia, which has clung to one quarterback all fall, pleasantly astounded everyone by taking over Rutgers, which has not clung to one quarterback, in a match that was as tingling—Columbia came up fast on the outside in the fourth quarter, to win going away, 12–7—as anything else that happened Saturday afternoon. What happened Saturday night at Shea Stadium was melancholy—the Chargers 34, the Jets 9. The Jets keep trying to decide whether Namath or Taliaferro is their quarterback, when what they might be deciding is that the difficulty is not in the throwers of the ball but in the putative catchers thereof.

—J. W. L.

●

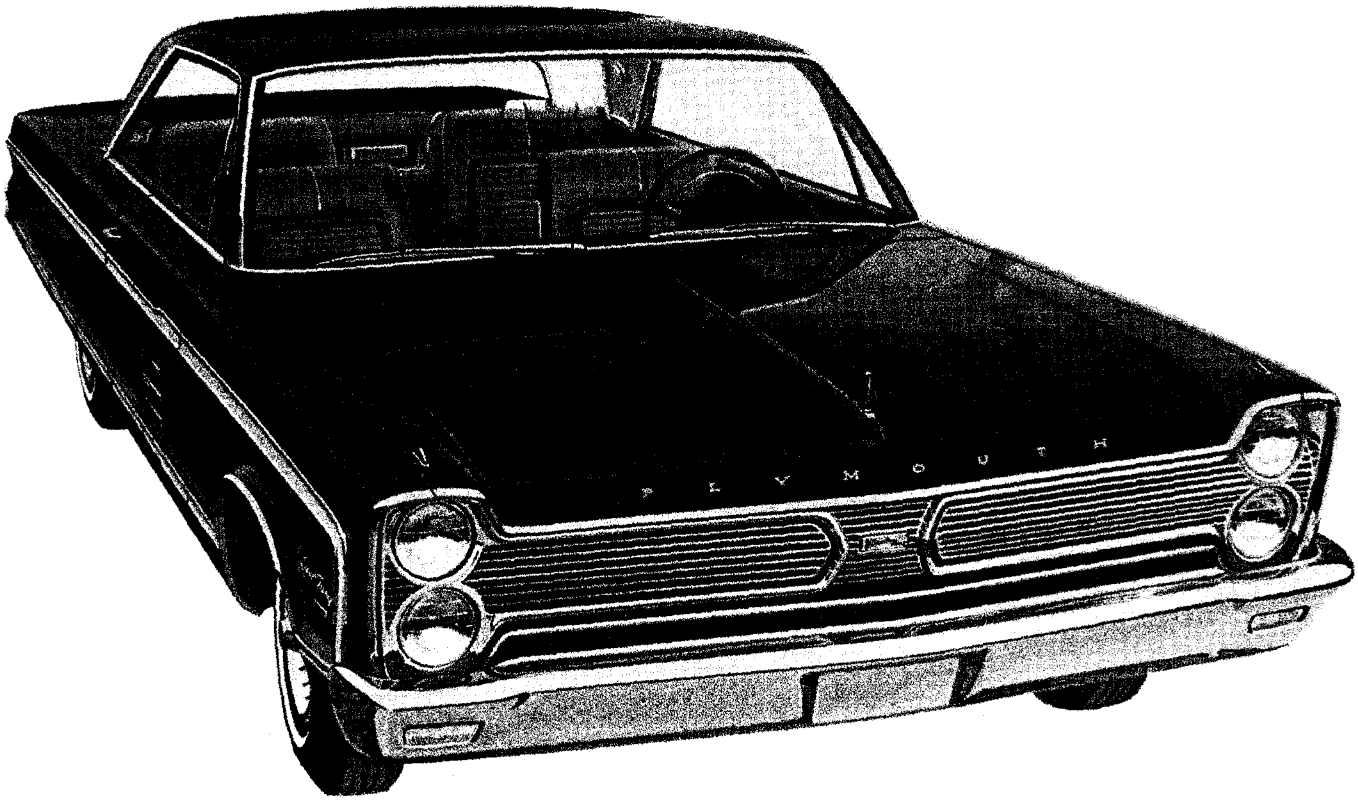
Judge Wingate-Saul, sitting in the Divorce Court, granted Mr. William Geraint Parry, a Merchant Navy officer, now serving in the Far East, a decree *nisi* of divorce against Mrs. Elen Tecwyn Parry, on the ground of her desertion.

The Court's discretion was exercised in the husband's favour in respect of his admitted adultery with 40 women.

His Lordship said that 40 women were as many as he had seen in a discretion statement.—*London Times*.

Was there a wistful note in his voice?

Plymouth Fury



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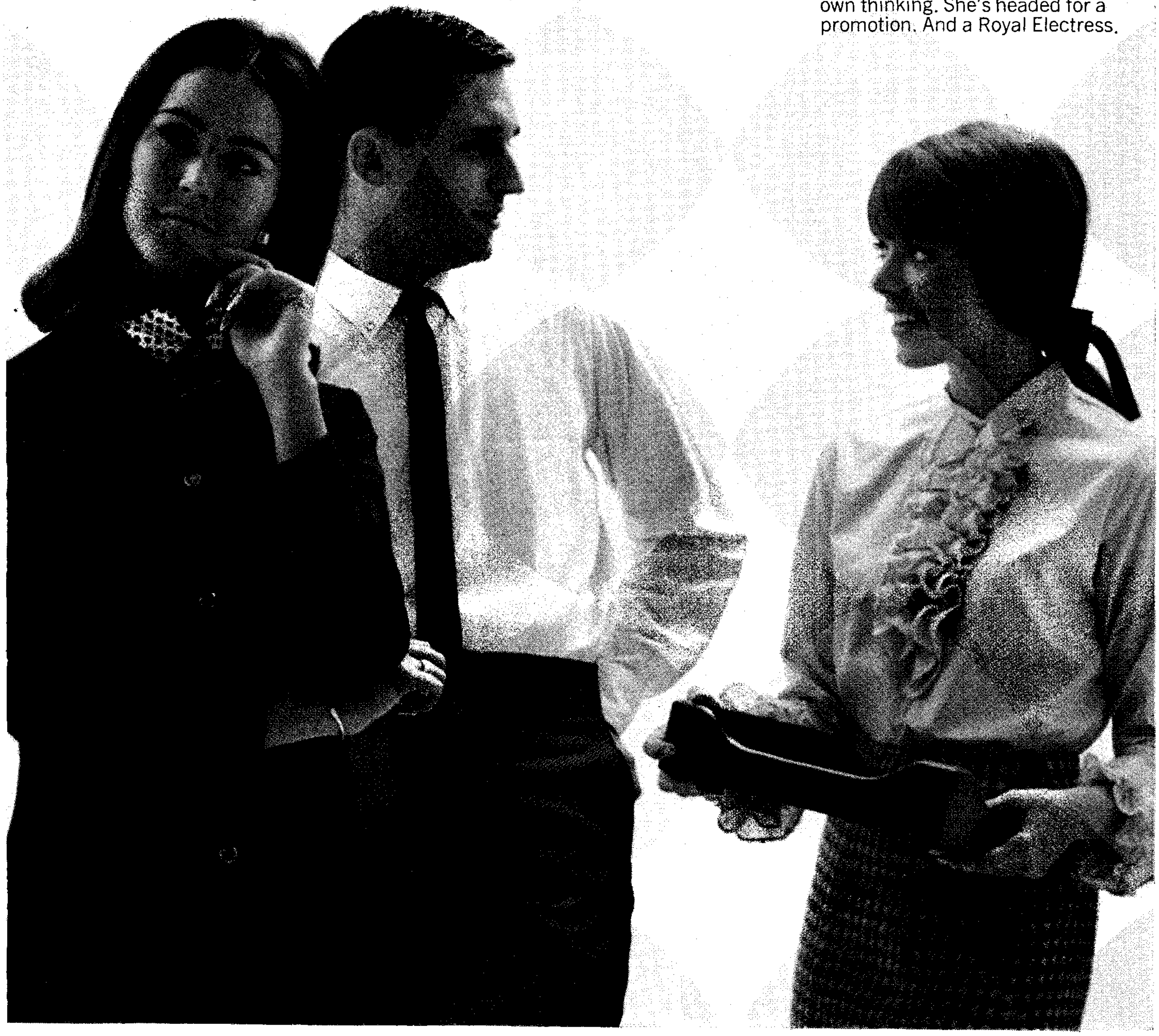
Here's Doris. A real go-getter. Go get this. Go get that. Go get coffee for the boys, will ya, honey? Nice kid. Smart, too. She won't decide which typewriter is best till she's tried them all. Does her own thinking. She's headed for a promotion. And a Royal Electress.



This is Claire's new Royal Electress. Another born winner. You'll never know what you've been missing till you try it. Then decide for yourself.

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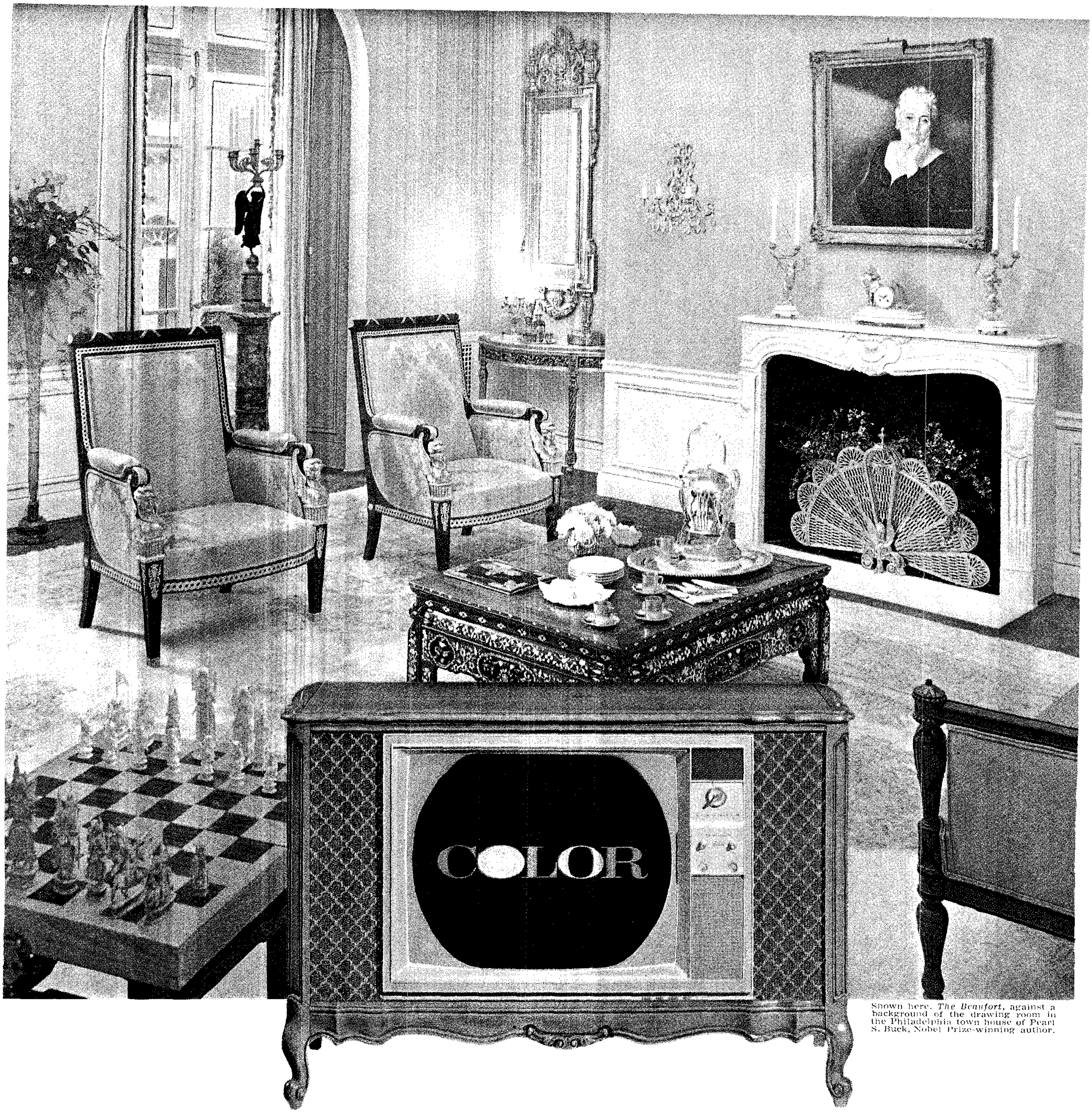


Shown here, *The Beaufort*, against a background of the drawing room in the Philadelphia town house of Pearl S. Buck, Nobel Prize-winning author.

In America's finest homes... true-to-life color with RCA Victor Solid Copper Circuit dependability

Add a spot of beauty to your home—and your home life. The superbly detailed cabinetry of RCA Victor Color TV adds a handsome grace note to any room—whether your style choice is French Provincial, Early American, Contemporary, Scandinavian, Mediterranean or Oriental.

But think of what's in that beautiful cabinet. Enchanted hours of the most true-to-life Color TV you can buy. Natural. Sharp. Bright. And with RCA Victor Color TV, you have the assurance of long-term dependability through RCA Solid Copper Circuits—the circuits of the Space Age. They won't come loose. Won't short circuit. Won't go haywire. Remember this, too: RCA pioneered and perfected Color TV—has had more experience making Color TV than many manufacturers have in making black and white sets.

These are a few of the irresistible reasons why more people own RCA Victor than any other kind. Now it's your turn. Don't let another colorless day go by at your house.

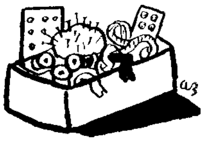
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s)®

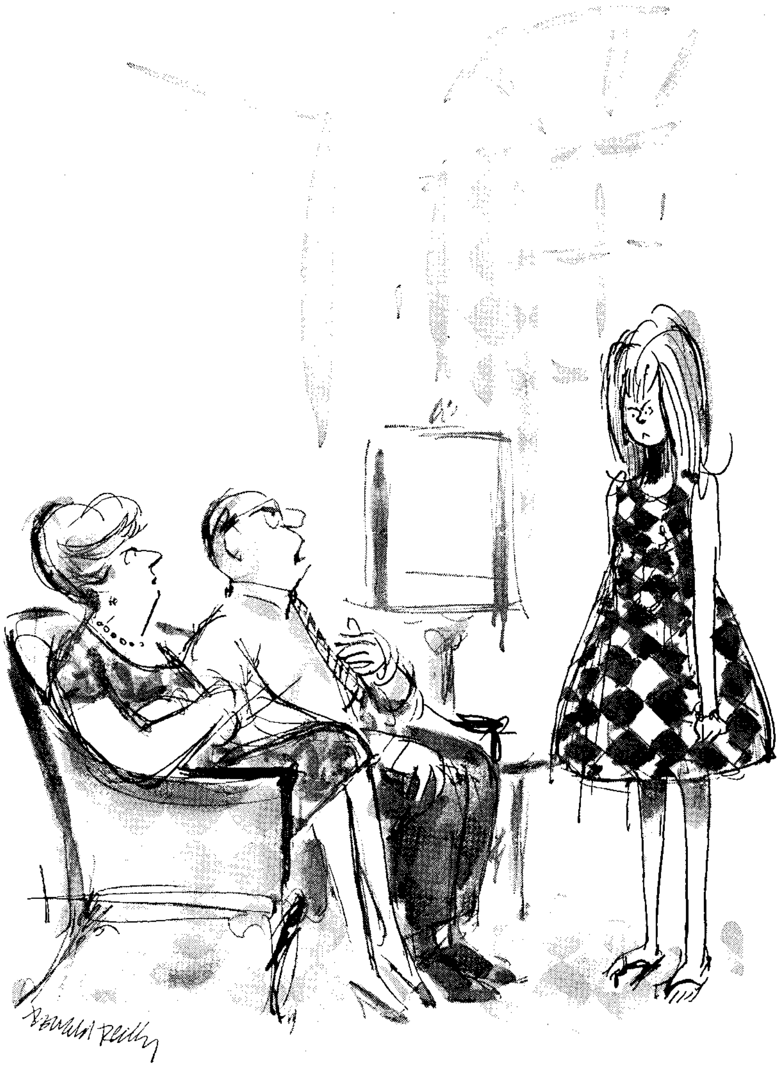
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

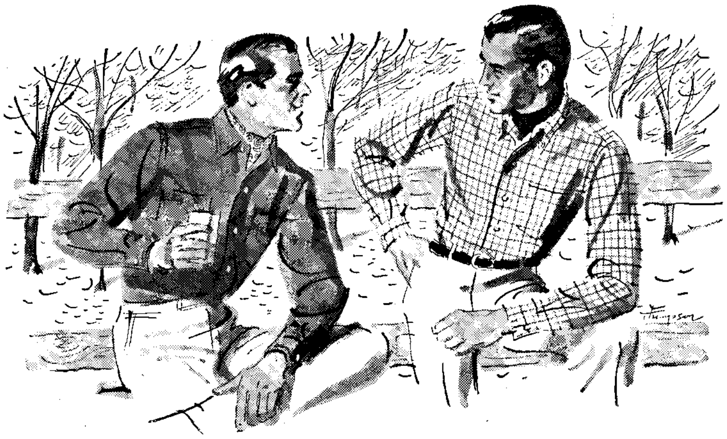


MANY little lost lambs have found their way not to the tables down at Mory's but to the emporiums of the New York custom furriers. They are not all little black sheep, though, for there are many blonds, and lots of them have strayed a mighty distance, from such locales as Russia, the Argentine, Afghanistan, and Sweden. And if women are, as they are reputed to be, as conformist as sheep, let them take heart, for these sheep are individualistic indeed. We all know about Russian broadtail, as sleek as silk moire and managed magnificently through the years by the likes of Maximilian. (This season, the combination of black Russian broadtail and snow-white Russian ermine is particularly brilliant at that establishment.) And we all also know about Persian lamb, which comes in tight coils, as though it were poodle. This one used to be considered an old-lady fur, but you are to learn soon enough in this exposition how youthfully it is now being handled. At Bendel, Eric Lund and Thomas Sarli, its new and lively designers of furs, have had a splendid time with India lamb, whose natural color is a deep beige; it is often, nevertheless, touched up (as the hairdressers put it) to become putty or sand or whatever hue. Ben Kahn even does a coat of Southwest African lamb, called Swakara, with a tinge of apricot. This has a sculptured surface—like the ridges left in a sandy beach after the tide has gone out. One honey (and that's the color) of a Bendel coat has a suit front (bogus) with a deep fold across the hipline and four flapped patch pockets above; the back is straight. Another Bendel, with the same sort of suit front and coat rear, is shown in taupe Argentine broadtail lamb (rougher than the Russian, and far less expensive); the front has a cutaway look, and it wears wide revers. Bendel next presents a huge coat of white India lamb with a princesse air. This owns band cuffs and a childish rounded collar. Gunther Jaeckel's corner in Bonwit Teller has also plumped for Swakara, and is particularly fond of it in a rich brown. One of its purposes is a redingote. An inverted pleat is placed at both sides of the skirt in front, and another descends the back; a tiny collar and a buttoned fly-front closing are other points of interest. The same brown Swakara finds its way into a coat with a really nipped-in waistline and a circular skirt that is edged by sable. (Is it necessary to tell anyone by now that contrasting fur trimming at hem, wrist, neck, down the front, or all four are It?) Further brown Swakara goes into a coat with a tiny collar of sable and a band of it along the hem. From Sweden, Reiss & Fabrizio has brought a bumpy lamb that shades from white to pale gray, rather like a milky sky; this is for a simple belted coat.

There are still those bulky, enveloping coats of Russian lynx. The best are made of bellies—white with touches of gold—and the newest types have real slimth, as in the coat dresses with a dressmaker look, for which it is a good idea to acquire a few little skimp dresses of wool or wool jersey, because these coats will not go over a rugged tweed suit. Lots of women will wear them *without* a dress. Just as new, as I have been trying to hint, is the idea of the nipped-in waist and the flared skirt below, not only in Russian broadtail but in thicker furs. Maximilian has a collarless coat dress of black Russian broadtail on which inverted pleats make a complete circle below the waist and (surely this *is* Inspiration!) a mass of broadtail petals create a small Pierrette ruff around the wrists and the hem. In this sort of work, mink is not easy to handle, but Georges Kaplan, who fears neither man nor beastie, manages to manipulate black mink horizontally into a coat with an invisible zippered closing at one side, a truly tight waistline, and a skirt that comes full circle. Don't ask *me* how he did it. For fun and games, we get Reiss & Fabrizio's "skating" outfit in white mink. Its Anna Karenina jacket is edged with ranch mink, and the skirt, which is as short as a Courrèges (but circular, in the Sonja Henie way), has the same hem. The skirt is also done of black and white mink in a harlequin pattern. Either way, the skirt can drop over the head as an evening poncho, and for *après-ski* as well, I presume; I wouldn't



"Why should we buy you a guitar just so you can sing against our way of life?"

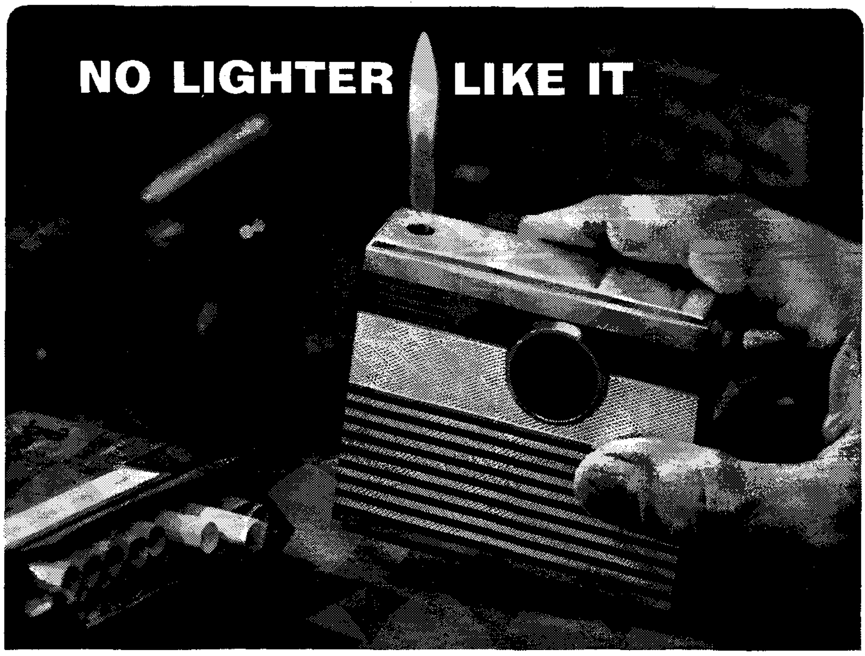


From England, our exclusive wool and cotton sport shirts

Luxuriously soft sport shirts in a rare blend of wool and cotton, impeccably tailored and completely washable. In traditional button-down and regular collar styles. Plaids or tattersalls with burgundy, navy, olive or red predominating; or camel, burgundy, navy, blue or red solids. S, M, L, XL sizes. 13.00

Men's Store Street Floor
59th Street at 3rd Avenue
Also at all 4 Bloomingdale branch stores

Bloomingdale's Men's Store



No flint, no friction wheel. Push a button. Rowenta lights up instantly, electronically. Set Rowenta down, the flame goes out. Butane flame adjusts for pipes and cigars. Impressive in chrome with black morocco trim. Even more so in gold finish. Gift-cased with battery and fuel supply.

Rowenta Electronic Lighter by Sunbeam

PRODUCT OF WEST GERMAN CRAFTSMANSHIP

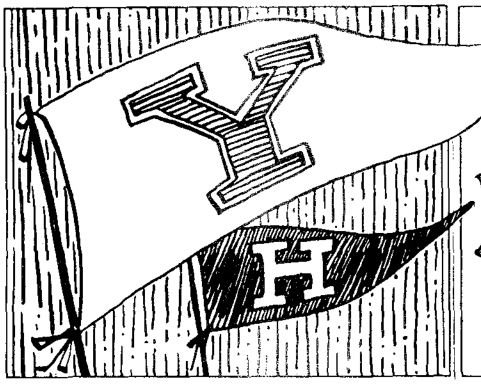
®Sunbeam, Rowenta ©1964 Sunbeam Corporation

know, for the first time I ever skied I banged up an elbow and quit. Anyway, I could do with the jacket only if I were addicted to full-skirted ball gowns.

Details are always interesting (that is what women buy custom goods for, isn't it?). I have already spoken of Maximilian's massed-petal ruff as décor for the wrists and the hemlines. This appears at the bottom of the skinniest possible dress of black Russian broadtail, and likewise at the wrists. Maximilian also uses quieter detail, like small leather or fabric one-button cuffs at the ends of fur sleeves. For one, this occurs on a three-quarter-length coat of hair seal (charcoal to milky white), whose cuffs are of off-white felt. Reiss & Fabrizio enlivens black Persian with patent-leather bands, some half an inch wide and some wider, encircling it at intervals of around nine inches. A gray Persian can look almost adolescent with this treatment. Kaplan's passion for detail leads him to cut holes in broadtail for a Swiss-cheese look. A manteau of his (hostess in mien) is a mass of cutout ovals an inch wide and two inches long, this to go over a body-stocking sort of dress or a glittery gown. My own pet, though, is his floor-length cape of black Alaska seal, with a flaring Infanta collar and holes six inches across around the base. I was shown it with white fox peeping through the apertures, but that nonsense can be zipped out by anyone who wants her glittery gown to take the honors. At Bendel, dressmakery detail—half-inch-wide ruffled satin edging—appears on many of the presentations. This is not an easy trick. Just the same, it is performed on a tunic of gray Russian squirrel, hip length and buttoned in back. The ruffled satin goes down the closing. (The tunic, by the way, can be turned around so that the closing is in front.) This is designed to go over a jump suit of gray satin—an idea that is not for me. Where this detail is really great is on a coat that is all small oblongs of charcoal mole. It is single-breasted and narrow-sleeved, and small black buttons descend the front. The matching ruffled satin follows the closing and circles the wrists. The same formula produces a very young coat of black Russian broadtail.

I have studied many below-hip-length tunics in preparing this term paper, but (I am only five foot six myself) I cannot recommend them for anything but long skirts or slacks. Gunther Jaeckel's tunic with a zipper up the back and a turtleneck collar in front is

(Advertisement)



DINK STOVER PROVES HIS METTLE

OR, "BULLDOG, BULLDOG, BOW, WOW, WOW!"

In this episode, Dink discovers several choice tickets for the coming Yale-Harvard game which have arrived at his desk under mysterious circumstances — forcing Dink to make an executive decision of the utmost importance!

As this particular scene opens Dink is taking a much-needed breather at the water cooler. "My, it has been a most unsettling morning," he said to himself ruefully . . .

It all started when two space salesmen representing a certain Boston newspaper (not The Globe) called to invite him to lunch. "It has always been my policy to decline such favors," Dink explained, "although you are more than welcome to come to my office and share some jelly sandwiches."

Over sandwiches, the pair first chatted with Dink about football and the coming tussle between his Alma Mater and Harvard. But when they steered the conversation to business and slyly suggested that *their* newspaper enjoyed an advantage over The Boston Globe, Dink felt his dander rise.

"In fact, The Globe leads in total advertising linage, not only for Boston but for all New England!"

"You haven't got your facts quite straight, gentlemen," said Dink evenly. "The Globe is clearly first in total retail linage every morning — first in automotive, classified and general linage, too. In fact, The Globe leads in total advertising linage, not only for Boston but for all New England!"

Dink recalled their crestfallen faces. "Gosh, I only hope I wasn't too harsh with them," he thought, as he left the water cooler.

He was back at his desk, when a plain white envelope caught his eye. To his keen delight, upon opening it, he discovered four tickets for the Yale-Harvard game. Although for the Harvard side of the field and on the 20-yard line, they were, nevertheless, a most generous and thoughtful gift. But who could have left them? There was no indication who his secret benefactor might be.

"Why, it could be almost anybody here at . . . .," Dink mused, naming the large and highly-esteemed agency where he was employed as a rising young media man. "After all, I have a host of chums." Then he paused to reconsider. Could the tickets have been put on his desk by *mistake?*

The only honorable thing to do was post a notice on the bulletin board. Accordingly, he wrote:

IF ANYONE HAS LOST OR MISPLACED FOUR CHOICE TICKETS FOR THE YALE-HARVARD GAME, PLEASE SEE DINK STOVER IN MEDIA. NO REWARD IS LOOKED FOR BY ME. (NEITHER WILL I ACCEPT SAME.)

DINK

The response was instantaneous and overwhelming. "Something smacks of skullduggery here," Dink pondered. "Although 'The Game' is a classic, it seems inconceivable that 385 of my associates (including both mail-boys) have lost tickets for it . . ."

He checked the long list of people claiming tickets. Who among them was the most deserving? Then one particular name caught his eye. The media director's.

"Great, Dink!" his Boss boomed when Dink phoned to offer him the tickets. "You said no reward is looked for by you (neither would you accept same). Nevertheless I *insist* you join us — the little woman and my daughter — at The Game!"

After accepting the media director's kind invitation (indeed, how could he refuse?), a horrible thought suddenly occurred to Dink. Could there be any possible connection between the tickets — and the meeting he had earlier with those two Boston chaps? Of course! "Clearly they don't know the stuff I'm made of to try such a dubious tactic!" exclaimed Dink indignantly. No sooner had the words passed his lips than the tickets were on their way north in a plain white envelope.

". . . still one hope . . ."

But how could he break the bad news to his boss? "There's still one hope," said Dink gamely, dialing New Haven.

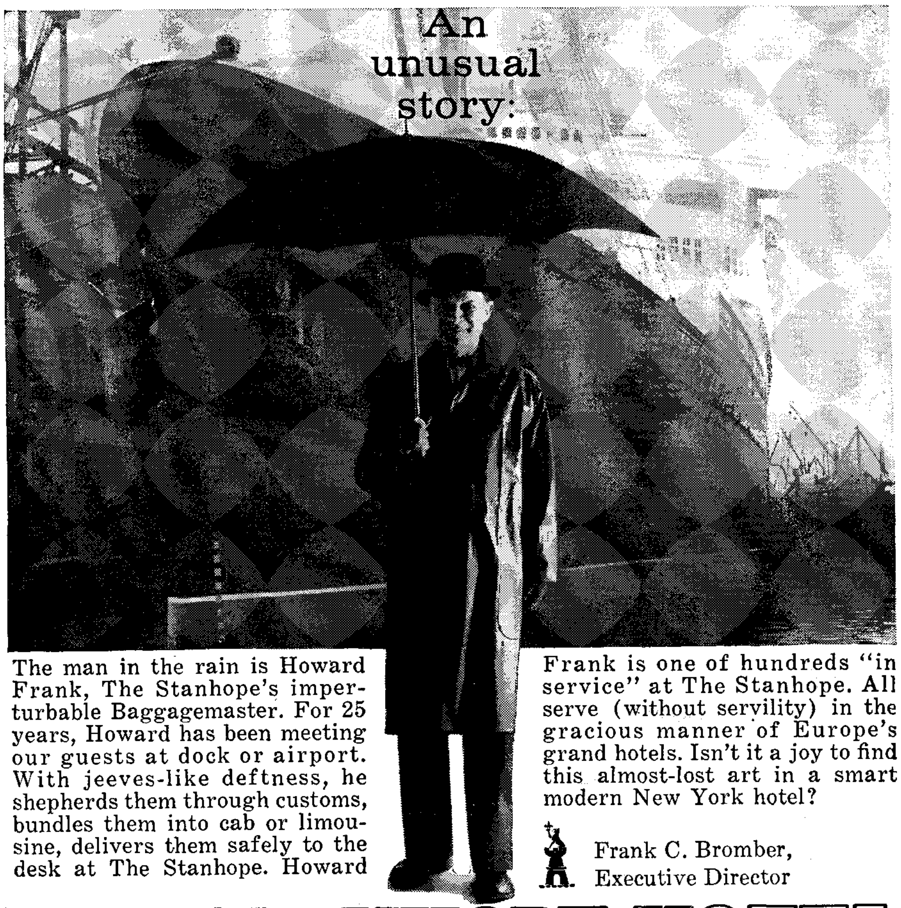
"Dink, you old rascal, swell hearing from you," his former coach and mentor cried. "In the ad game, eh? Tickets? Well, I think I can rustle up four of them for Dink Stover. Matter of fact, you'll be on our side of the field, 50 yard line, right next to Prexy himself!"

On the big day, Dink sat snugly in the stands between the President of Yale and the boss's daughter from Radcliffe (who, though not exactly beautiful, still exerted a certain inexplicable charm). "Come on, Bulldog," cheered Dink, his eyes misting slightly as he recalled his own fabled exploits for the beloved Blue, "give 'em that old ruster-duster!"

Dink couldn't recall when he was ever more happy.

"Come on, Bulldog, give 'em that old ruster-duster!"

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



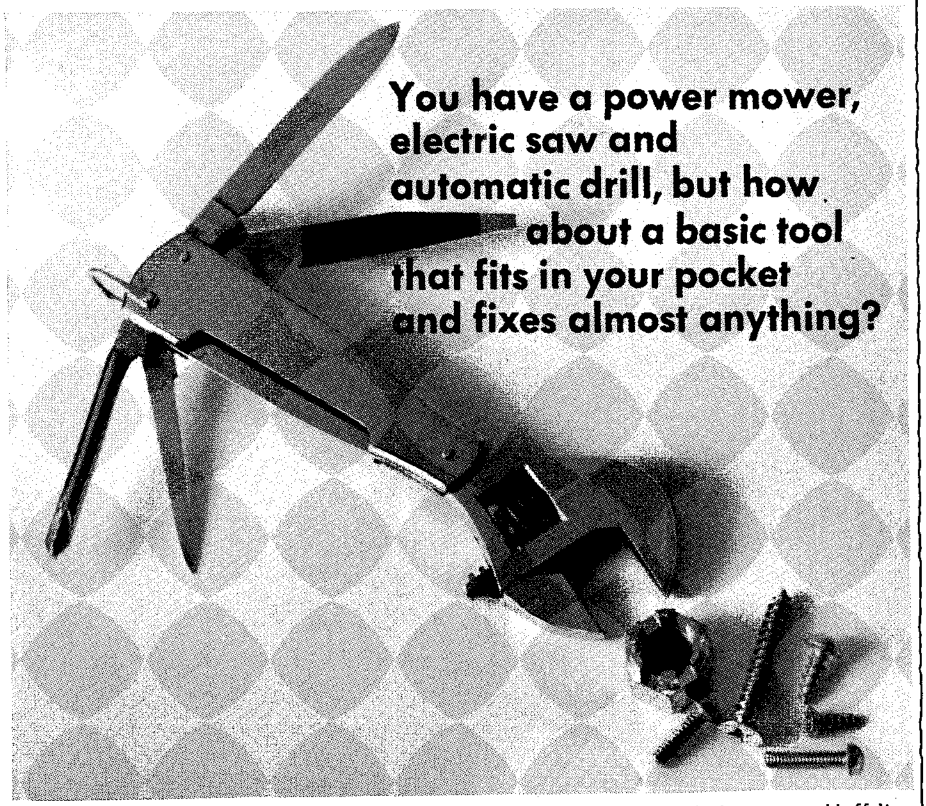
The man in the rain is Howard Frank, The Stanhope's imperturbable Baggagemaster. For 25 years, Howard has been meeting our guests at dock or airport. With jeeves-like deftness, he shepherds them through customs, bundles them into cab or limousine, delivers them safely to the desk at The Stanhope. Howard

Frank is one of hundreds "in service" at The Stanhope. All serve (without servility) in the gracious manner of Europe's grand hotels. Isn't it a joy to find this almost-lost art in a smart modern New York hotel?

Frank C. Bromber,
Executive Director

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800


You have a power mower, electric saw and automatic drill, but how about a basic tool that fits in your pocket and fixes almost anything?

To get pleasure out of something as mundane as tightening a bolt, own a Hoffritz wrench/pocket knife. Engineered with knife blade, screw driver, combination file/bottle opener and awl, it gives you the feeling of being handy around the house, even if you inevitably end up calling the repairman. Imported from Europe in nickle plate, 14.95 at:

HOFFRITZ

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, GRAND CENTRAL, 50 W. 34 ST., 30 CHURCH ST., 551 FIFTH, 331 MADISON, B'WAY AT FULTON, PENN. STATION, PORT AUTHORITY, KENNEDY OR LA GUARDIA TERMINALS.

of pearl mink—nice with a long evening skirt of black Russian broadtail; Dior-New York's tunic, a short one of beaver, zips up the back, too, and it has a low-slung leather sash and a high turtleneck.

BEING resplendent comes naturally to Maximilian. Take the jacket, very concave in front, of gray Persian lamb, and its A-line skirt of gray flannel, with wide horizontal bands of the Persian, and a turnover collar of the flannel; take the suit of Russian broadtail, the sleeves brought in tight by narrow leather bands at the wrists, and its overblouse, of black and white Russian ermine in stripes an inch and a half wide; take the cape of the same ermine—a sweeping, wrapping job that hooks under one shoulder; take the many costumes that are entirely of white Russian ermine, such as the Sherlock Holmes coat called Baker Street, with a split collar and double-breasted buttons. (A Holmes cape can be buttoned on.) Ermine takes care, too, of a short dress with white flamingo feathers spilling from the round neck and from the long, narrow sleeves in order to cover the backs of the hands. A return to Carole Lombard, even, is apparent in a coat of taupe Russian broadtail; fox in taupe and white and beige goes around the circular hem and the neck.

THE designs that Lund and Sarli have thought up for Bendel can be fanciful indeed. Such as the Little Gorilla suit, which is brown and shaggy and actually made of sable paws—a cardigan jacket, an A-line skirt, and an overblouse (this is of white silk) that is incongruously dotted with small rhinestones. And such as the handsome raincoat of black hair seal—a standup collar, two side-by-side buttons well below the waist, buttoned-on bands above the wrists, small epaulets. More epaulets appear on a coat of white ermine, and the buttons on them are of rhinestones. The Peter Thomson sailor collar with a white peau-de-soie tie makes it really girlish.

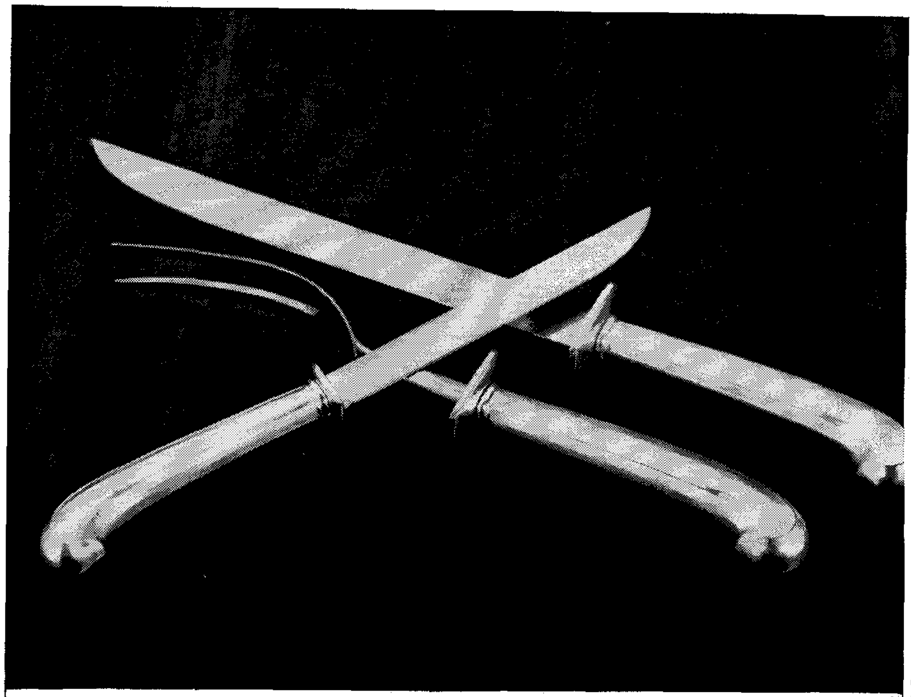
GEORGES KAPLAN can always be counted on to behave toward the Most Important of furs like a gentleman prankster out on a spree. A coat (Mondrian must be the secret designer) of white rabbit is full of roguishness—crossbars in dark green and then a red oblong at the front of the left shoulder and another beside the right knee. (But Mondrian has always been in Kaplan's background.) A pants outfit of broadtail is slit up a

WHEN
YOU WISH
YOU
HAD A WALES

The raincoat that's taking the country by storm (pun intended). Looks smashing. Keeps you dry. One wonderful Wales is wash and wear because it's tailored of Precipitwill® (65% Dacron* polyester & 35% cotton). It's also protected from rain and stain because it's treated with Ze Pel* fabric fluoridizer (a really remarkable discovery). In greystone, olive or black. Single breasted, about $30. With zip-in alpaca liner, about $45. Double breasted trench coat, about $35. At fine stores wherever there's weather.

*DuPont's reg. tm Prices slightly higher in the west

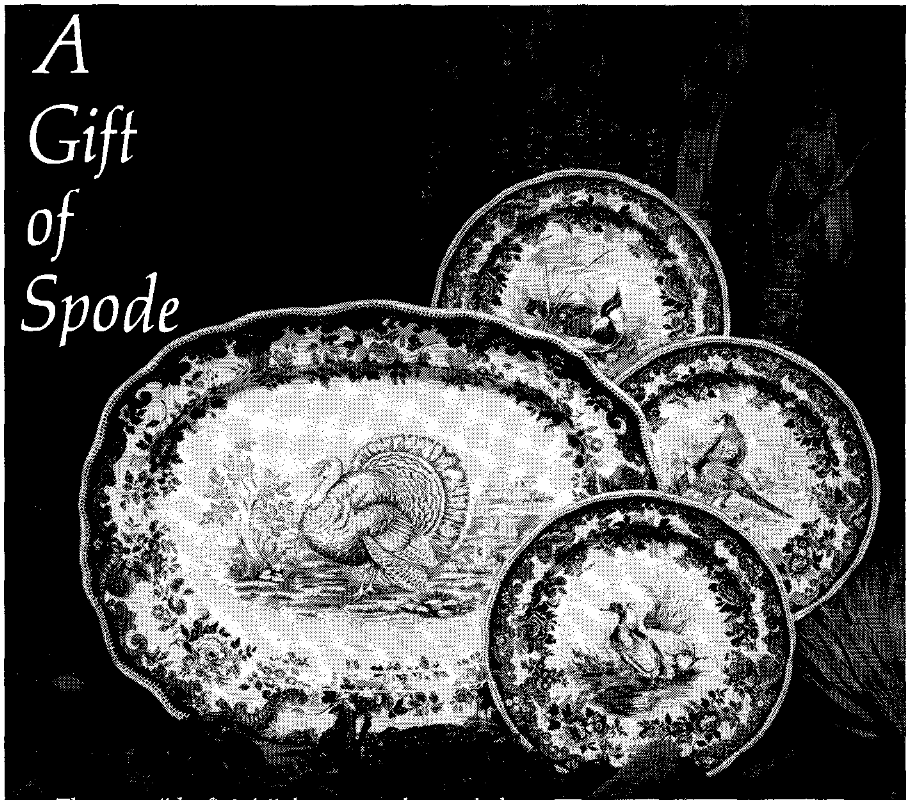
WALES, MAKERS OF FINE RAINWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN
1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.



GORHAM Sterling

Any way you slice it, Gorham's Dolly Madison carving set slices best. Pistol grip, sterling silver handles. Gerber Legendary blades stay sharp longer. 2-piece set $25.00. Individual steak knives $10 each. Only to be found at finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



These are "the fixin's" that can make any holiday table truly festive. Spode's colorful Turkey Set includes a platter large enough for the plumpest bird, and twelve dinner plates, each of which sports a different game bird painting in the center. $52.50 at the best store in town.

Spode

wholesale distributors / COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. / 206 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

trifle in front of the ankles to show the civet-cat facing, and it is completed by a civet-cat poncho. Now comes a beautiful raja tunic of India lamb dyed putty—a closing managed by three black frogs, matching bell-bottom pants. Hostesses should incline toward a dress of calfskin in a giraffe decorative scheme. It goes to the floor, it has no sleeves, its neck is high. Sportswomen might incline toward, or even chortle over, a shooting jacket of antelope with patch pockets on the chest and bulging ones below the belt. The culottes with it easily pass as a skirt. The baby doll in all (or is it just some?) of us is catered to by a dress of dark-blue American broadtail with short sleeves and a very high bustline that is emphasized by white grosgrain ribbon. And Empress chinchilla looks sporty indeed when it is cut trenchcoat style. But Kaplan can go majestic, as he does with a full-length Mata Hari coat of wild mink, the skins horizontally laid out. A tug at a zipper, and the bottom four skins detach, leaving you with a street-length coat in one hand and four bottom skins in the other.

VARIETY is the spice of the superb collection at Reiss & Fabrizio, too. A mere sliver of a coat, as beautiful as can be, appears in natural gray Russian broadtail with a back belt, an inch and a half wide, riding high between the shoulder blades, for a change—I'm getting tired of droopy back belts. Four buttons assemble in double-breasted formation in front, and there is a definite inward curve at the waist. R. & F. is another firm that likes to flirt with coats that resemble suits in front but have plain, straight backs. I saw one in white India lamb (four more of these double-breasted buttons on the head end, above a suit-length flap), and I am assured by the management that it is just as handsome in black Alaska seal or black mink. For an oddment, there is New Zealand deer (it has small white spots on a rich brown, so I suspect that it is a fawn). This is given a lining of U.S.A. brown nutria and a wide belt of brown suède. Wonder of wonders, the skins are worked vertically. When R. & F. turns to mink, it can turn to dirndl, as in a coat of ranch mink with shirring at each side of the waist. When it turns to tourmaline, the stuff is made to go around and around you without ever showing a seam. Six double-breasted buttons, ending quite low, ornament this coat. A formal-length coat of Russian ermine is panel after panel right down to the floor, and it is slashed up to the waist at the sides and at the center front; a cowl collar surmounts it, and the bottom is lavishly edged with black mink.

THE Gunther Jaeckel setup at Bonwit has gone quite special with Saga fox and Saga mink. You have seen blue fox before, a fairly uniform gray-blue, but nothing like the kind Gunther is showing—brilliant and snowy underneath, and shading on top to pale gray. It is used horizontally to make fat, collarless cocoon dolman capes, some of them six skins deep. The floor-length ones are zippered so that the bottom four skins whip off to produce (what else?) a street-length coat. For sports, this blue fox is combined with burnt-orange suède to accomplish a little laced-up vestee with wide, deep armholes. For hostess situations, there is jaguar, making an outfit with tremendously deep open armholes. It is lined with black nutria, and it is open all the way down the front to display whatever you want to wear beneath it. Great daytime magnificence is attained with gray Russian broadtail (it's really charcoal, with lots of highlights) that is cut as straight as an arrow. There are bell sleeves, and Lutetia mink crosses it at the neckline before running down the front. White mink is employed for a coat that can be day or evening—seven-eighths length, with a square of jet buttons in front and a tie belt, which is optional. Gunther also goes for formal cape coats. An exceptional one is of white mink. The cape starts at the elbows and dips well down in back. Its skins are vertical; on the coat, the skins go around and around. But even this conservative house has moments of glee, such as white lapin on which a big black hound's-tooth check has been printed; this makes large bell-bottom pants and a round-necked overblouse. It is $435.

OH, I just wanted to stick that one price in. It's a modest one, as prices of what I have been talking about go. But none of the customers in the salons I have been visiting ever seem to ask the price of *anything*, even of Russian crown sable. So let's not hear any of them complain about high taxes.

—LOIS LONG

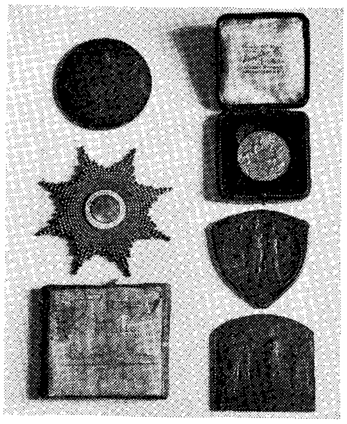
•

BREAD CRUMP.—Terme anglais signifiant mie de pain.—"*Larousse Gastronomique.*"

Well, according to Webster, "crump" is a blow or a thump or a crunching sound or the sound of the explosion of a heavy shell.

GETTING OUT THE MEDALS

Jack Daniel's whiskey won generally starts a round of stories Mr. Jack used to tell.



Jack Daniel liked to tell about going to the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, hardly knowing anybody, and leaving it the best-known man in whiskey-making. And folks around here say that when the King of England ordered a case after the Liege, Belgium Fair, Mr. Jack was the proudest man around. They don't taste whiskey at Fairs anymore. But we're just as proud of all the folks who favor Jack Daniel's now.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
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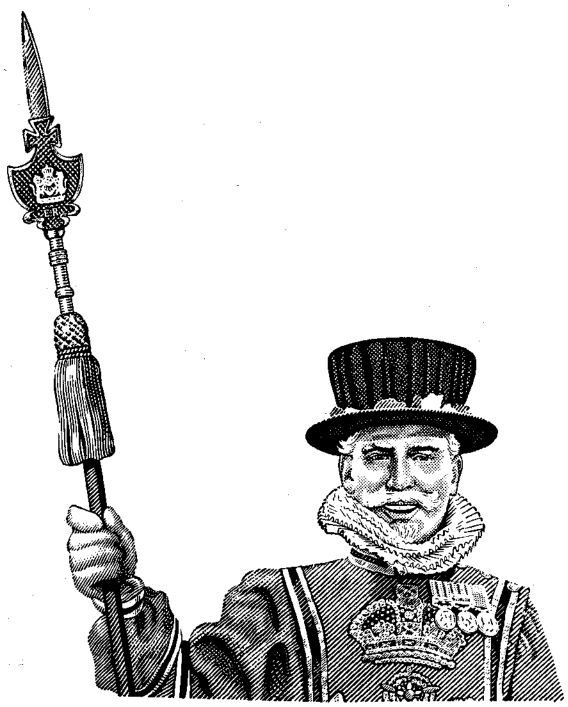
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.



Beefeater announces:

The grownups' hour

A time and a way for those who have given hostages to fortune to cut off the cares of the day and enjoy a great martini

Martini men know that the martini can be an ideal introduction to rational discourse among family and friends.

Sophisticated diners claim it is the one drink that whets the appetite and prepares the palate for great things to follow.

The martini must be cold and clean. The clean taste, which is a matter of the distiller's art, makes the martini the most polished of all drinks. The chill of the martini guards its subtle flavor, and delivers it roundly to the palate.

Greatness in the martini is not easily achieved. But its rewards are such that those who prize the small-group entertainment to which the martini lends itself so effectively often preside over the mixing themselves.

The icy beginning

The martini you drink at home should begin in a pitcher of ample size, with lots of ice cubes. The pitcher should go into the refrigerator with glasses—two if it's your wife and yourself, four if you have another couple who prize the martini hour, six if you plan to have that many.

(With a larger number than this most people find that the perfection of their martini and indeed the purpose of their hour tend to slip away beyond control. The great martini, experts agree, is drunk quietly,* among friends.)

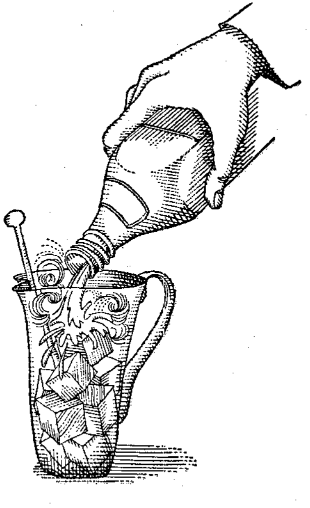
And it must begin life very cold. After pitcher and glasses have had at least twenty minutes in the refrigerator, hale the pitcher out suddenly.

It should immediately frost up. Pour in a good vermouth—as much or as little as your taste commands. Then fill the pitcher with ice cubes. And pour in the gin you have procured for this occasion.

The ice should smoke as you pour the gin over it.

Stir the gin round and round, to bring it to the polished chill it needs to do its work properly.

Glasses need preparation too. They should be taken out of the refrigerator and brought to the pitcher immediately before serving. Some people put in an olive, or a small pickled onion (making



the martini, a very dry martini, into a gibson).

Some rub a bit of lemon peel around the rim, then twist the lemon peel and drop it in.

Many like their martini poured over ice cubes in the glass, making a martini on the rocks. But even the martini served on the rocks deserves a chilled glass.

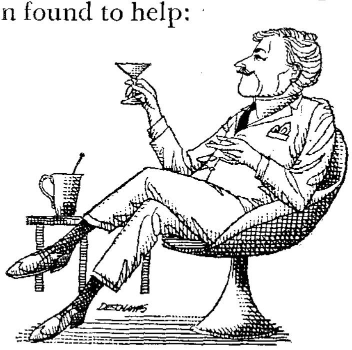
So does the martini that is shaken, instead of stirred.

The reason for all this care is clear when you take the first sip of your martini. It should be cold, straight martini, undiluted by swashing around in a warm glass.

NOTE: People who prize a great martini insist on this same kind of care in the martini they drink at luncheon or in a restaurant before dinner. And people who run a good bar or good restaurant will serve your martini with this kind of care.

Summit meeting

How do you find the time to serve a great martini, especially in a home with small children? Some simple household rules have been found to help:



First, let the head of the house assume the responsibility for the martini. You can, of course, get someone else to do it — a paid hand on a yacht, a butler if you possess one.

But don't ask a wife to put the pitcher and glasses in the refrigerator, or to preside over the swift chilly marriage of gin and vermouth. She has probably been in and out of the kitchen all day on lesser errands.

Second, slow down when you come into the house. Say hello to the children and everyone else around. It is a big thing, usually, when the head of the house comes home—that's why everyone clamors for your attention.

A good romp on the living room floor or the front lawn while the glassware is chilling is a good way for the young to let off steam. (Or on a penthouse roof, or basement game room.)

Third, summon the children just before you mix the martini. Announce to them that it is now the *grownups'* hour—and they are to pursue their play elsewhere. The martini hour is for those who are going to drink martinis.

(In some families, as a special treat, the young man of the house may have a chilled glass of fruit juice. But he must understand that the grownups' hour is the time for grownup talk on grownup subjects.)

These are only suggestions, but you can see their object: to assure to *you* the hour that is needed to engage in the quiet talk that ends a busy day and begins an enjoyable evening.

NOTE: If you are bound for the theater, or if you are dining out, we suggest you not be tempted into violating this routine. Allow the same time for chilling your glassware and confine your cocktail hour to drinking *one* great martini, properly enjoyed. Better any day than two lukewarm failures gulped down in haste.

The role of gin

Many of our readers will remember the martini of the 1930s. Those who have not experienced it have surely read or heard about it. Three parts gin to one part vermouth. That was a dry martini. Two-to-one or, even one-to-one, for a regular martini.

And what of the gibson, now the driest of the dry? Patrick Gavin Duffy originally prescribed equal parts of gin and sweet vermouth—served with a pickled small onion.

Does history matter? The first martini was made by Jerry Thomas in the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, about 1860, as follows:

Recipe: 1 dash of bitters, 2 dashes of maraschino, 1 pony of sweet gin, 1 wineglass of vermouth, 2 small lumps of ice—shaken and strained into a large cocktail glass with ¼ slice of lemon.

When you think of the martini you drink today, the increasingly important role of gin becomes apparent. And this has led to a distinct change in the *kind* of gin people ask for.

In 1947 less than one bottle out of five hundred sold in America was imported. Today the figure is nearing one out of *ten*. And when people dining out specify gin by brand, they specify the leading imported gin more often than any other.

The imported one

When gin stands alone, or nearly so, as it does in most martinis made in America today, its flavor and character become particularly important. The flavor of gin is a subtle thing. It is not achieved easily.

The utterly clean flavor of a great gin depends on differences too minute to be detected by the most modern methods of scientific analysis.

Mr. Eric Burrough, chairman of the famous Burrough distillery in London, has said:

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He concludes:

> "Whilst we have chemists who help, the ultimate distilling is controlled by the man at the base of the still using his sense of smell."

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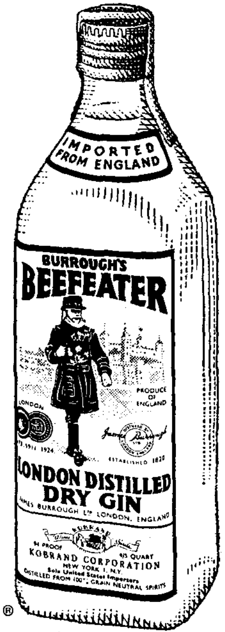

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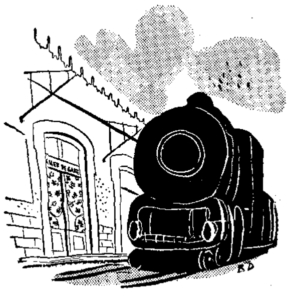
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 20

NOW it is St.-Germain des Prés that the French are Americanizing, in the way they perfected on their Champs-Élysées. The second Paris Drugstore will be opened this week on the Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue de Rennes across from the Café des Deux-Magots, but will be much further out, inside, than its predecessor Drugstore, up near the Arc de Triomphe. Overhead on the wall above the new Drugstore's circular bar there is a series of astonishing large oval bronze plaques that represent in sculptured *haut-relief* the mouths of six of the most famous women of our time. Even if the women's names were not inscribed beneath, the mouth of Brigitte Bardot would be easily recognizable, because her lips are parted and show her two well-known front teeth. The next most identifiable is Françoise Sagan's well-shaped, witty mouth. There are the famous laughing lips of Marilyn Monroe. Jeanne Moreau is reported to have identified, even from a photograph, her rather sullen, molded mouth. That of Juliette Greco is *nul* without her voice coming out from it, and, far sadder, those ravishing lips of Marlene Dietrich, so celebrated in public mobility for so long a time, are permanently without meaning in bronze, having neither charm nor personality. As alternate decorations, there are sculptured panels of six eyes, each belonging to a famous man of our day, and each looking practically like all the others, though the choice of the men is interesting. There is the late Albert Camus and the late Gérard Philipe, whose romantic glance on the screen or the classic stage made him the idealized young actor of postwar Paris. The other eyes belong to Duke Ellington (a nice compliment) and to Jean-Paul Belmondo, as the new tough-tender movie star; there is the little bull's eye of Picasso, for whom St.-Germain was a nocturnal conversational field over the years; and, finally, there is the eye of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, the physicist. These lip and eye panels are more entertaining as a historical notion than they could possibly be as artistic conversation pieces, even after several bourbons, which is what the young French now drink instead of Scotch, which is out. The St.-Germain Drugstore will have three official openings this week, the first on Monday night for diplomats and night-life notables—black tie and evening gowns de rigueur. On Wednesday afternoon, in the Drugstore's basement cinema, the world's first showing will be held of Fellini's latest, already much discussed, if unseen, new film, called in French "Juliette des Esprits."



MODERNIZATION is also claiming another corner of the Left Bank. Straight up the Rue de Rennes, there has been opened the preliminary entrance of the new Gare Montparnasse, to replace the old one, which had been in use by Parisians for a hundred and thirteen years, having been a station for horse-drawn suburban *diligences* before railroads were invented. The old red brick station is already being torn down, and the square facing it has been renamed Square 18 Juin—the day in 1940 when General de Gaulle made his famous broadcast appeal from London. On the site of the old station will arise (in 1967) the highest skyscraper now planned for all Europe—the Tour Montparnasse hotel, of fifty stories (if its five basements are counted), to contain five hundred de-luxe rooms, as well as shops, a conference auditorium, a swimming pool, a cinema, a roof-garden restaurant, and so on—the project having been officially approved only this last week by Premier Pompidou. There was violent opposition to the scheme, led principally by the conservative Deputy Frédéric-Dupont, who apparently lives nearby and who complained that a spear-shaped edifice of such altitude would ruin the historic south skyline of Paris—which, of course, nobody of imagination could deny. The Deputy also said that the Tour would particularly destroy the perspective from the Esplanade des Invalides, on which, at long last, a *jardin à la française* was to be planted—one of those delightful gardens of baroque, patterned plants about ten inches high, ill-suited indeed to a distant background skyscraper. At the Observatoire, a few blocks to the southeast, the savants protested that "such a mass in the sky of Paris" would hamper their celestial observations, and that all their nocturnal calculations would be inter-

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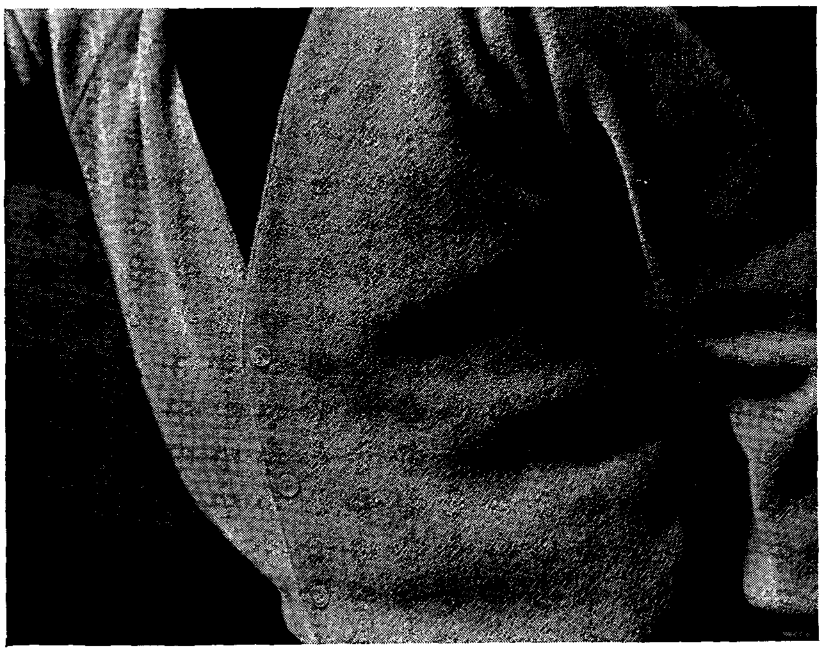

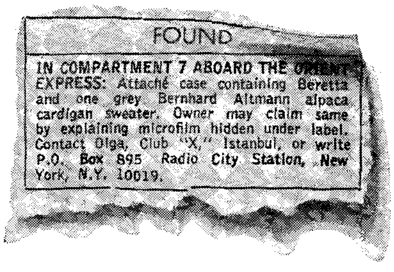

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fered with by the Tour's high radiance of electric light. As is natural in a highly civilized old city that has been enjoying solid prosperity, the architectural future of Paris is already crushing its past.

CERTAINLY the new Montparnasse hotel accommodations are a capital-city necessity. The still unfinished Paris Hilton, behind the Tour Eiffel, is said to be the first big new Paris hotel in thirty-three years, and during the Salon de l'Automobile last week, there were not enough empty beds to be found in town for the visitors and the motor trade. The news from the Salon is good and bad. Sales of new cars at the Salon were from twenty to fifty per cent higher than last year—awful news for people who live in overmotorized Paris and must now face an influx of thousands of redundant new cars, but good news for the automobile workers, who had a lean, jobless spell earlier this year. Perhaps in anticipation, the Champs-Élysées suddenly looks naked. This last weekend, all parking of cars by the curb was forbidden, and it is rumored that double parking—and maybe parking of any sort—under the trees beside the broad sidewalk will also be outlawed, apparently to force *sou*-pinching car owners to cease parking by the year in public for nothing and to use instead, at two francs an hour, the new neighborhood subterranean Avenue George V municipal garage, which still has plenty of empty space.

A MINOR version of a new look in Paris is another daily newspaper—the seventeenth—called *24 Heures*, launched by Marcel Dassault, probably the richest industrialist in France; among other things he manufactures planes for the French Air Force, such as the Mystères and Mirage IVs, for its *force de frappe.* He has unsuccessfully dabbled in journalism before, having earlier launched *Jours de France* as a presumed rival to the great French weekly *Match* but having had to retreat by turning it into a mere woman's magazine. So far, *24 Heures* does not sell, according to the newsstands, and does not even look promising to the eye. It prints so many tabloid-type photos and so little text (except for a full-page Bourse stock-market report) that the satiric weekly *Canard Enchaîné* ran a cartoon of an illiterate-looking crone saying with pleasure, "I don't know how to read, so I buy *24 Heures*." Dassault is known as a confirmed Gaullist, but since his new paper,

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in a peculiar omission, runs no editorials, or even political news, the General is certainly receiving no preëlection boosts from it, though they would not come amiss.

PARIS has recently been visited by both Chinese and Japanese entertainers. Le Théâtre Acrobatique de Chine, Ensemble Artistique et Acrobatique Officiel de la République Populaire de Chine, under the patronage of His Excellency Huang Chen, the Chinese Ambassador here, has been fulfilling an engagement of fifty performances at the Palais de Chaillot which have enormously pleased the crowds. What the Chinese performers do is commonplace juggling, such as those inevitable twisting plates twiddled on the ends of sticks, or just tumbling on a trampoline. But the Chinese do these things with an important perfection that gives them beauty. Their acts are also, in a way, dull, for the Chinese lack *éclat*—absent from whatever they do because of the very ease with which they do it. The girls, who all wear pigtails, are, fortunately, rather pretty—especially the star girl acrobat, Hasia Kiu-houa, who juggles bowls with her feet and is also an elected deputy to the People's Congress. The most remarkable number is one in which six men balance upside down on a lopsided tower of six chairs, the back legs of each chair being, in turn, balanced on the outer edge of the seat of the chair just beneath. It is an act that provides admirable, humble excitement.

For the opening night of the Chinese acrobats, the guests and audience were asked to wear *tenue de ville*. For the opening night of the Kabuki Theatre of Tokyo, at the Odéon-Théâtre de France, the invitation requested *tenue de soirée*, or full evening regalia, since French Ministers were present. Paris had already seen a group of Japanese *no* players, but the Kabuki was new here. The Odéon was small for its necessities, which demanded a runway (poetically called in Japanese "the bridge of flowers") stretching from the left side of the stage above the audience's heads to a point halfway back in the auditorium. The troupe, here only for a limited engagement, is an enormous one, including thirty singers and musicians. Among the dozen or more actors, the most famous are Nakamura Kanzaburo, of a great theatrical family of Kabuki players going back three hundred years; Onore Kuroemon, the ideal samurai; and, as one of Japan's most celebrated

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actors of female roles, Onoe Baiko, son and pupil of the greatest modern Kabuki star, recently deceased. Of the three plays given on Sunday night, all of which were created in the eighteenth century, the first concerned three brothers and treachery, and contained a wondrous duel, with stamping of feet and partial disrobing of the principals by a couple of property men dressed in black, with black gauze masks over their faces, which marked them as invisible. This play was an example of bravura drama, with violent facial makeup of dominant red for heroic virtue and blue with black for villainy. The second play was actually touching, the hero, Shunkan, being a historical personage exiled by a despot to an island with two other conspirators. They, but not he, are finally invited to return to the capital city. Shunkan, by now an elderly man, sees the boat leave without him. Since his tragedy is that of desertion, loneliness, and grief at the loss of his murdered wife, the plot mattered even to us foreigners. But the great thing was the acting of Shunkan by Kanzaburo. Without the help of words or gestures, his face became the perfect flesh of his grief. All his sadness lay there above his shabby garments and beneath his disordered gray hair—a face of concentrated sadness. It was more than acting; it was a form of living, for a few minutes, the human emotion of utter desolation. He advanced a few steps onto the bridge of flowers as if to expose his grief more intimately to other human beings. Many in the audience were weeping, and the house gave him an ovation. The last play starred Baiko, the male actor of female roles, as a dancer, and the magnificent Kuroemon as a samurai. Baiko the man is not beautiful as a woman, but his art of movement—of fractional gesture, of the lifting of a hand and then of a finger, of the whole art of transference of meaning through subtle modulations of movement—was fascinating, though unsatisfactory to watch if viewed as that of a *danseuse*. It was a great evening of splendid foreign acting.

Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" was created at the Paris Opéra in 1779 and was popular there until the romanticism of Rossini's music turned Parisians' heads and ears and it was removed from the repertory. It was not sung there again until one single performance in 1931 by that unique diva Germaine Lubin. Gluck's opera returned home last Friday night, when

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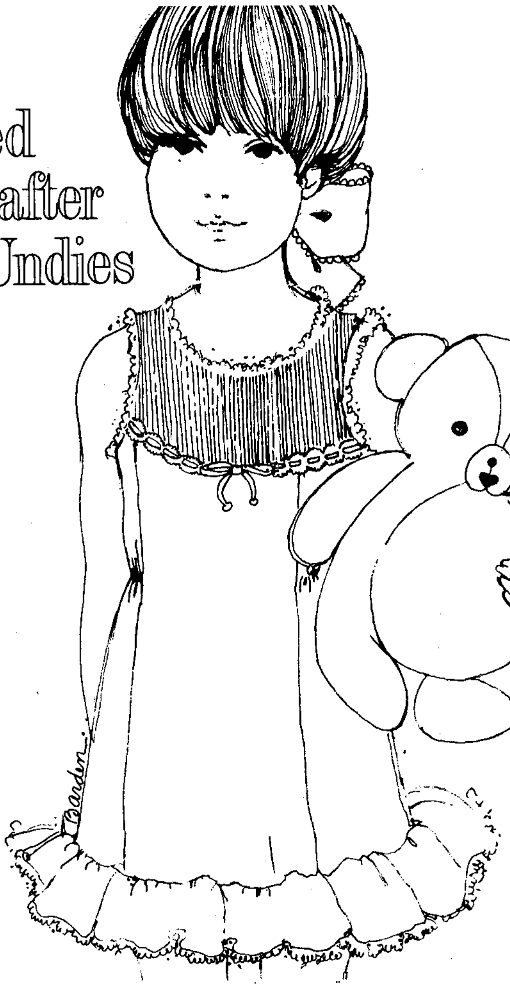

PETITE TUCKS AND RIBBON BEADING IN BRIGHTEST WHITE. 3 TO 10. ABOUT $2.25. AT FRANKLIN SIMON—NEW YORK.

Mme. Régine Crespin opened the opera season with its revival. The initial scene of the tempest, staged by Jean Janoir, of the Lyon Opéra, was amazing to the eye, if difficult for the singers. He had created a number of oval tilted ramps (used throughout the work), on which, in mist, the chorus mounted or descended (the tempestuous effect being aided by cinematic cloud effects), while the orchestra, under the baton of Georges Sebastian, at once reached the peak of the evening in the tempest music. Less sure in the opening half of the performance than in the last, Mme. Crespin's vocal performance was praiseworthy, with certain difficulties in the high registers—a compliment to her long successes. Her pianissimi were lovely, controlled. She sang with the brilliant competence that makes for a popular star (especially if she is handsome), and she has the physical attributes that are basic requirements of the *grande cantatrice.* Robert Massard, as Oreste, displayed an excellent voice. The unfortunate Guy Chauvet, who sang Pylade, was booed—a critical outburst from the gallery gods rarely heard in the Paris Opéra—for his faltering solo, which was too high for him. The chorus, garbed in Wedgwood blue and clustered on their tilted ramps, looked like figurines by Puvis de Chavannes. They were well trained and sang with volume and on pitch. Many listeners today find Gluck a noble bore, but the Opéra here needs resuscitation and refreshment, and certainly Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" is as good as a novelty after more than a hundred years of retirement.

—GENÊT

•

This year all motor boats, except those driven by an electric battery, have been prohibited. We were told that the oil from gasoline motors had poisoned the fish. (This is open to verification.) Be that as it may we took a trip down the long pond Sunday in a canoe. In it were my wife and two sons who are working for their canoeing merit badge. The canoe was firmly tied to the top car rack and seemed to detract little from the handling of the car.—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

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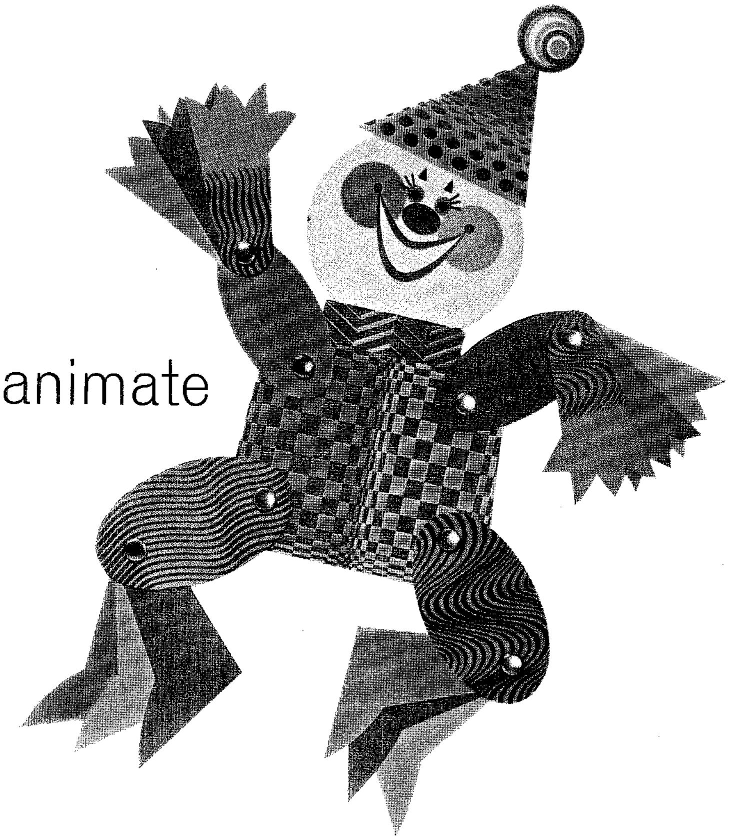

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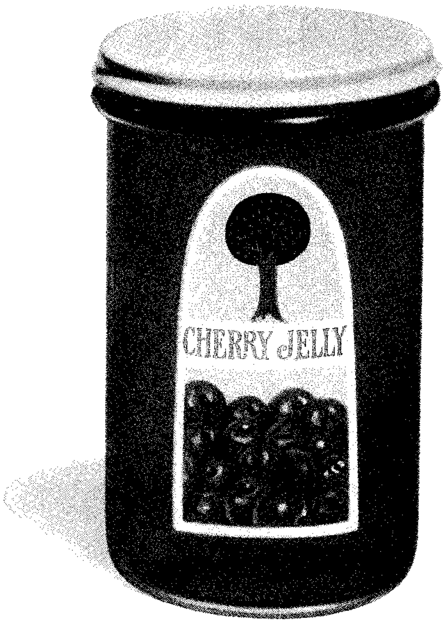
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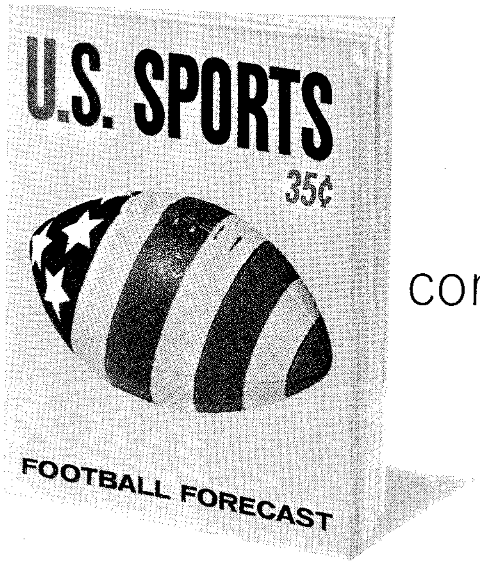
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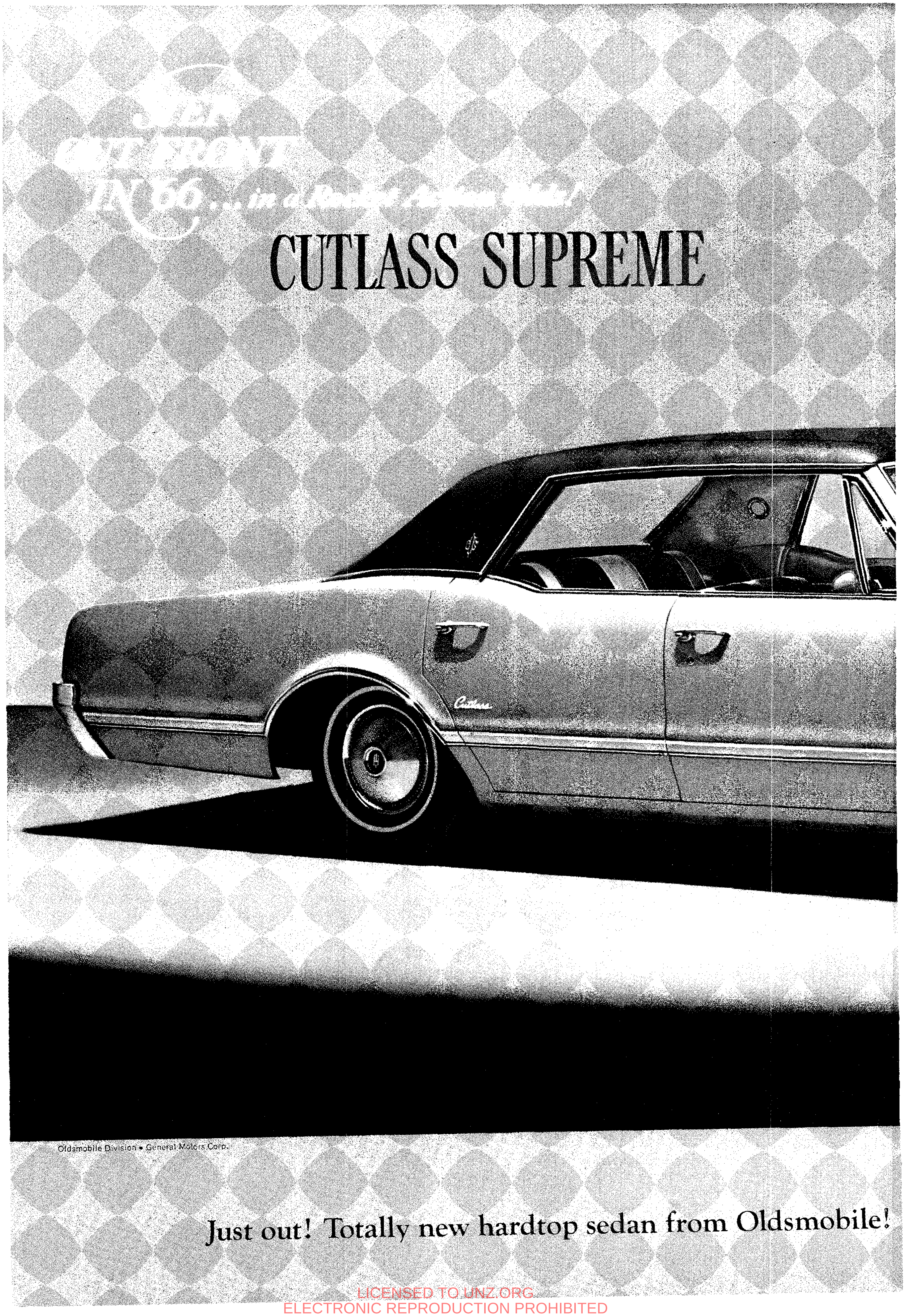
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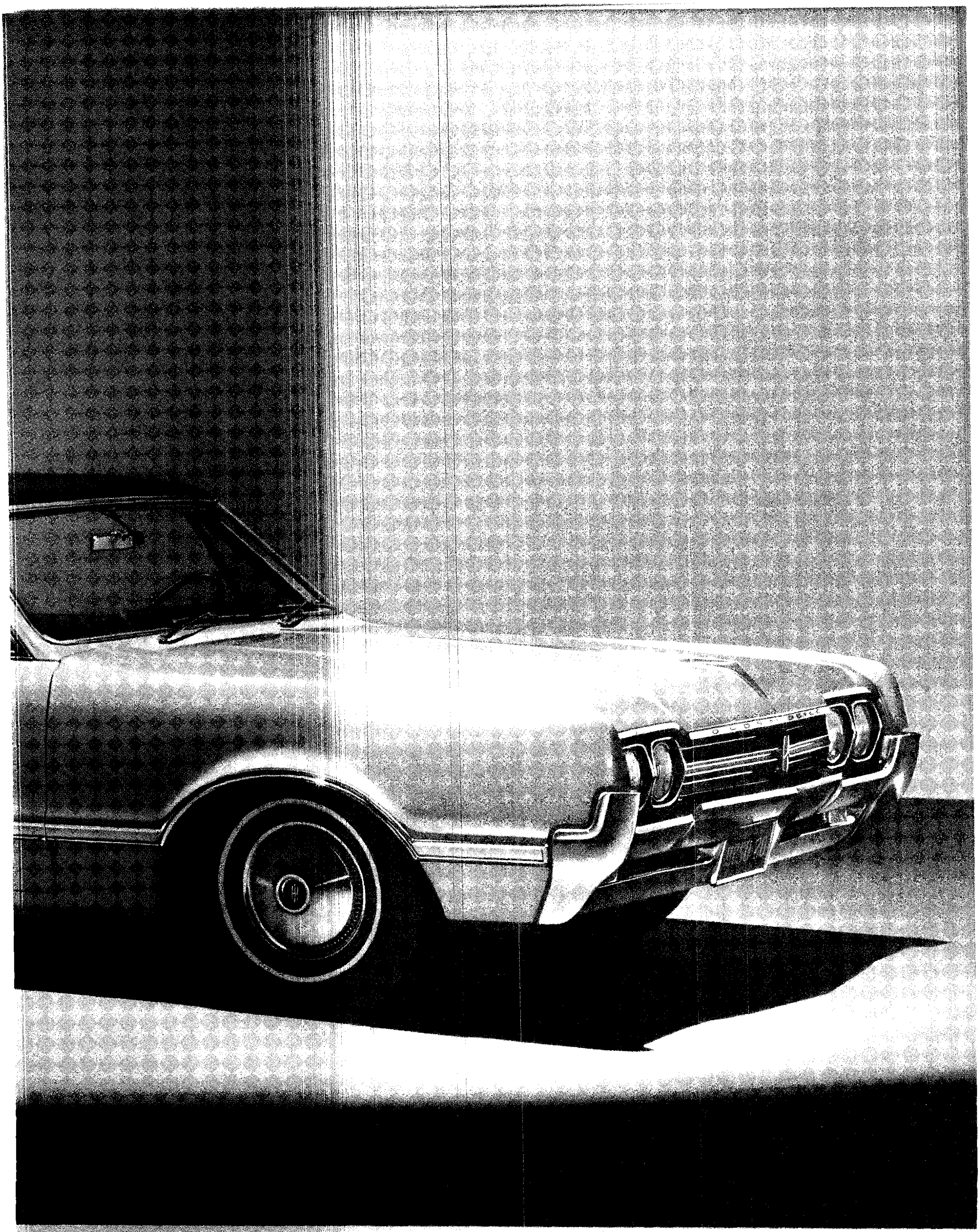

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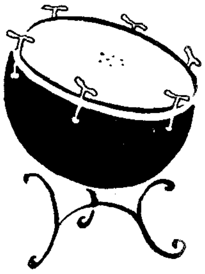
West Meets East



MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH'S performance of the solo part of Dvořák's Cello Concerto with the Moscow Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week was, I think, the first really great event of the season. The Soviet cellist, who always wears spectacles, looks like a distinguished professor of archeology, and holds his cello at a peculiar angle (much more toward the horizontal than any I have previously seen), is certainly one of the great masters of his instrument. We have had two comparable masters in the course of half a century—the elusive Pablo Casals, greatest of all of them, and the late Emanuel Feuermann, who died at a rather early age in 1942. They have all had the typical cello player's physique, muscular and sometimes stocky—something that is apparently necessary to wring a big tone out of this large instrument. I have not heard Casals in many years, and I have no idea how he plays today. Feuermann, a superb stylist, a deeply sensitive musician, and a faultless technician, reigned until his death as the outstanding cellist in our concert halls. Rostropovich is not quite as fastidious as Feuermann. There are times when, in the sheer excitement of the moment, he can play out of tune down at the difficult end of the fingerboard. But this fault doesn't matter. He has a tremendously big tone, fantastic agility, musicianly instincts that impart authority to every phrase, and a special sort of dash—the dash, that is, of a true virtuoso—that makes his interpretations immensely exciting. This last quality is a little difficult to put into words. It is as though the soloist were a bullfighter entering a ring with bravado and bringing off his kill not only with skill but also with gallant offhandedness. Casals had this quality; the more meticulous Feuermann did not—or, at least, it was not his principal characteristic. With Rostropovich, it is a basic ingredient of the performing personality, and perhaps there is no composition in which it can shine more effectively than in this expansive Dvořák work—one of the finest pieces of music ever written for the cello, and

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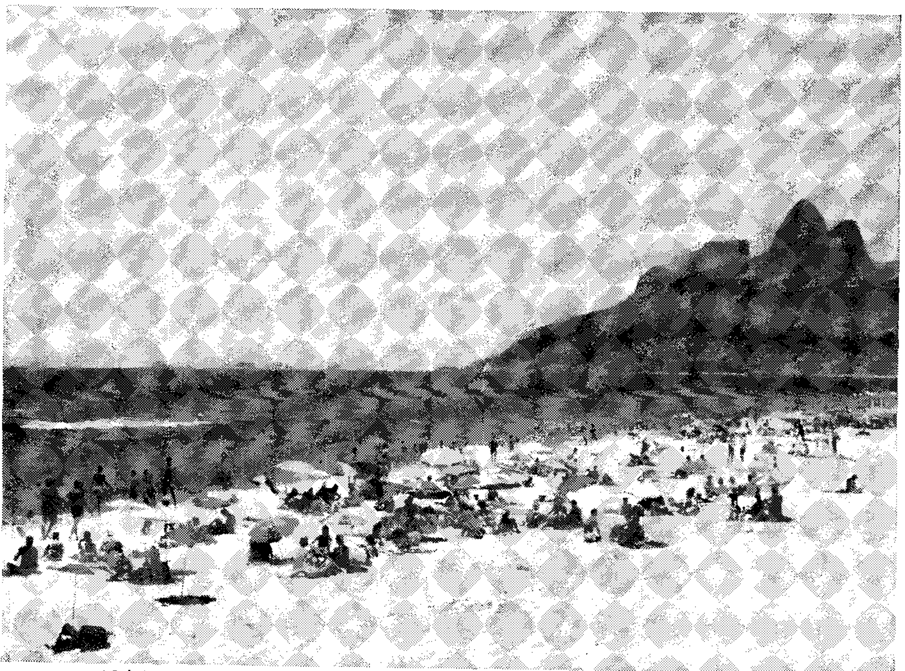

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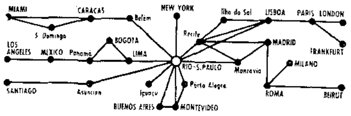

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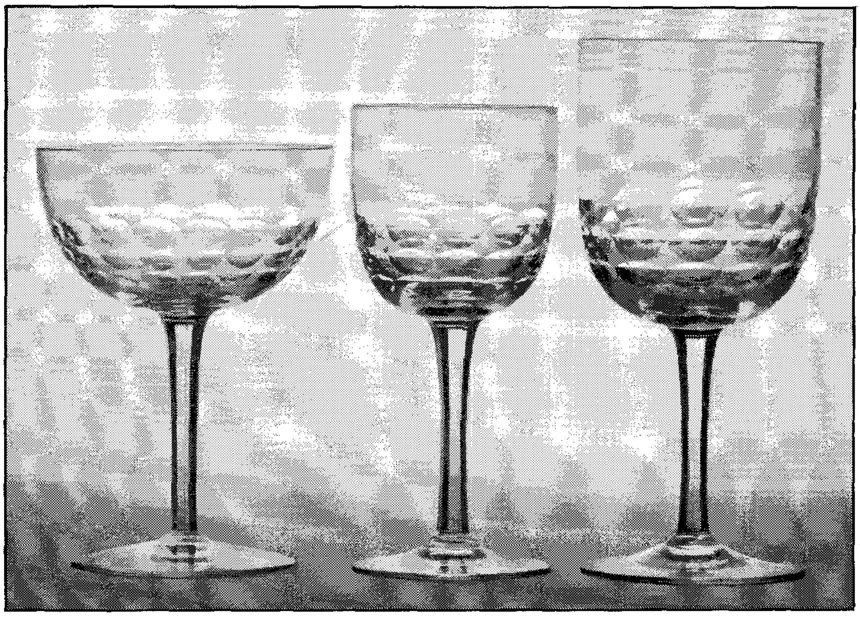

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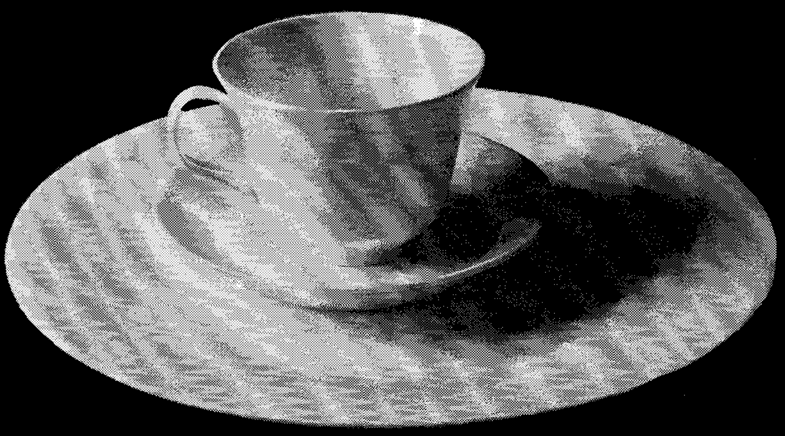

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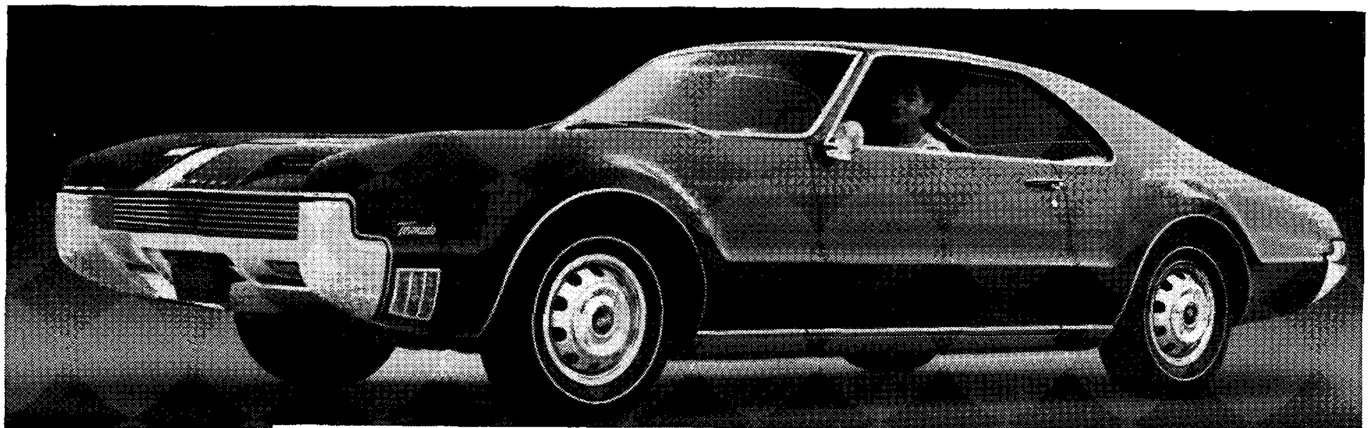
certainly one of the finest pieces of music ever written by Dvořák. The vigor of Rostropovich's attack, the apparent casualness with which he tossed off the rapid obbligatos ornamenting the orchestral passages, and the beauty of tone and the insistent passion he exhibited in the slow movement were things that one does not get from ordinary cellists. Rostropovich is a robust cello player with a style of his own, and it is the grandest sort of style.

There were other soloists with the Moscow Philharmonic during the week. Mr. Rostropovich's wife, Galina Vishnevskaya, sang the letter scene from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and Lisa's aria, from the same composer's "Pique Dame," on the same program. She seemed more relaxed in the latter item, but in both she conveyed quite a lot of drama. Yet the drama appeared to me to be external—not expressed by the voice itself, which, though quite large, has always seemed to me essentially cold in quality. Later in the week, on Friday night, Igor Oistrakh—the younger Oistrakh—played the solo part in the Brahms Violin Concerto while his father conducted. It was, on the whole, a beautiful performance. Mr. Oistrakh junior has all the technical equipment of a first-rate virtuoso. He plays cleanly and in tune, with a magnificent left hand and a cultivated sense of phrasing. He is undoubtedly among the dozen best violinists around. If he is not yet quite the equal of his father, one should remember that he is a good deal younger.

Now, having disposed of the soloists, I would like to take a second look at the Moscow Philharmonic itself, and to indulge in some second thoughts about its conductors Kiril Kondrashin and David Oistrakh. The orchestra, though hospitality indicates that I shouldn't say so, is not by any means a uniformly brilliant one. Its great assets are its topnotch woodwinds and its powerful trombones and tuba. Its violins and violas do a great deal of scrubbing in the forte passages, and there is a consequent absence both of fullness and of transparency of tone. Its horns, too, owing perhaps to differences in manufacture from ours, tend to blare in the fortissimos and to lack richness in the softer passages. And, as I remarked last week, the orchestra as a whole is somewhat heavy and inelastic as a total instrument. This fact was made vividly apparent to me when, on Wednesday evening, I went to hear the New York Philharmonic, at Philharmonic Hall, with Leonard Bernstein, perform the



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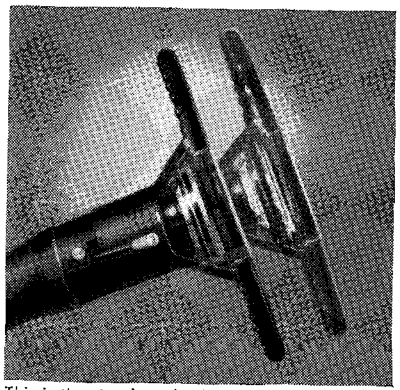

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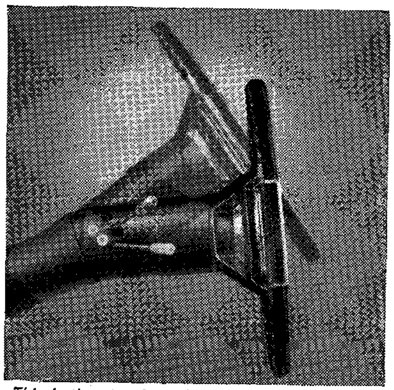

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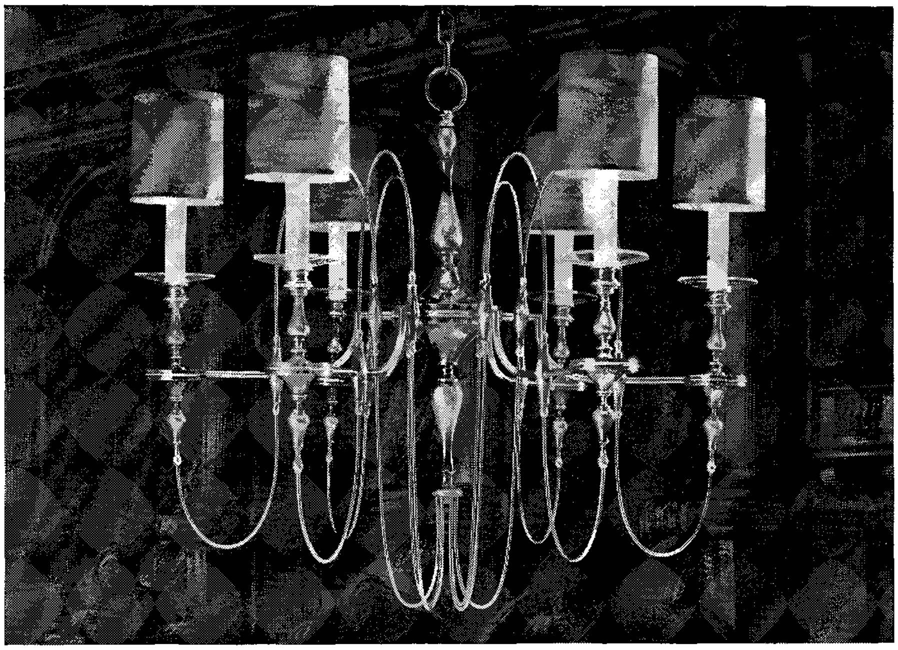

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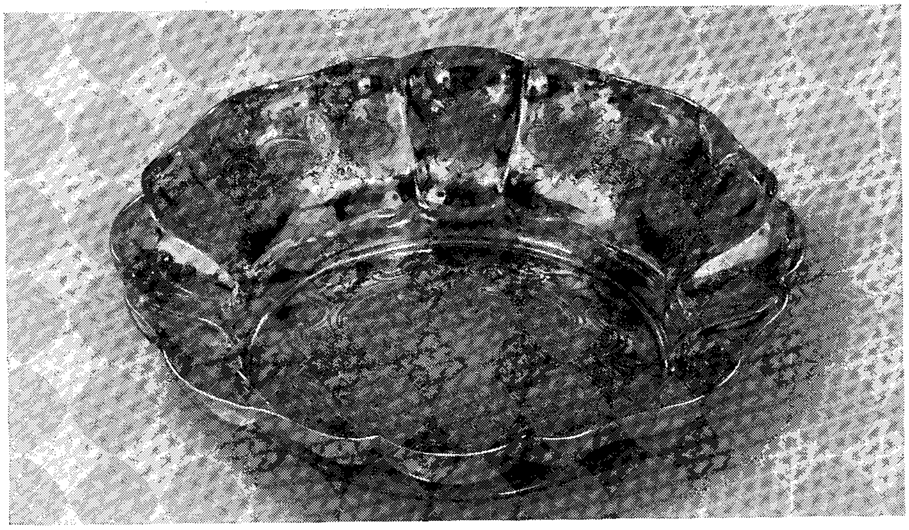

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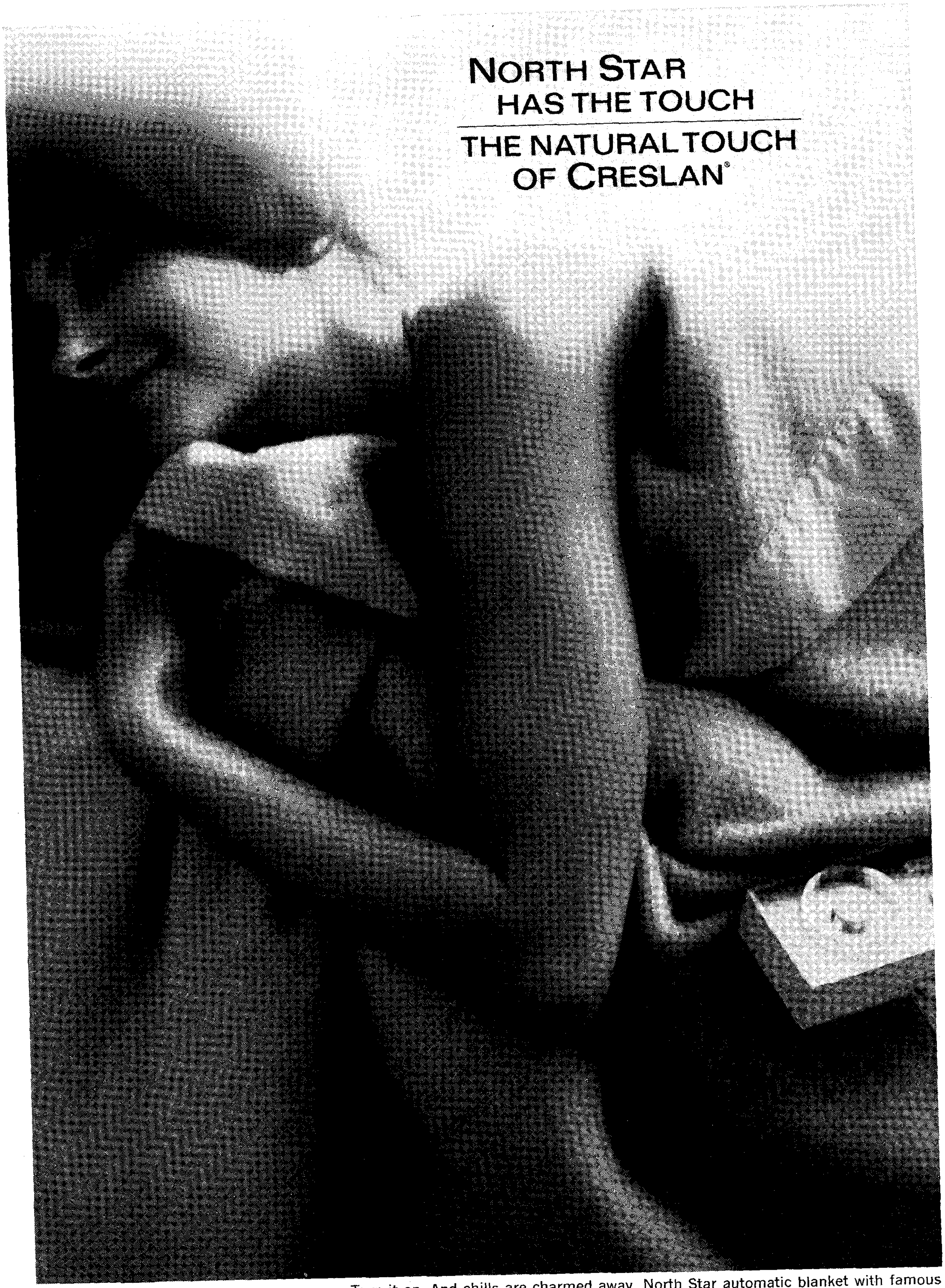
Shostakovich Ninth—a symphony the Moscow orchestra had played just the previous week. There was no comparison where subtlety, clarity, and quickness of response were concerned; the Philharmonic was far superior. In the matter of violinists, this is a curious point, in view of the fact that much of our own tradition of violin playing is Russian—brought to this country by a great many Russian violinists as well as by the great Hungarian pedagogue Leopold Auer, who spent the early part of his life in St. Petersburg. I can only conclude that most of Russia's outstanding violinists came to America at the time of the revolution, and that—except for such extraordinary artists as the Oistrakhs, father and son—Russia today is a little behind us in the training of fiddlers.

Moreover, I do not find Mr. Kondrashin to be in the breathtaking category as a conductor. He is a painstaking maestro and, I am afraid, a rather fussy one. I am thinking now not only of the Shostakovich symphony of the week before last but of the Tchaikovsky "Pathétique," which he did last Tuesday evening. Both seemed to be pulled apart analytically to a needless extent, and to an extent that interfered with the natural flow of the music. To me, the "Pathétique" lacked most of the drama that is inherent in it, because Mr. Kondrashin was changing tempos in midstream, concentrating on details that were lifted out of their proportionate places, and generally giving a highly personal reading of the score. Even in the five-quarter-time movement, Mr. Kondrashin could not stick to a steady tempo.

I don't know how seriously Mr. Oistrakh senior takes himself as a conductor, but he appeared in that capacity on Friday night not only as accompanist to his son but as the steersman of a by no means easy work—the Fifth Symphony of Prokofieff. His appearance on the podium reminded one of the late Pierre Monteux—modest, undramatic, and practical, without unnecessary motions but obviously very much in charge of everything. On the whole, I thought his reading of the symphony—which is, of course, one of the finest twentieth-century works of its sort—well paced, intelligently balanced, and quite eloquent.

AT the Philharmonic's Wednesday-night concert, there was, in addition to the excellent performance of the Shostakovich Ninth that I referred to above, a reading of Stravinsky's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Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D Major with the eighteen-year-old violinist James Oliver Buswell IV (man, that certainly is an Anglo-Saxon name for a violinist!) as soloist. Mr. Buswell, a cherubic-looking youngster, showed evidences of a sterling technique, a beautiful tone, and refined musical taste. I say "evidences" because in this particular concerto Mr. Stravinsky is so busy showing off himself that his soloist hardly has a chance. Maybe someday soon we shall be able to hear Mr. Buswell in something less awkwardly written for the violin and more revealing of violinistry.

I REGRET not having remained at this concert to hear Saint-Saëns' Symphony No. 3 in C Minor, Opus 78, a work that I am fond of, but it seemed to be my duty to get down to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the last two acts of the season's first "Il Trovatore"—a work that I am also fond of. Everything was going fairly well at the Opera House; indeed, there was more vigor than usual, because of the conducting of Georges Prêtre. Flaviano Labò was in his element as Manrico, singing idiomatically but clearly and simply, and having a go at "Di quella pira" that brought down the house. Robert Merrill, always a dependable singer, with great beauty of voice, did nicely as the Count di Luna, and Irene Dalis was an Azucena of more than usual dramatic power. Gabriella Tucci had some trouble with her *fioritura*, but at least her voice was powerful. Charles Anthony was outstanding in the minor role of Ruiz. Nobody could act except Miss Dalis, but then who cares whether anybody acts in "Il Trovatore"?

WHAT was said to be the first New York performance of a Handel oratorio, "Susanna," took place in Town Hall last Friday night with the Amor Artis Chorale, under the capable direction of Johannes Somary, and I was able to hear its first act before proceeding uptown to Carnegie Hall. The chorus sang with exemplary clarity, and the soloists were all of top calibre, including Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Helen Boatwright, soprano; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; and Blake Stern, tenor. Among the more striking elements were Miss Allen's deep, lush vocal declamation and Miss Boatwright's flawless sense of classical style, as well as her altogether special ease in singing music of the florid Handelian type.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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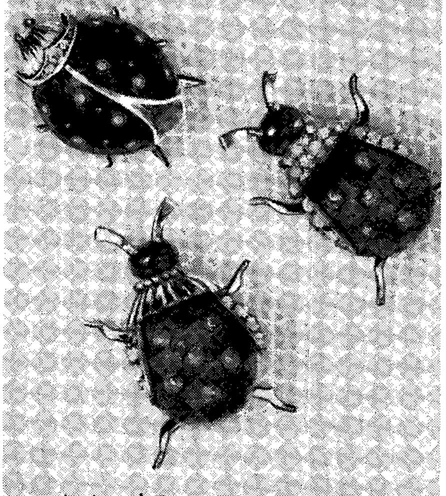

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THE RACE TRACK

Comeback

IT'S been a long time between trips to the winner's circle for Hill Rise (his last previous appearance there was after the Santa Anita Handicap, eight months ago), but for those watching the big bay win the Man o' War Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend by six lengths from Knightly Manner, with Or et Argent third and seven other useful horses down the course, it was hard to recall that he'd just been beaten ten times in succession. In fact, Hill Rise was far more impressive in the Man o' War than he had been in any start since he won the 1964 Santa Anita Derby and was heralded as a prospective champion. (Curiously, he also won that one by six lengths from Knightly Manner.) It is a pleasure to report his comeback. As a group, the ten runners for the Man o' War were not impressive in looks or on form. Hill Rise and Nashandy were the pick of the lot. The latter, a reformed jumper, was quickest away and set a smart pace for more than a mile of the mile and five furlongs over the turf course. Then Lancastrian, who had been pressing him hard, showed in front for a bit. Hill Rise from the beginning had been galloping smoothly not far behind, and on the turn for home he swept into the lead. Knightly Manner and Or et Argent engaged in a furious drive through the stretch for the shorter ends of the purse, and in the last few strides Knightly Manner took second money by a head. His share was $22,540. Hill Rise took down $73,255.

Earlier in the week, there was the renewal at Aqueduct of the Lawrence Realization Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile and five furlongs. Once upon a time, the race was among the classics, but now it is merely the seventh race on the card. Hail to All was expected to run, and win it, too, not only because the distance was his cup of tea but because the gallop would wind him up for this weekend's Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles—an event he is being specially prepared for. Instead, Hail to All remained in Maryland, and Munden Point, a roan colt with moderate form, flabbergasted observers by leading from start to finish. Setting the pace for a mile and five furlongs is no negligible feat for any horse and rider. Maybe

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Boulmetis, who rode Munden Point, fooled the six other jockeys the way Arcaro did on Devil Diver in the Manhattan Handicap, by setting a slower pace than they suspected. That performance is still remembered, though it happened twenty years ago. Anyway, Munden Point won by a neck from Selari, and Sammyren was third.

THERE really isn't much to say about the Selima Stakes at Laurel last Saturday other than that Moccasin led throughout the mile and a sixteenth and won by five lengths. It was the seventh victory in seven starts for the big chestnut filly, who girths seventy-six inches—three more than Kelso—and has earned $209,517. Like the Alcibiades, which she won at Keeneland a week before, the Selima was run off without any betting, the reason being that there would have been an avalanche of wagers on Moccasin and no more than a few hundred dollars on the four other fillies. This would have created what is known as a minus pool, and the management would have had to reach into its own pocket to pay off all the bets on Moccasin. (The minimum payoff is $2.20 on a $2 ticket.) When Priceless Gem won the Frizette at Aqueduct, she ran up a minus pool that cost the New York Racing Association $29,493. As you probably know, Priceless Gem did not start in the Selima. After she finished sixth in the Champagne Stakes, it was reported that she was suffering from shin trouble—an ailment that Hirsch Jacobs' better horses seem to develop in races in which they've been beaten. But perhaps Priceless Gem and Moccasin will meet in the Gardenia Stakes at Garden City Park a week from Saturday. Colonel Martingale has his fingers crossed.

A RACE last weekend that I'd like to have seen was the Canadian Championship, at a mile and five furlongs, on the grass at Toronto's Woodbine. Eleven horses ran, and the winner was George Royal, who won the San Juan Capistrano at Santa Anita last March. He was ridden by that up-and-coming young man Johnny Longden. . . . And here's some news from back of beyond: A colt named Aqueduct finished third in the Great All-Union Prize, Russia's Derby, at Moscow this summer.

—AUDAX MINOR

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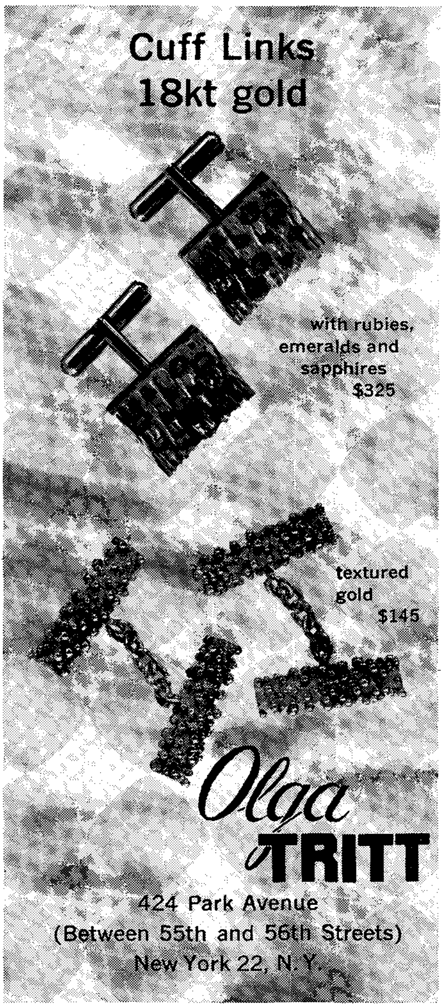
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Science News Letter*]

COEDS, NOVICE NUNS HAVE DIFFERENT VIEWS OF LIFE



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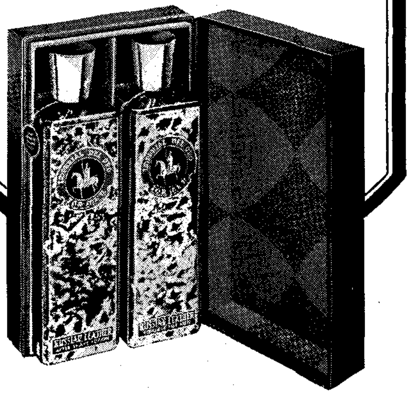

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Another hardship of high-altitude, well worth the acclimatizing, is a trip to Cuzco, Peru—capital of the ancient Inca empire. Cuzco itself isn't difficult, but getting to Cuzco is. It lies in a narrow Andean valley, walled in by towering mountains. To anyone accustomed to jet travel, the flight to Cuzco will seem about as quaint as a visit to a trolley museum. For the only planes that can enter are DC-3's and 4's. When you land, you'll do well to sleep for a few hours, while your body gently adjusts to the altitude.

For the hardship of uncertainty, Venezuela offers you the chance to glimpse a waterfall 16 times higher than Niagara — 2½ times higher than the Empire State Building. Hidden in the mountains between the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers, Angel Falls are often enveloped in fog. The best way to reach them is by a one-day excursion flight from Caracas. The plane circles overhead for half an hour, and with any luck you should see enough to make the trip well worthwhile. If not, there are overnight accommodations nearby.

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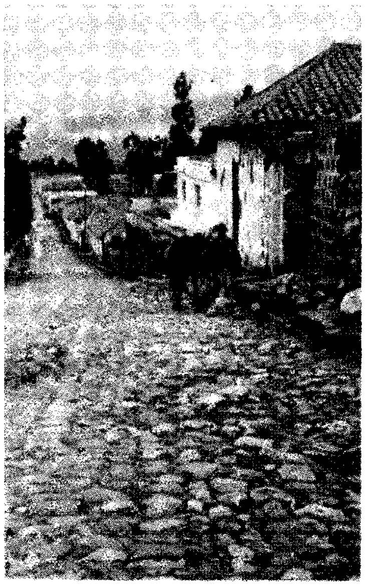

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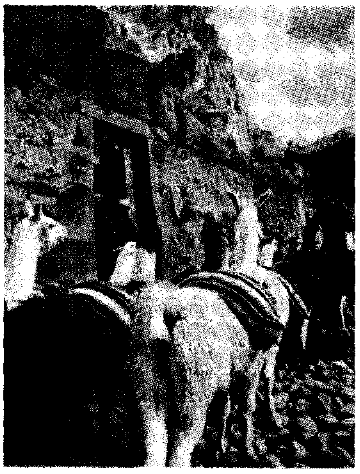
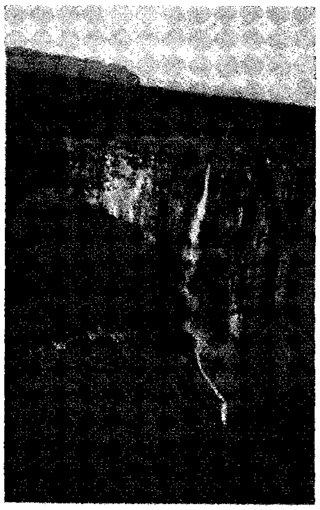


Peru



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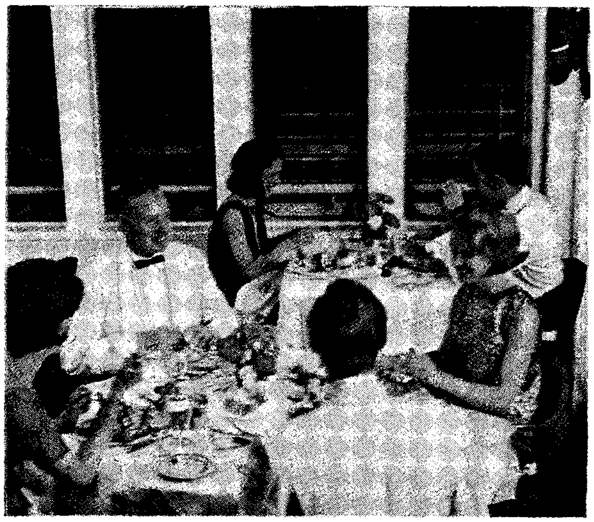

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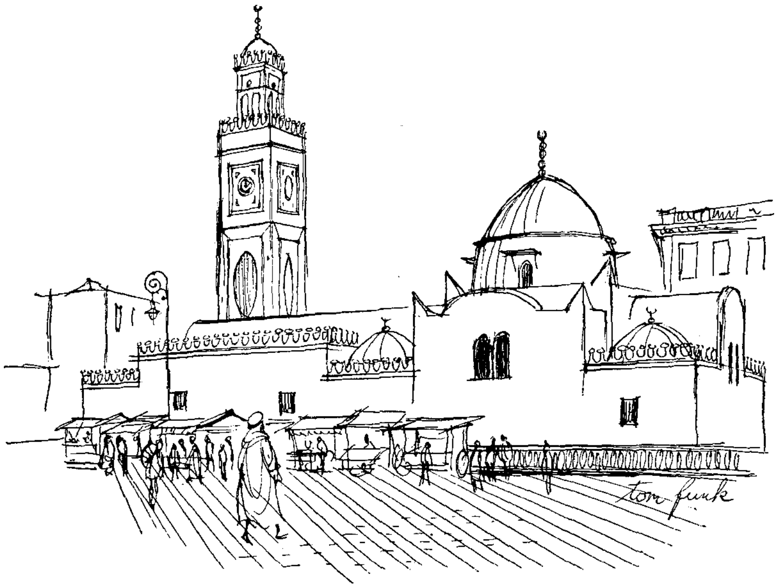
LETTER FROM ALGERIA



OCTOBER 1

LAST July, a few weeks after the fall of Algeria's President Ahmed Ben Bella, the Algerians were given their first major policy speech by Colonel Houari Boumedienne, the taciturn and ascetic Army commander who had led the coup against Ben Bella after three years of quietly holding up the pedestal from which Ben Bella noisily ran the country. It was announced in advance that Boumedienne's speech would be not only broadcast over the radio but also televised, and those relatively few Algerians who had access to television sets looked forward to getting a closeup view of the new strong man. What they saw on their screens, though, was a loudspeaker, from which issued Boumedienne's measured and largely expressionless phrases. To a visiting foreigner, the event seemed Orwellian and not a little scary, but if the Algerians were disappointed they did not say so. They accepted the telecast, like a great many other things in contemporary Algeria, as simply another manifestation of their country's distinctive political and psychological climate. As it happened, Boumedienne's method of introducing himself to his countrymen was both typical of his own desire to remain in the background and part of a carefully thought-out program. Since the fall of Ben Bella, who had flamboyant aspirations to be a leader of a never-defined "Third World," Boumedienne has been trying to achieve something called the "collegial principle," originally enunciated by the Algerian revolutionaries during their country's seven-year fight for independence, won in 1962. In accordance with this principle, Boumedienne is working chiefly through a Revolutionary Council of twenty-six members, of which he is the head, and which includes many men who were military leaders in the struggle against France. A number of these men are still using their wartime underground aliases, and this, in conjunction with Boumedienne's faceless voice, suggests another circumstance of the new regime—an almost compulsive clinging to the clandestine way of life that its leaders developed during their prolonged and painful underground experience, in the course of which many of them spent years in prison and were subjected to various forms of torture.

During a couple of months in Algeria, I have become increasingly aware of another, and more elusive, element involved in Boumedienne's unusual broadcast; this is an attitude that he and other Algerian leaders have displayed again and again since they took over and that has repeatedly been mentioned to me both by Algerians and by foreign observers who have known the Algerians for a long time. It is an attitude that combines fear and suspicion, shyness and uncertainty, and it influences everything that the Algerians, collectively, say and do. In large part, it reflects their continuing search for their own identity—a search that has its origins in their fragmented historical past, culminating in the recent brutal upheaval, in which at least three hundred thousand Algerians were killed and two million others were uprooted from their homes.

In many respects, Algeria is now more closely tied to France economically than it ever was when it was actually a part of metropolitan France; on the other hand, instead of the million French civilians and half a million or more French soldiers who were here a decade ago, there are only ninety thousand persons of French nationality now, and the departure of the others has left a tremendous vacuum. The vacuum is all the more apparent because so many bureaucratic and cultural legacies of the French remain, like colonial ghosts, to haunt the Algerians, whose respect for France and French ways has outlived the hatred they used to feel for the oppressive and contemptuous *pieds-noirs* colonists. The continuing French presence is not in fact entirely ghostlike, since among the ninety thousand French still in the country there are some fifteen thousand so-called *coopérons*, mostly teachers and technicians, who are playing a significant part in Algeria's efforts to rebuild. The dependence on these Frenchmen and on nearly a billion dollars' worth of French aid poured in during the last three years, which has kept the country from going bankrupt, has done much to put the Algerians on the defensive, for although they emphasize their relationship with the Socialist countries of Eastern Europe, there is no denying that they have been not only unable but unwilling to cut the umbilical cord to France. In the eyes of the Marxist world—and especially China, which has made a number of acerbic comments on the matter—Algeria's acceptance of so much French aid stamps her as unable to endure any degree of hardship in building a new nation and lays her open to charges of "bourgeois Socialism." A Yugoslav diplomat here remarked to me, somewhat self-righteously, "There's still too much evidence of French corruption here. Just look at Algiers. Except for the Casbah, it's still a French middle-class city, with French luxury shops, fine hotels, a luxurious swimming club, and so on. Just look at all the automobiles!"

THE evidences of a century and a third of French influence mingle and often compete with disparate influences out of Algeria's disordered past—the influences of the indigenous mountain Berbers and of Romans, Carthaginians, Vandals, Arabs, Spaniards, and Turks, who preceded the French. It is only to be expected that the Algerian personality should be a many-faceted one, and that it should now be undergoing a process of adjustment—a process both fascinating and exasperating to both Eastern and Western nations. One of the diplomats who were often fascinated and exasperated was William J. Porter, who was our

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ambassador to Algeria from 1962 until last August. (He has been succeeded by John D. Jernegan.) Porter had his difficulties here, particularly toward the end of the Ben Bella regime, but he held the Algerians in high esteem—a feeling that they reciprocated. In a conversation I had with him on the eve of his departure, he said, "There's nothing this country can't do if it can only solve the problems caused by its past fragmentation. There are a lot of complexes, all right, including fear of criticism and reluctance to forgive. Algerians are not easy adjusters. They may be able to forget their past internal arguments and come to terms with themselves and with other nations, but the process will probably take a lifetime."

It seems to be no accident that in its initial search for national models to follow Algeria turned to those revolutionary mavericks Yugoslavia and Cuba, even though neither of them had much in common with Algeria in respect to race, religion, economic conditions, or historical development. Each represented to the Algerians—and especially to Ben Bella—boldness in theory and action combined with the colorful, dynamic stamp of personality epitomized by Tito and Castro, whose style Ben Bella, as the would-be ideological leader of the new African nations, sought to emulate. Compared to either Tito or Castro, though, Ben Bella was a hollow man. Those who knew him best say that, despite his showmanship and his demagogic exhortations, he had no genuine revolutionary philosophy. This appraisal of Ben Bella accords with the belief that Algeria actually underwent less a full-scale revolution than simply an exhausting physical and spiritual crisis, in which its people were near defeat before Charles de Gaulle made his far-seeing decision to call off the war, on the ground that even if the French won they would obviously have to garrison the country indefinitely, at a prohibitive cost. One of the most perceptive analysts of Algeria, Charles F. Gallagher, of the American Universities Field Staff, has written, "The end product of the colonial period . . . was that Algeria . . . was a series of bustling boomtowns and destroyed villages, a huge concentration camp, and a gigantic slum inhabited by millions of despairing, desperate, displaced persons. It was hell on earth."

Most Algerian writers are busy dealing with the theme of a stricken, oppressed people who have fought valiantly, with a mixture of hope and Muslim

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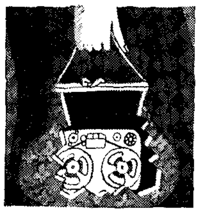
The handsome, well-appointed offices of a prominent Beverly Hills attorney are one of the least likely places where ants or termites are likely to gather. And they don't.

Yet, this particular lawyer retains a de-bugging firm to inspect the premises at least twice a month throughout the year. And the bugs he's concerned about are of a more insidious variety; they're the hidden devices that monitor and/or record conversations meant to be private.

Practical Caution

The cautiousness of the Beverly Hills lawyer is neither sick nor unique. The fact is that the same agency to which he subscribes performs a similar service for some 100 clients in the Los Angeles area, and similar firms are mushrooming in metropolitan centers from coast to coast.



Indeed, the alarmingly wide extent of illegal wiretapping and bugging in this country is the very theme of NBC News' "The Big Ear," a special to be presented this Sunday night, October 31 (6:30-7:30PM EST), on the NBC Television Network.

Among the interviewees on "The Big Ear" (besides the aforementioned lawyer) will be bugging and de-bugging experts; private investigators; victims of illegal monitoring; and authorities on the laws governing eavesdropping and wiretapping.

Narrated by NBC News correspondent Robert MacNeil, the special will also demonstrate for the viewer a few of the more popular bugging devices.

Today's tiny transmitters are extremely hard to detect, and tape recorders can be concealed just about anywhere—in an attache case, a shoulder holster or even a shirt pocket. But the actuality's producer, NBC News' Reuven Frank, advises that the widely publicized maneuver of hiding a transmitter in a martini olive should be taken with a grain of vermouth. "It simply isn't very practical," he explains. "Even under ideal conditions — without the distracting noise of a cocktail lounge — the 'olive' just doesn't carry very well. Besides, there's always the chance the guy will send the drink back because it's not dry enough—and there goes your transmitter."

But most of the less exotic electronic bugs work just fine. What's more, many of them can be bought across the counter of almost any radio supply shop, since they're gadgets that have perfectly legitimate uses in the electronics field. "It's this easy access," says the special's associate producer, Ronald Steinman, "that may make any real protection of the innocent a physical impossibility."

Nevertheless, there are people in there trying. Among them: Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York, who'll describe for viewers—in one of the program's special interviews—some of the legal measures he recommends to combat this increasingly serious problem.

Very Public Knowledge

It is not violating *anyone's* privacy or confidence to report that NBC News' "The Big Ear" is the unusual, stimulating type of program that has made the NBC Television schedule the most attractive and best-balanced in the entire medium. There has been nothing secret about *that* for a long time.

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fatalism, against enemy forces intent on bombing and burning their villages and destroying the old patterns of family life. In much of this literature, survival is the keynote and individual heroism is the motif. At the moment, these two themes are also being emphasized in the first full-length motion picture ever to be made in Algeria by Algerians. This is "The Battle for Algiers," currently being filmed in the Casbah, in which some of the hardest resistance fighting went on, and which served as a hideout for guerrilla leaders all during the war. It is also interesting that there is a continuing preoccupation in Algeria with the late Frantz Fanon, a Negro psychiatrist from Martinique who became an Algerian citizen and whose books—particularly "The Wretched of the Earth," which still sells heavily here and is reserialized from time to time in the government-controlled newspapers—by explaining the process of depersonalization that colonialism always causes, helped the Algerians understand themselves. Fanon, who died of cancer in 1961 at the age of thirty-six, was a fluent and fervid writer, and although he considered himself a Marxist, his tendencies in this direction were less significant than his analysis of the Algerian situation in emotional and psychological terms. In "Studies in a Dying Colonialism," which has only recently been translated into English, Fanon wrote:

> The struggle for national liberation and the more and more total character of the repression have inflicted grave traumatisms upon the family group: a father taken into custody in the street in the company of his children, stripped along with them, tortured before their eyes; the sharply experienced brotherhood of men with bare, bruised, bloody shoulders; a husband arrested, dragged away, imprisoned. The women are then left to find ways of keeping the children from starving to death. . . . The most important part of this modification [of the Algerian family], it seems to us, is that the family, from being homogeneous and virtually monolithic, has broken up into separate elements. Each member of this family has gained in individuality what it has lost in belonging to a world of more or less confused values. Individual persons have found themselves facing new choices, new decisions. The customary and highly structured patterns of behavior that were the crystallization of traditional ideas suddenly proved ineffective and were abandoned. . . . It is important to show that the colonized father at the time of the fight for liberation gave his children the impression of being undecided, of avoiding the taking of sides, even of adopting an evasive and irresponsible attitude. . . . This experience, in fact, was occurring on a national scale and was part and parcel of the great upheaval in-

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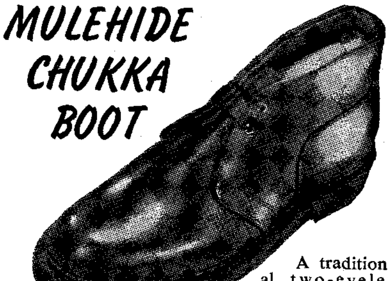

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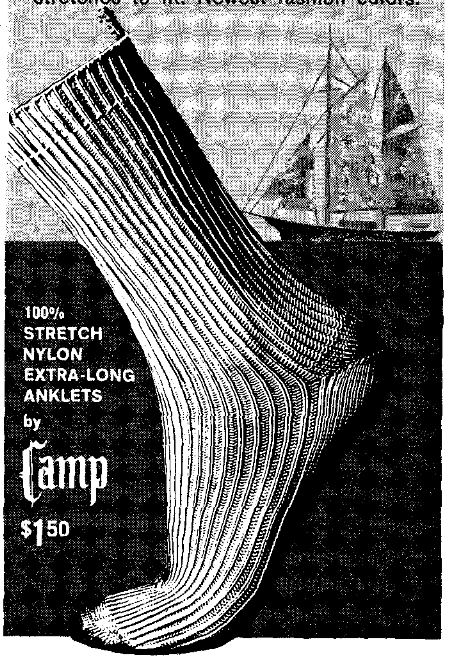

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cidental to the creation of a new world which was felt throughout the territory.

Most of the contemporary Algerian leaders have read Fanon, and have felt that he described their own political and social predicaments. Although a number of them—most notably Ben Bella—became semi-skilled latter-day Marxists as the struggle continued, they were never able to inculcate any meaningful ideology into the Algerian people. One reason for this was that during the revolution the Algerian partisans fought in six separate regions, called Willayas, and each was led by a cadre of officers to whom they gave their main allegiance. The men in the Willayas constituted the spearhead of the resistance, and did more fighting than the units of the Liberation Army, which was organized on a nationwide basis but most of the time served only as a screening force on the borders of Morocco and Tunisia. So in fact there was never any single, unified revolutionary organization, nor was there any mass uprising until just before independence was won. The Communists, especially the French Communists, who might have been able to create a unified political organization, refrained from doing so, because, for their own reasons, they had opposed the Algerian guerrilla movement at the outset and never subsequently gained an important role in it, though ultimately they became strong backers of Ben Bella. At the time of the signing of the truce agreement with France at Évian-les-Bains in June, 1962, no individual Algerian was recognized as a national leader. It was not until the next month that Ben Bella outwitted the comrades who had shared exile with him and, with the help of Colonel Boumedienne's Army units, seized power. But while Ben Bella proved himself a master political tactician by eliminating his remaining rivals one by one and breaking up the semi-political, semi-military organizations in the Willayas, many members of which were consolidated into the national Army under Boumedienne (although two or three rebel leaders took to the mountains and led opposition elements until they surrendered or were captured), he never really became a popular national figure. His travels around the country seldom took him outside the western area, where he was born and where he felt at home, and even there, toward the end, his speeches, full of promises and threats, were received without much apparent interest. All this helps to explain why his disappearance and his

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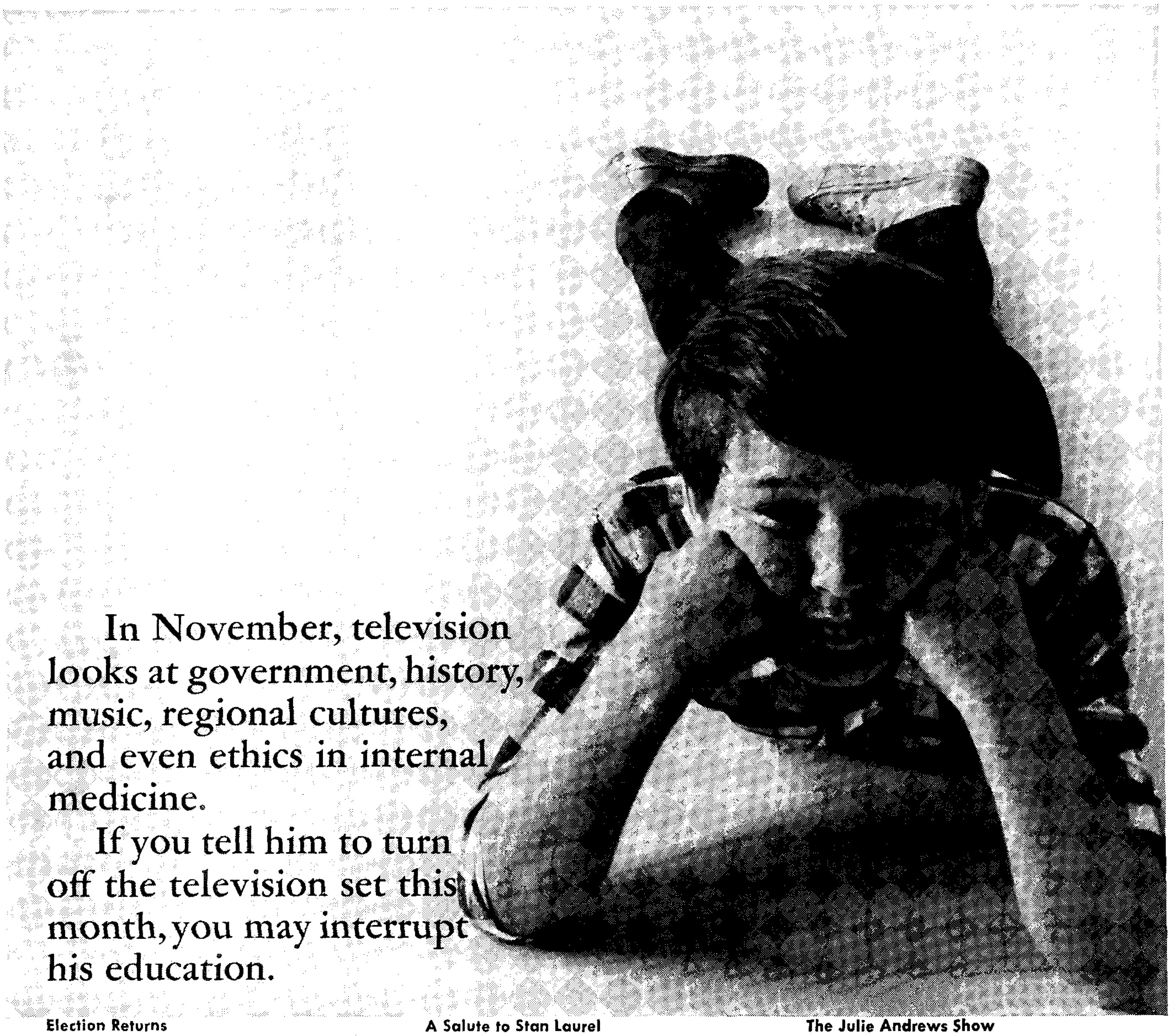

In November, television looks at government, history, music, regional cultures, and even ethics in internal medicine.

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Election Returns
Returns, bulletins, and reports.
Tuesday, November 2.

Lamp Unto My Feet: Erasmus
Dramatizes the life of the Renaissance humanist.
Sunday, November 7 (10-10:30 AM)

Directions '66
Mission: The Christian Calling; The Church and the Theatre, Part 1 and Part 2; Revolt on the Campus.
Sundays, November 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 PM)

The Wild, Wild East
First in a series on regions of the United States focuses on Eastern personalities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

National Citizenship Test
Nationwide television test for home-viewers on citizens' rights and responsibilities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

The Spanish Armada
Traces the historic struggle for world dominance between England and Spain in the 16th Century.
Sunday, November 14 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Inherit the Wind
Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley recreate their Broadway roles in the "monkey trial" drama.
Thursday, November 18 (9:30-11 PM)

A Salute to Stan Laurel
Lucille Ball, Rock Hudson, Buster Keaton, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers, Dick Van Dyke, in a tribute to the late comedian.
Tuesday, November 23 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Congress Needs Help
Evaluation of a year's study of the operating machinery of Congress. David Brinkley narrates.
Wednesday, November 24 (10-11 PM)

Sammy Davis and the Wonderful World of Children
Sammy Davis, Jr. and musically talented youngsters in a Thanksgiving Day Show.
Thursday, November 25 (5-6 PM)

A Visit to Washington with Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
A tour of the nation's Capital and its historic sites.
Thursday, November 25 (Time TBA)

Who Shall Live?
Examines the ethical and economic issues involved in the use of the artificial kidney at the Seattle Artificial Kidney Center.
Sunday, November 28 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood or Oh Wolf, Poor Wolf
Liza Minelli and Cyril Ritchard star in a musical based on the famous fairy tale.
Sunday, November 28 (7-8 PM)

The Julie Andrews Show
With guest stars Gene Kelly and The New Christy Minstrels.
Sunday, November 28 (9-10 PM)

Musical Atoms — A Study of Intervals. Featuring the first movement of Brahms 4th Symphony.
Monday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parade Jubilee
Parades in major American cities.
Thursday, November 25 (10 AM-12 Noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/ABC Scope/Wide World of Sports/Sports in Action

Sundays:
Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Wisdom/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

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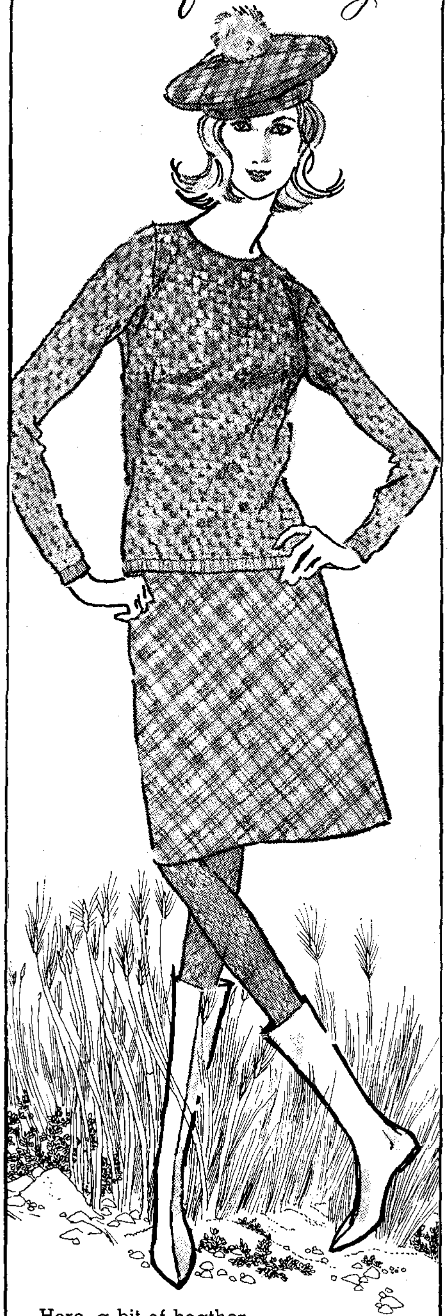

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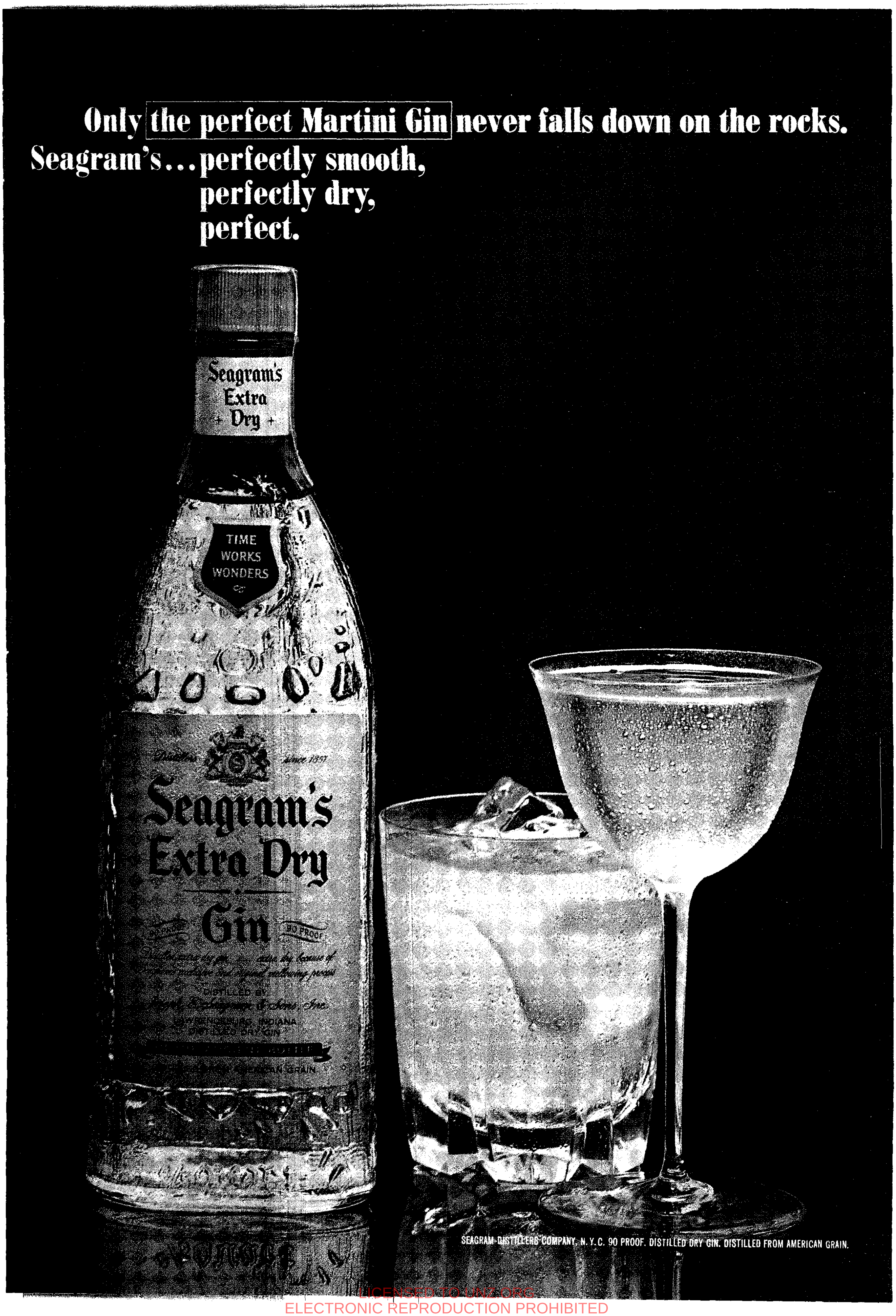
replacement by the far less flamboyant and talkative Boumedienne have caused so little stir. Ben Bella, it is believed, is in jail somewhere near Algiers, but there has been little or no clamor for either his release or his trial. My Yugoslav diplomatic friend said to me, "Aside from the fact that he was out of the country for a long while before his return in 1962, first in jail in France and then as an exile in Egypt, Tunisia, and Morocco, Ben Bella never knew Algeria and the Algerians the way Tito and Castro knew their countries and their people. He represented what were called the 'external' revolutionary elements, not the 'internal' ones. He never fought in the hills or created a revolutionary underground, such as could have become the nucleus of a political party within Algeria. There was no sense, fundamentally, of national patriotism. Patriotism here was largely local. Ben Bella, while he was sentimental and humanistic, understood this, because he also had a tough, practical peasant mind; he used to say that all Algerian leaders carried their public in their hats."

In trying to establish a mass base where none had existed, Ben Bella made the mistake of failing to consolidate the old revolutionary elements that did exist—the local and regional partisans and military leaders, and the members of the underground National Liberation Front who had remained in Algeria. He tried instead to use a group of urban intellectuals, including a handful of doctrinaire Marxists, as the nucleus of a farmer-labor type of political organization. "The city mice were to educate the country mice and show them the way to Socialism," an American I know who has been here for many years said to me. "But it didn't work out that way. In the first place, the rural people who seized the large French farms immediately after independence did not welcome Ben Bella's administrators when they were sent out to help reorganize and operate the properties. The seizure in itself was an interesting manifestation of the peculiar Algerian revolutionary outlook. The peasants who had worked the land for the wealthy French owners made no attempt to divide it among themselves, as peasants in similar situations have done in other countries; they simply took each farm as a whole and set about running it as an autonomous unit. I suppose this might be regarded as a perfect demonstration of the impact of French bourgeois thinking."

My American friend went on to explain that Ben Bella had never been able to reach the rural people the way the Army had. Boumedienne always made a point of maintaining the Army's political independence, and he had always stressed the fact that the Army, which was garrisoned throughout the country and made up of people from all classes and all regions, depended on the common people—the peasants—for its existence. When Ben Bella belatedly tried to counter the Army by creating a people's militia, in the manner of other Socialist and Communist leaders, the idea never really caught on. His effort to create a dynamic national party also failed. Under his leadership, the National Liberation Front was never more than a paper organization, most of its eight thousand members being nothing but well-paid governmental hacks and hangers-on, whose presence in the villages and towns was either accepted passively or, more often, resented as an autocratic, interfering, and corrupt influence. "Ben Bella failed to consolidate the areas he should have consolidated, and he extemporized too harshly and too quickly in others," my friend continued. "His loudly trumpeted Marxist ideas got to be a bore, and they made even less of an impact because newspapers, magazines, and books from France and elsewhere gave the people—especially the people in the cities—a clear idea of what they were missing economically. The Algerians want to be amused just as much as anybody else, and they soon realized that Ben Bella's form of Socialism didn't have much sex appeal. Ben Bella got his kicks by involving himself in all sorts of foreign adventures, by being fêted everywhere and getting awards like the Lenin Peace Prize—but the folks back home got nothing."

THE anti-Ben Bella coup was so quick and unexpected, and Boumedienne was such an unknown quantity, that almost no one had any idea of what to expect. After a brief flurry of Communist-inspired pro-Ben Bella demonstrations, a mood of relaxation set in, and, in general, this mood has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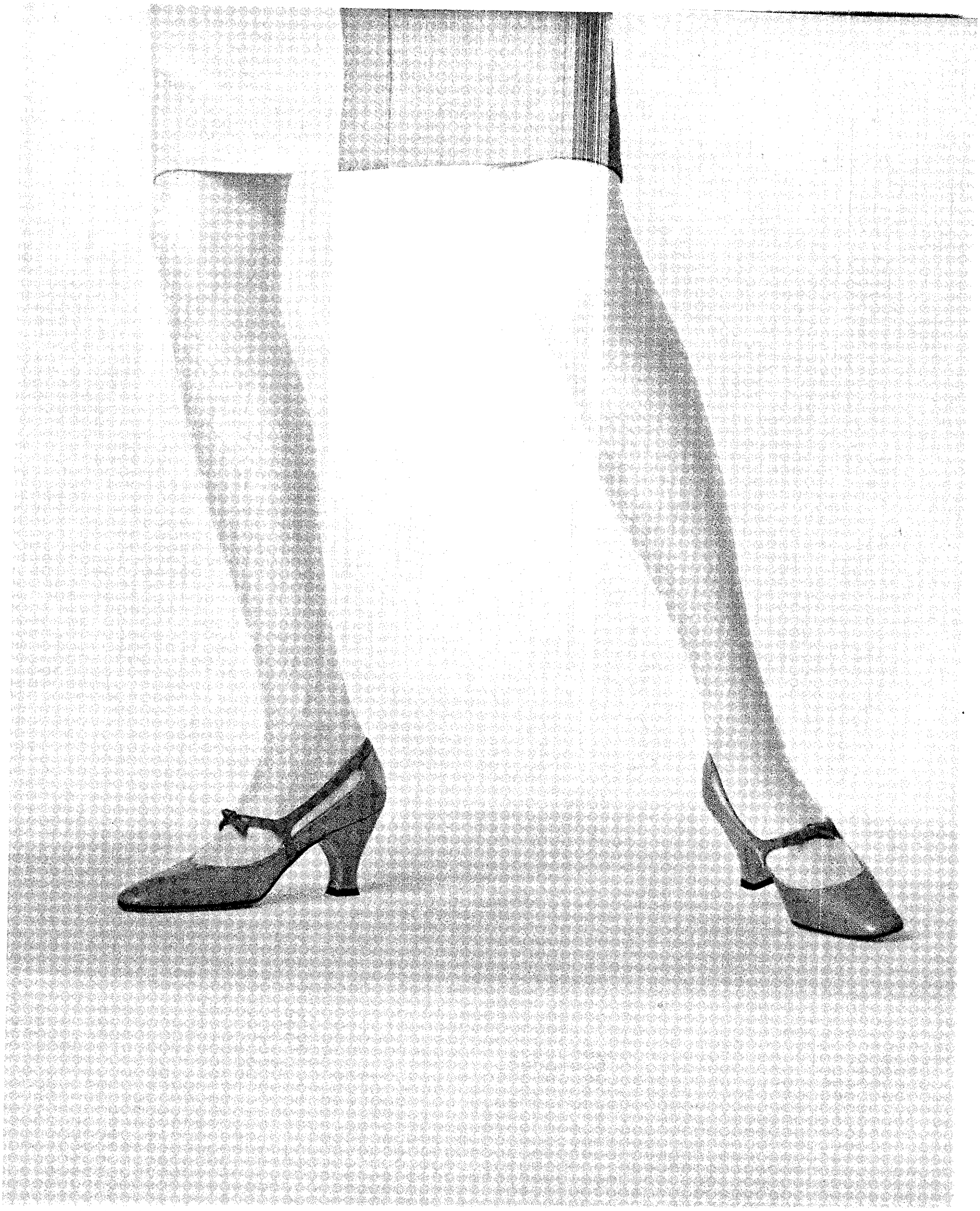

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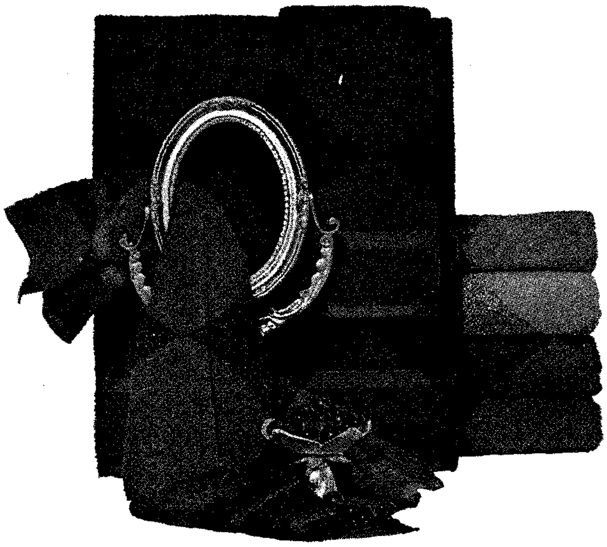

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lasted. In typical Algerian fashion, though, its manifestations have sometimes been contradictory. For example, although it was clear from the outset that Boumedienne, an ardent Muslim, would impose some sort of Muslimized Socialism on the country, with new emphasis on Muslim ways and customs, it has, in fact, been easier than it was under Ben Bella for a man to go into a bar and buy a drink, though drinking is strictly forbidden by Muslim law. (However, Muslim piety being what it is, the government's permissiveness in this area has not resulted in much increased imbibing.) Also, I have just been told by a friend who likes to hunt, for the first time it is now possible to go into a store in Algiers and buy a gun without a license.

There is still a small rebel group in the Kabylia Mountains, composed of followers of Hocine Aït Ahmed, a dissident former underground leader who was put in jail by Ben Bella and has been kept there by Boumedienne, but at present this movement doesn't amount to much. (A cynical Western friend of mine who has lived here for a long time says, "I think the guerrilla activity serves primarily as an excuse for Army men to get away from their wives for a couple of months a year.") A potentially more dangerous opposition is perhaps being built up by Hocine Zahouane, a former close associate of Ben Bella and of Mohamed Harbi, the local Marxist leader. Zahouane, who was the National Liberation Front boss of Algiers under Ben Bella, fled to Paris after his fall and has become the head of something called the People's Resistance Movement, which is being backed by other Algerian political exiles in France and by the French Communist Party. The movement is urging the creation of underground anti-Boumedienne cells in Algeria, and it could ultimately become a serious threat, especially in the cities. But if Boumedienne is worried, he does not show it. He continues to go about his task of reorganizing the government, and though he spends most of his time in his office in the Defense Ministry, which he still heads, he has occasionally been seen riding around the city in his car, sitting up front alongside the chauffeur, and with only a single carload of bodyguards, in mufti, following him. Ben Bella used to tear through the city with a shrieking motorcycle escort and a heavy guard both fore and aft.

So far, fears that Boumedienne would set up a military dictatorship have proved unjustified. The Army, which has sixty thousand men, and the gen-

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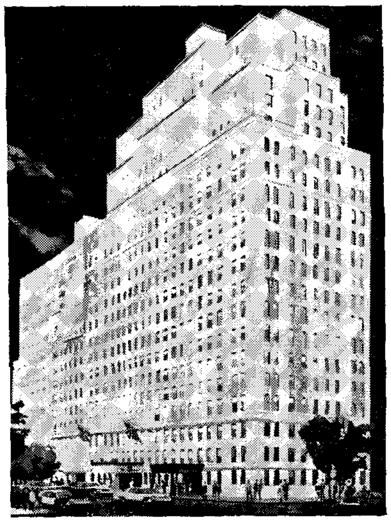
darmerie and the security forces, which have approximately fifteen thousand each, are obviously the foundation on which the government's power rests, but Boumedienne has been emphasizing a policy of conciliation, especially toward the elements that Ben Bella tended to neglect—elements that Boumedienne has called "true militants of the revolution, who proved themselves, who shared the suffering of the people, and who consecrated their lives for the liberation of the country." The National Liberation Front, he has said, must be re-created in the image of this "avant-garde"—that is, the "internal" guerrilla veterans, who did most of the fighting for freedom, as opposed to the "externals," like Ben Bella. Boumedienne himself, before he took over the national Army, was a Willaya chief, and it is significant that, except for Cherif Belkacem, Boumedienne's former deputy in the Army, the new five-man interim party executive he has set up consists of military and political officers from the old Willayas. This group, with Belkacem as its head, has already started travelling around the country to hold talks with local officials about getting rid of the party's corrupt elements and setting up stringent new regulations to eliminate such special privileges as the free use of state-owned automobiles. Whether this sort of activity will foster closer ties between the people and the party remains to be seen. Skeptics say that it will take years to set up truly workable political institutions, but it is noteworthy that many educated young Algerians who had hitherto remained aloof from the party are beginning to express an interest in it. One such youth, who fought in the underground, then studied finance in Paris and returned to Algeria to take up a business career, told me, "I've stayed away from the party until now because I was afraid to join it. My friends felt the same way. We had no chance to say what we wanted, and none of us wanted to find ourselves in prison some morning. If we are allowed to express ourselves, even under a one-party system, things will be different."

It is significant, too, that Boumedienne has managed to put together a new regime more quickly than anyone had anticipated, partly because several of the men who were closest to Ben Bella have shifted their allegiance, apparently without embarrassment. As the French newspaper *Le Monde* put it, "There has been considerable spontaneous turning of coats, some of it unexpected. Some people have moved



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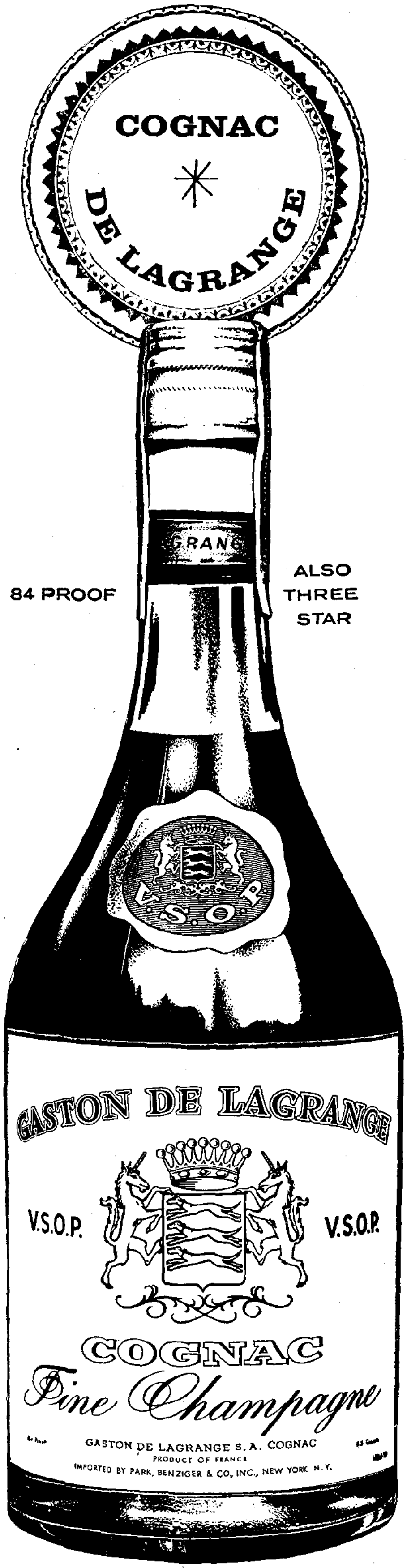

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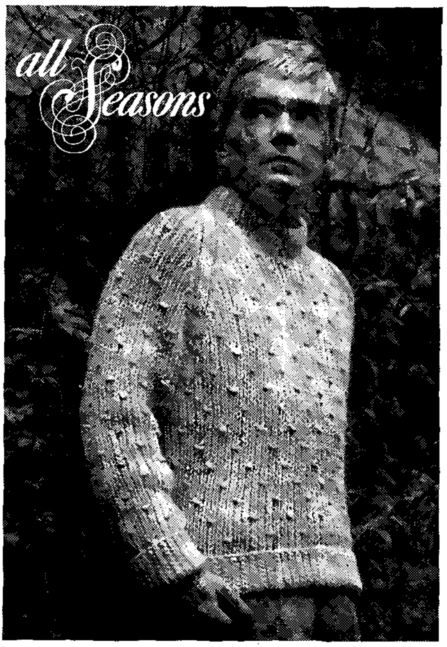
from hostility to hesitation, and others from reserve to approval.” In a new Cabinet, consisting of twenty members, including nine holdovers from the Ben Bella regime, many of the functions that Ben Bella controlled himself have now been given to separate Ministries, and although most of the key jobs are now held by confidants of Boumedienne, the Colonel has managed to build a good deal of confidence in his new collegial structure, in which the Revolutionary Council is at the top of the pyramid, with the party below it on one side and the Cabinet and administrative bureaucracy below it on the other.

Boumedienne has said that Algeria intends to “turn inward”—that is, concentrate on domestic problems—in contrast with Ben Bella’s compulsion to involve himself in left-wing causes abroad, but relations with other nations are by no means being neglected. In dealing with the Soviet Union (which had supported Ben Bella and which initially called the new regime “militaristic”) and with the East European Communist countries, the Algerians have emphasized that while they will maintain their “Socialist options”—a favorite term—and will welcome continued Communist assistance, they will not brook any “interference” in their internal affairs, nor will they any longer permit the unlimited dissemination of Communist propaganda. What this signifies, essentially, is that Boumedienne intends to combine a continuing “revolutionary” foreign policy and a more independent policy of Algerian nonalignment with any of the existing blocs and front groups led by Russia and China. “We have no need of advice from abroad on how to build Socialism,” Boumedienne has said. It has also been made clear that Algeria will pay more attention than before to its neighbors Tunisia and Morocco, which with Algeria form the so-called Mahgrib nations of Islam. “*Mahgrib*,” in Arabic, means “the West,” and the languages and customs of these three nations are much alike, and quite different from those of the eastern Arab countries. Relations with Egypt have deteriorated noticeably as a result of suspected Egyptian complicity in a bombing incident that helped to cause the postponement of the Afro-Asian conference scheduled to be held in Algiers last summer. (The conference, in abbreviated form, is now supposed to take place here in November.) Probably Boumedienne and President Nasser will make their peace eventually—“Arabs



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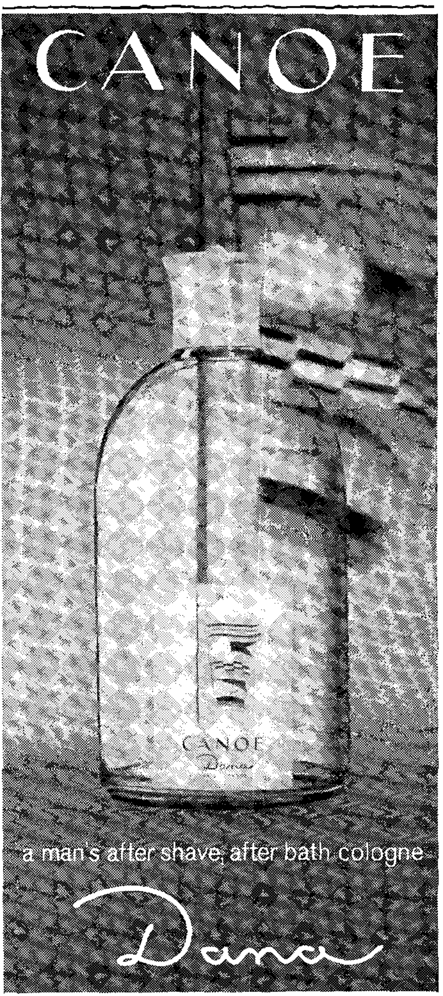

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Investors' Page

INFORMATION FROM MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

How easy is it to sell stock on the N.Y. Stock Exchange?...who buys when you sell?...the growing number of investors...4 guides to investing

The ambition to add a brighter hue to your financial picture may have led you—along with millions of other Americans—to consider investing in stocks.

* * *

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1. Remember, there is risk in every kind of investment—stock prices fluctuate and dividends are never assured. So make sure you've considered day-to-day expenses and a fund for emergencies.

* * *

2. Zero in on a specific goal. Dividends perhaps, which may help you to meet living expenses. Often a company will increase dividends as its profits rise. Or maybe you're looking for growth in the value of your stock. Some listed stocks have shown impressive records in this area. Perhaps your aim is a combination of these objectives. Or the relative safety that bonds usually offer.

3. *Get facts. Ask your member firm broker for information he has on hand that may help you make an intelligent decision—such as a company's sales, earning trends and dividend record.*

* * *

4. Ask your registered representative (broker) for his opinion. Before he could act as a member firm broker, he had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. While that doesn't mean he is necessarily right, maybe he can suggest a new approach you might want to consider.

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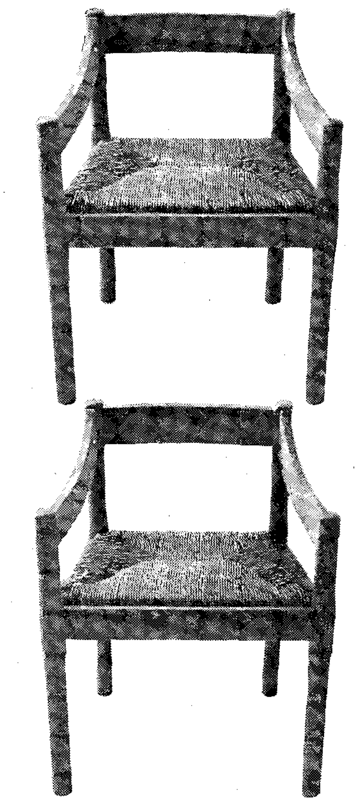
have frightful quarrels, but they almost always patch them up," a Western diplomat here who is a veteran in the Arab world told me—but it is doubtful whether Algiers and Cairo will ever be as close as Ben Bella and Nasser were. Like Nasser, Castro objected noisily to the coup, with the result that the Cuban Friendship Association and the Cuban news service here were shut down by Boumedienne. In time, this rupture, too, may be healed, but the Algiers-Havana axis will probably not be what it was, either.

The new government continues to permit foreign rebel and exile groups to function in Algiers, but there is an unmistakable toning down of emphasis on the activities of these organizations, except for the ones run by the North Vietnamese and by the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, whose statements, along with Hanoi's daily harangues claiming victory, are still being given wide publicity. The war in Vietnam is one foreign cause with which the Algerians continue to identify themselves, and they intend to go on supporting it. At the same time, the Boumedienne government seems to be lending itself to some of the behind-the-scenes peacemaking maneuvers currently being conducted by third parties, with or without the approval of Washington and Hanoi. As for China, the Algerians still privately resent Peking's effort to force them into a last-ditch fight to hold the Afro-Asian conference last summer after the bombing and other factors had made it manifestly impractical. At any rate, warnings against further "interference" have been directed toward Peking as much as toward Moscow.

In the general area of relations with the United States—aside from the Vietnam issue—the Boumedienne government seems eager to reverse the long process of deterioration that began soon after Ben Bella came to power, when, having visited President Kennedy in Washington, he went to Cuba to see Castro just as the missile crisis there was coming to a head. In spite of this apparently unfriendly gesture, the United States continued a large-scale Algerian aid-and-relief program, under which wheat, vegetable oil, and powdered milk were distributed to orphans, war widows, disabled veterans, and other needy persons. In late 1962 and early 1963, between three and four million Algerians—a third of the total population—depended almost entirely on this American aid for their basic subsistence, and today about a million and a half



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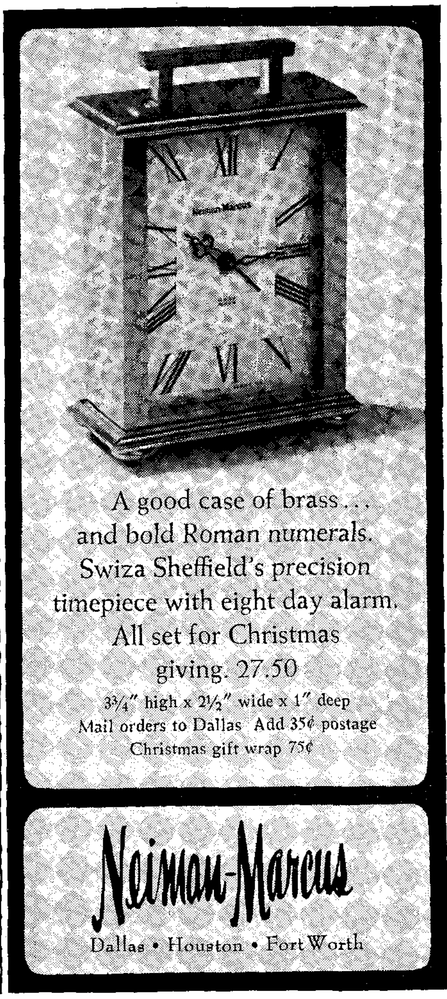

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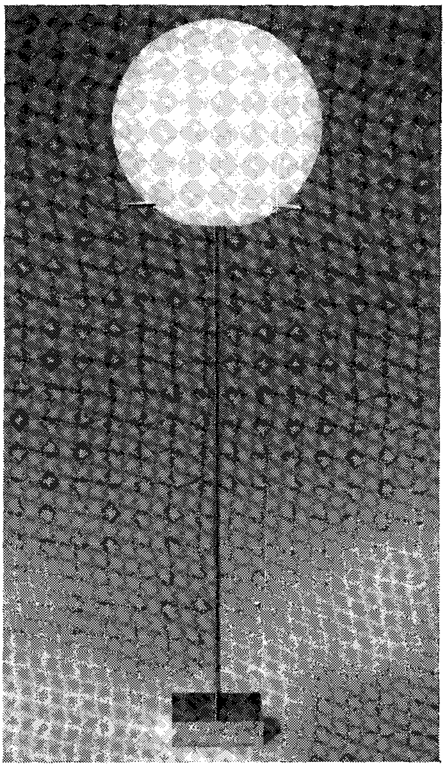
are still totally dependent on such help. In all, some eight hundred thousand tons of surplus American food, worth about a hundred million dollars, has been sent to Algeria, where it has been distributed through CARE and through Protestant and Catholic welfare organizations. As Ben Bella became increasingly anti-American in his attitude, Washington was tempted to cut off the program, but it decided that Ben Bella's diatribes did not represent the general feeling of the Algerian people—a belief that I have been able to substantiate—and the program, though it was cut down early this year, has been kept going. Because the need for supplementary food is still widespread, Boumedienne has now asked that the food supplies be increased again, and he has also indicated that he is eager to receive other forms of American assistance. Under Ben Bella, the only other official aid offered Algeria was a million and a half dollars for a rural rehabilitation program, in which soil-conservation experts were supposed to use some sixty thousand unemployed Algerian workers to build earth dams, small ponds, and other useful projects. The workers were to be paid in American food and in cash provided by the Algerians, but the Ben Bella regime was unable to supply the cash for more than twenty thousand workers. (A reforestation scheme initiated by several world Protestant groups and also supported by American food donations proved more successful.)

There is a tremendous need in Algeria for many sorts of technical and agricultural aid, but in this area the peculiar Algerian attitude comes to the fore. In the opinion of some highly placed American aid officials, the Algerians "want the aid and the privilege of attacking us, too." Algerians have privately pointed out that we take political differences more seriously than they do, and that they look upon their criticism of American foreign policy as an inherent right, which should not interfere with any economic relationship. Since Boumedienne has come to power, criticism of American policy in the Congo and in Cuba, among other places, has died down, leaving Vietnam as the principal sore point, but the fundamental difference in attitude is a deeper one, and one that may require some reorientation of American as well as Algerian thinking. "We've got to decide, once and for all, that any offers of assistance we make have no political strings attached, and that our interest is solely in helping people and in making



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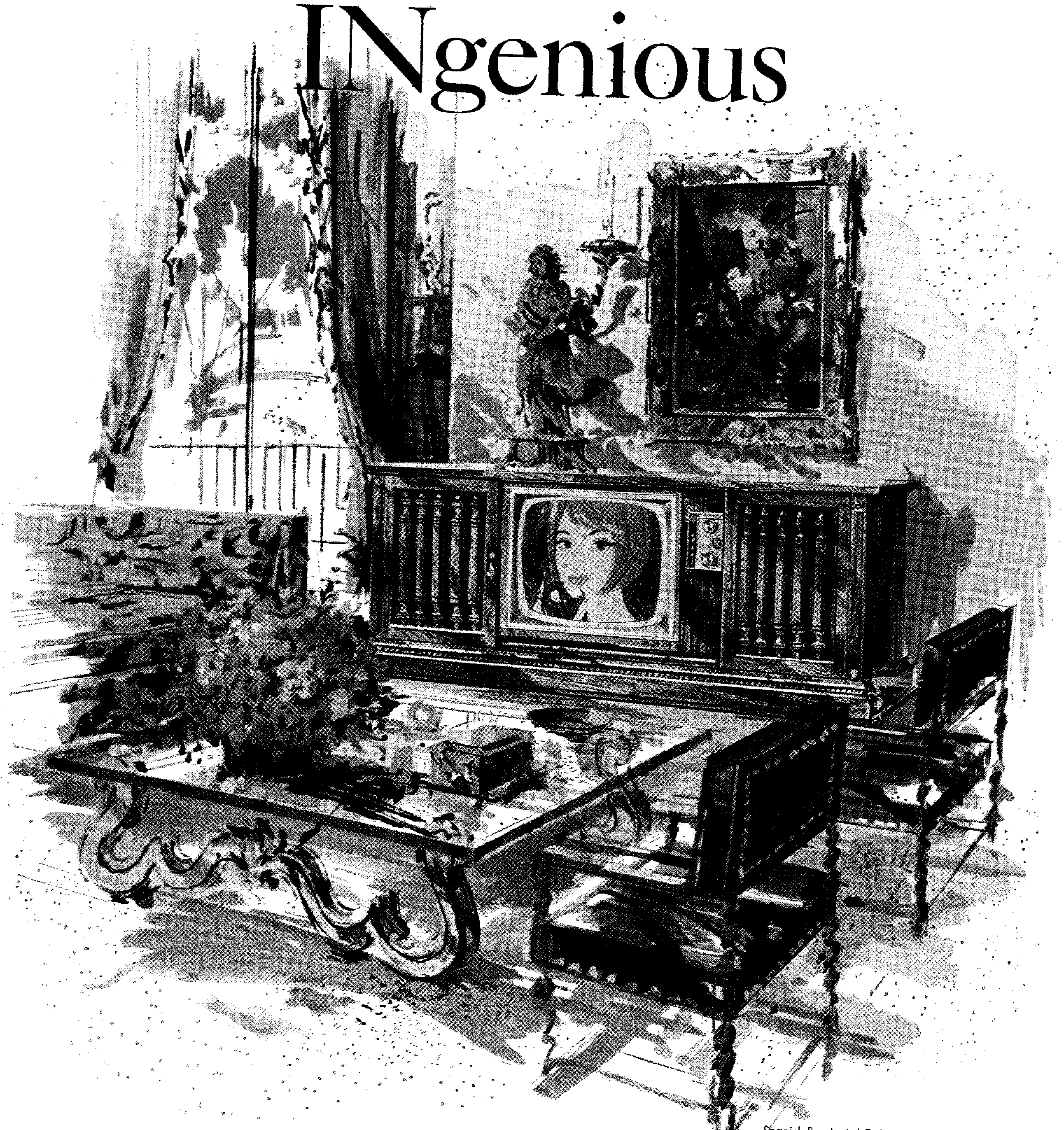

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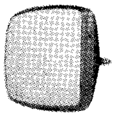

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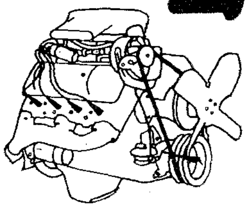

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a country or an area, such as North Africa, economically viable," an American at our embassy told me. "If we do that, the political advantages may or may not come later, but the risk is worth taking." It is difficult, however, to determine whether the Algerians will be able to make good use of our technical aid. One disillusioned aid official observed, "I'm tired of telling these people what they need and of starting things they won't coöperate on. I've discovered there's no correlation between need and what will work, especially in Algeria." As things stand, the Americans have agreed to Boumedienne's request that all existing assistance programs be continued and that discussions be held regarding additional American aid.

If things really *are* to work, all qualified observers agree, they can be made to do so only by properly trained Algerians who are given their heads by the politicians. Under Ben Bella, the few experts available were shunted aside and the Marxist theoreticians ran the show, or, at least, interfered enough to keep it from running efficiently; under Boumedienne, the government is showing, for the first time, some respect for the opinions and methods of young technical specialists who have received training in the United States, England, or France. A growing number of such people are filtering back to Algeria, along with some who went to France to live in 1963 after disillusioning experiences with the low salaries and the Socialist bureaucracy at home. "These young technicians are the hope of the country," a French administrative planner working with the Algerian government said to me the other day. "Unlike the politicians, they deal in facts and are not the prisoners of formulas."

Agriculture is the base of the Algerian economy, and after three years of independence it is still in a state of confusion. Prior to 1962, French landlords owned nearly seven million acres of Algerian vineyards, orchards, and wheat fields, or about a third of the arable land. These holdings, known as the "modern" sector of the country's agriculture, netted the French owners at least two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, though they employed only a sixth of the rural labor force. The yield from these lush farms was anywhere from three to five times as high as that from the farms in the larger but much poorer "traditional" agricultural sector, in which a million illiterate Algerian families struggled on

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tiny plots to produce enough food to survive. Between the summer of 1962 and the spring of 1963, the French settlers fled and thousands of Algerian farm workers moved in to occupy the big farms, whereupon the government took over and began the process of consolidating a total of twenty-two thousand former French properties into about three thousand "Socialist production units" under a National Agrarial Reform Office. A decree in March of 1963 defined the terms under which these units were to be operated. Each was to have a general assembly of workers; a smaller, elected workers' council to serve as a self-management committee, consisting of from three to eleven workers; and, finally, a director appointed by the central government, who was to oversee technical and financial matters.

From the start, these "*auto-gestion*" farms, as they were called, ran into trouble. The workers' self-management committees proved incapable of running the big units, because their members lacked sufficient technical knowledge, especially when it came to raising grapes for wine, which was the chief source of revenue. The various interested bureaucrats began squabbling over the farms, many of which, lacking proper equipment and proper direction, quickly went into the red. The inadequate profits, aggravated by a shrinking French market for Algerian wine and increasing competition in the citrus-fruit market from Italy, Spain, Israel, and Morocco, led many of the peasants on the *auto-gestion* farms to hoard their crops or sell them surreptitiously on the free market. This year, though the farms are supplying more than two-thirds of Algeria's agricultural output, they are still not making a profit, so the government expects only about twelve million dollars in revenue from them, which won't be of much help in reducing the expected budget deficit. Still to be dealt with, and in many respects much more difficult, is the problem of improving the yield of thousands of marginal farms on which most of the rural population dwells. Land-reform efforts have had virtually no effect; talk about distributing large tracts of government-owned land to the peasants has remained just talk; and some twenty-three million acres of wasteland that could be reclaimed for cultivation or pasturage have not as yet been utilized. Though there has been a sizable effort to transfer people to the *auto-gestion* farms, only about a hundred thousand are now employed there, while a far greater number of *fellahin*

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THE SENTINELS TAKE AMERICA BY STORM

SMART CITY, U. S. A. — Reports just received indicate that this city has joined with Caribou, Cucamonga, Conshohocken and just about every other major American city in staging a thundering (mixed with occasional lightning) reception for the Sentinels.

These bold new all-weather coats, now making personal appearances throughout the country, have received a tremendous ovation everywhere for the way they've braved the elements and won the battle of appearance.

Some observers on the scene felt that the Sentinels' victories may be the result of exclusive and powerful concealed weapons like "Instant Zipability." Informed sources were quick to point out the impact of this unique feature: after a Sentinel is bought — at anytime, later on — a warm Sentinel zip-in lining can be bought and it will fit perfectly. And, the same lining will also fit any *other* Sentinel, too. These sources emphasized that *only* the Sentinel is equipped with this versatility factor.

Still other observers observed the Sentinel's stalwart styling, bravo blend of 2 ply Dacron* (65%) and fine Pima Cotton (35%) in a weather-vain range of over 20 shades and patterns and the Sentinel's nearly impregnable shield of ZE PEL† to repel rain and stain again and again and again.

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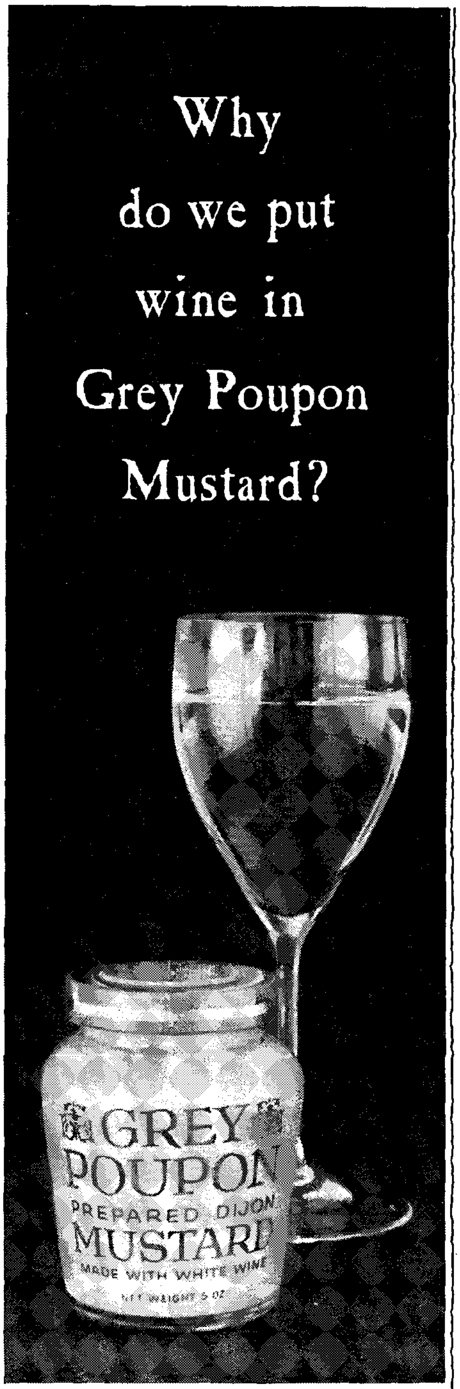

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remain on their small ancestral plots, where they live lives steeped in ignorance as well as poverty.

WITH the population increasing at the rate of two and three-quarters per cent a year and with a quarter of a million people annually reaching the age of twenty-one, there seems to be little prospect of finding permanent jobs for the half of the potential Algerian working force that is now unemployed. During a ten-day trip I made through the south and east, there was hardly any sign of life in the small, drab, dusty villages and towns, while in such larger cities as Constantine and Bône I saw groups of poorly dressed young and old men sitting aimlessly in outdoor cafés, talking, playing games, or simply staring out into the glare of the sun, because they had nothing else to do. Such conditions are not likely to change until Algeria's birth rate is reduced. There is no formal Muslim proscription of birth control, and Algerian women are beginning to demonstrate some desire to obtain birth-control information; however, the men continue to pride themselves on the size of their families, and, as in most countries with a high degree of illiteracy, the poorest families seem to have the most children.

It is hoped that as educational opportunities increase—and two encouraging recent developments have been a rise in primary-school attendance and the institution of a broader secondary-school program—some of the rural population will be siphoned off into new industries, creating a better industrial-agricultural balance and, ultimately, increasing the productivity of agriculture by making better equipment and fertilizers available. The French have tried to stimulate this movement through what they call the Constantine Plan—named for a speech that de Gaulle made in Constantine in October, 1958—whose first phase, covering the years 1958 to 1962, was to concentrate on industrial development in the mining of iron, lead, and zinc, the manufacture of steel, and the building of fertilizer, plastic, and cement plants. French assistance got the industrial program started and made possible the creation of a number of secondary industries, including textile factories and tanneries, but under Ben Bella the scheme suffered from a lack of consistent planning and organization. Much of the promised French financial aid was withheld because of lack of precise technical agreement between the two

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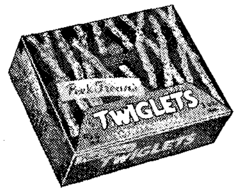

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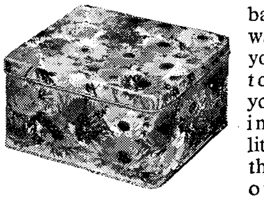

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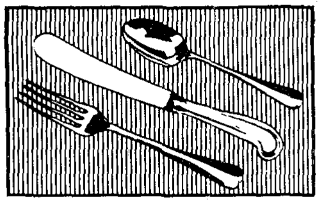

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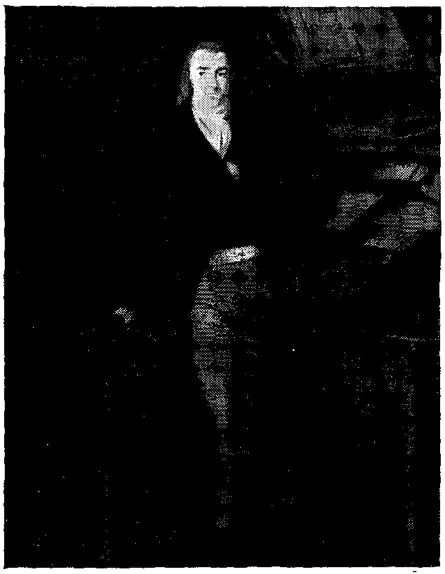
He composed his music in bottles.



Johann Friedrich Deinhard (1772-1827) founded the world famous German wine house Deinhard & Co., on May 1, 1794.

The 'music' in wines comes from the grape. Perhaps because the rocky soil banking the Rhine and Moselle Rivers is suited for nothing else, it gives its all to the *Riesling* grape. A small grape, a late ripener, but one which presents a glorious wine, full of character, perfume and body. A talented family named Deinhard has been treating each Riesling grape as a note in a symphony, for 300 years. Together they make magnificent, musical wines.

Johann Deinhard acquired extensive acreage along both rivers and built vast aging cellars under the town of Koblenz. By 1825 the family firm of Deinhard was the most important exporter of German wines. Today the House of Deinhard continues to be run by Johann's descendants. And the lyrical qualities of Deinhard still and sparkling wines continue to delight connoisseurs the world over.

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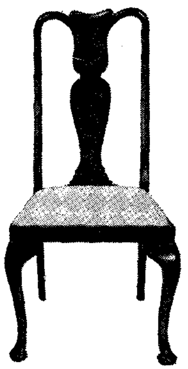
countries, and in many cases the Algerian government was too poor to put up needed capital. Thousands of people left the countryside in hopes of finding better jobs, but they simply increased the numbers of the unemployed in the towns and cities. In Algiers today, many of these peasants are now super-squatters, living rent-free in fine, modern twenty- and thirty-story apartment houses abandoned by French tenants in 1962. The government has tried to temporize with the unauthorized flat-dwellers, and has put up notices promising to continue to operate the utilities if the tenants will pay as little as fifteen per cent of the rentals, but little headway has been made in collecting anything. Elevators frequently break down, with the result that many people—especially the elderly—live virtually isolated lives on the upper floors, where a visitor willing to make the long climb will very likely come across former peasant families with hordes of relatives occupying a three-room apartment, on whose balcony a goat or two will be nibbling at home-grown grass or uncollected garbage.

Under Ben Bella, it was never made clear how much business the state intended to take over, how much would be allowed to manage itself under state supervision, and how much would be allowed to remain in private hands. The labor unions urged Ben Bella in the direction of Socialism, for while they encouraged what they called the "self-management" of commercial and agricultural enterprises, they wanted to do the managing. Today, only about five hundred companies, employing some fifteen thousand workers—that is, less than a quarter of all small production units—are under *auto-gestion*, and most of these, among them such varied enterprises as laundries and metallurgy plants, are suffering as much from poor management techniques and lack of proper equipment as the *auto-gestion* farms.

Currently, the big hope is that the Algerian economy will be literally energized by a new oil-and-gas agreement between France and Algeria, which has just been signed, and by a five-year, four-hundred-million-dollar industrial-development agreement, which is sometimes referred to as the second part of the Constantine Plan. In the decade since oil was discovered in the Sahara, Algeria has become the world's tenth-ranking producer, its production for 1964 totalling twenty-six million metric tons. The country has



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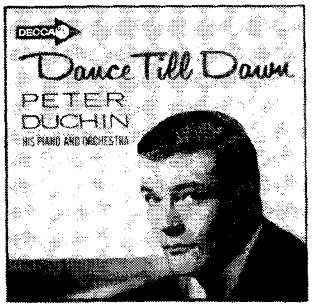
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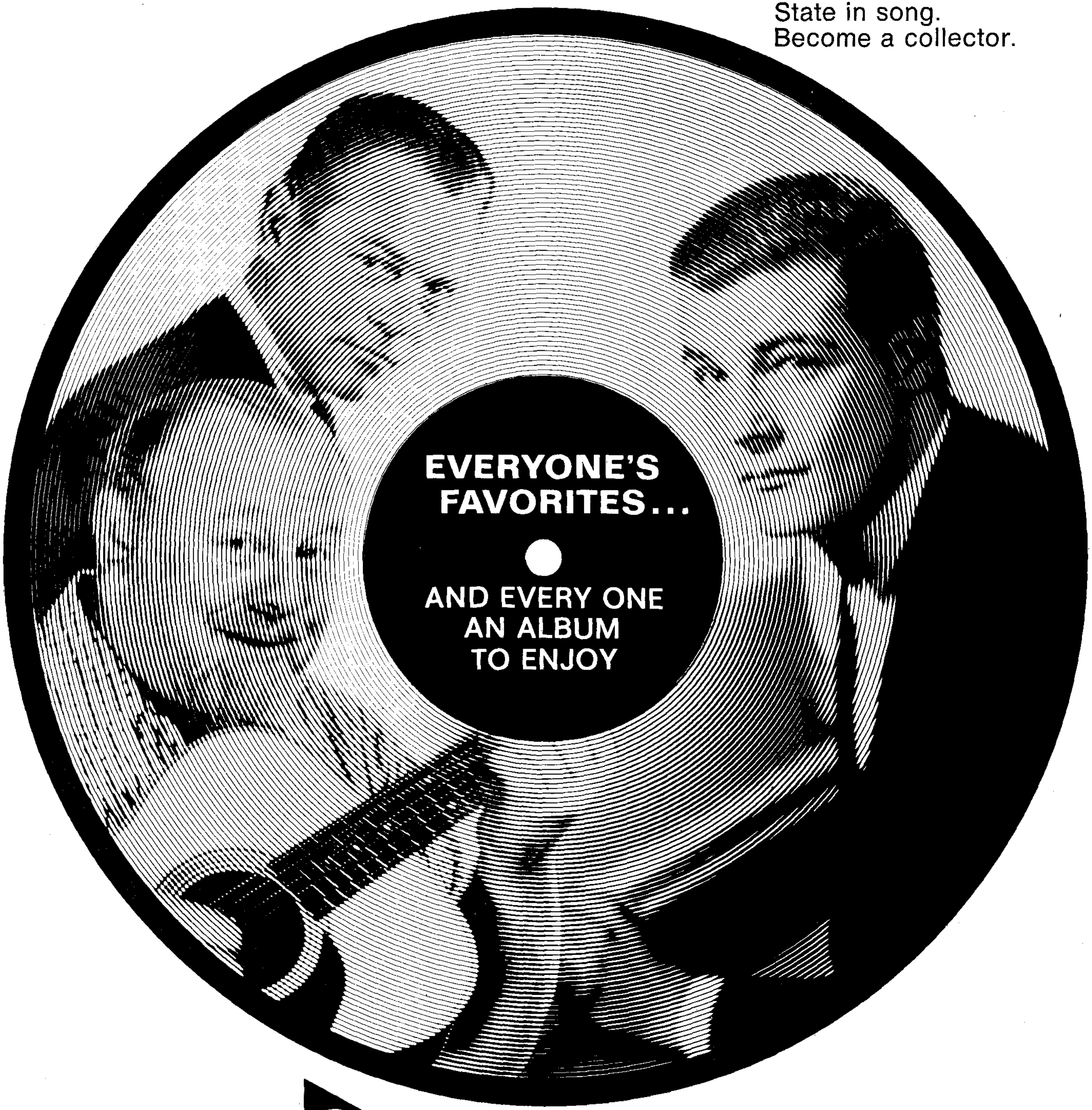
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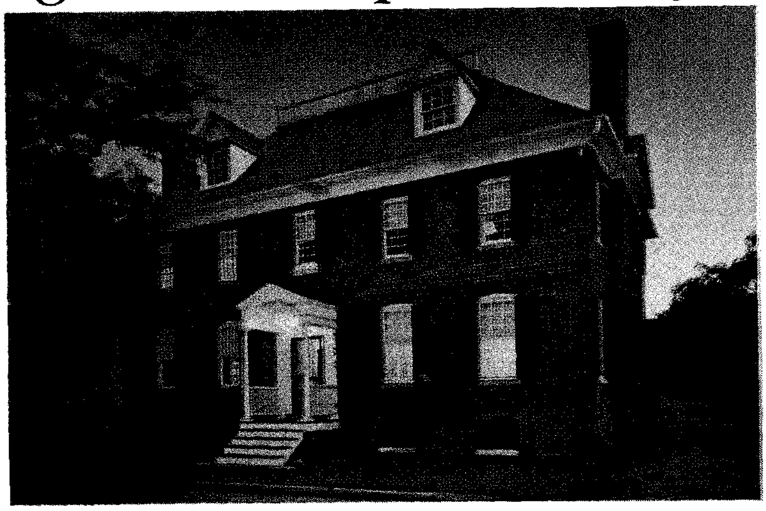
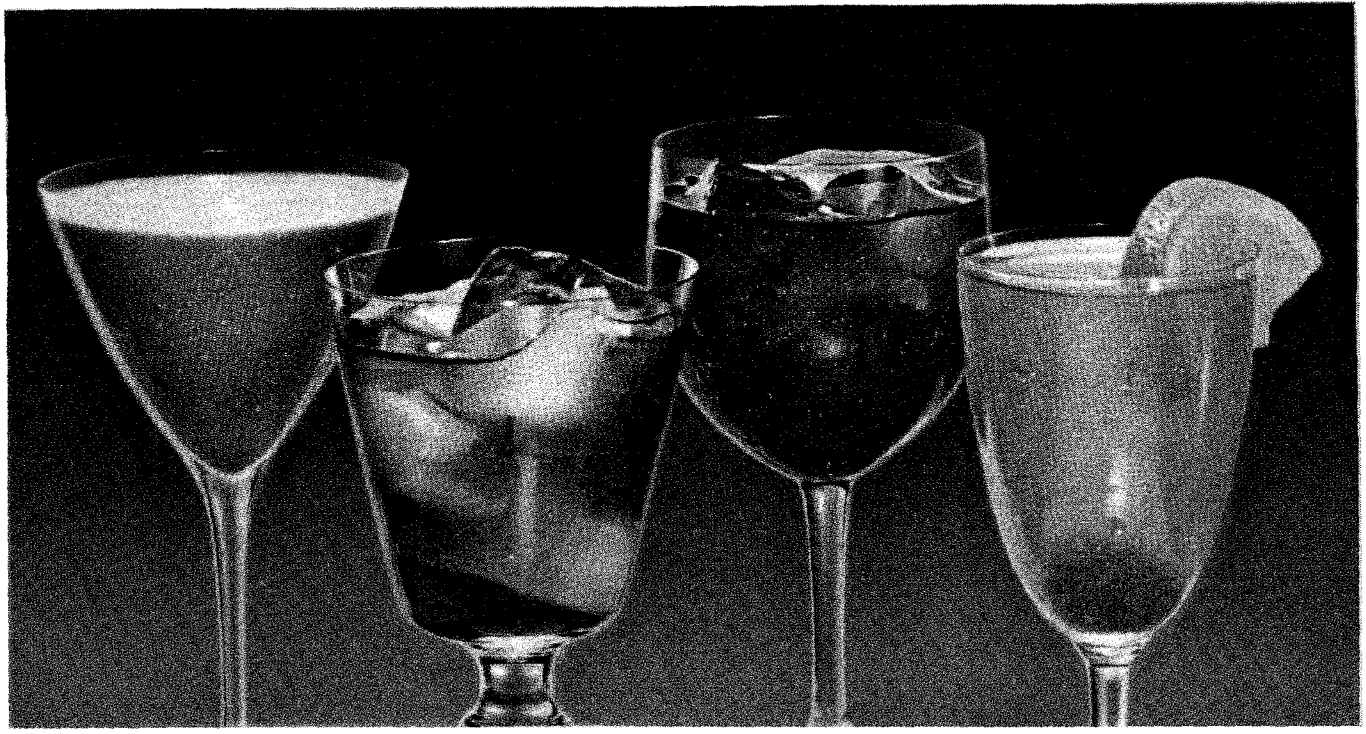
an estimated two per cent of the world's oil reserves and—even more important—an estimated twelve per cent of the world's natural gas, which means that in potential production of the latter fuel it is second only to the United States. Under the new agreement with France, the Algerian government's share in the proceeds from the Sahara oil will increase from approximately forty-one per cent to fifty per cent, and it retains the right to impose further taxes on the French share of future production. Between now and 1969, Algeria's total revenues from oil are expected to rise from eighty million dollars to two hundred and forty million. Foreign oil companies, including three major American ones, will be allowed to maintain concessions that they now operate and also to prospect for new wells, but they will have to pay higher taxes and accept a gradual reduction in the percentage of the profits they may take out of the country; in return, they will be given a fifteen-year guarantee against nationalization of their wells. As for natural gas, the new agreement gives the French and Algerians a monopoly in its production, outsiders being essentially no more than contractors. The Algerians now have three pipelines from the Sahara to Mediterranean ports, and in the port of Arzew, east of Oran, they have a large plant for liquefying natural gas. So far, the Algerians have made relatively little use of the gas, but it is hoped that under the new coöperative plan a whole petrochemical industry will be developed to turn out fertilizers, synthetic rubber, and other industrial materials. What the Franco-Algerian agreement actually does is replace part of France's outright financial aid to Algeria with a pledge to help the Algerians market their oil and gas and any new products that are developed.

ON a recent trip through the northern and central Sahara, I visited the big oil center at Hassi Messaoud, about five hundred miles southeast of Algiers, where the two major Franco-Algerian companies have a hundred and fifty working wells spread over many square miles of dunes. The sight, by day, of the rigs rising from the endless expanse of sand against the pale-blue desert sky and, by night, of the shooting flames from excess gas being burned off gives the impression of a huge offshore oil development rather than one on land, and the sense of being at sea is heightened if one spends a night at the plush camp of the Société Nationale de Recherches des Pétroles Algériens, or SNREPAL, which resembles a huge, self-contained naval base, a twentieth-century air-conditioned sanctuary in the middle of a broiling vacuum. Some five hundred workers—fifty of them with their wives and children—live in the camp, which has handsome modern cottages, communal dining rooms that serve excellent food flown in from France, recreation rooms providing movies and games, an outdoor swimming pool, and floodlit tennis courts. Approximately five thousand workers are employed in the whole Hassi Messaoud area, somewhat less than half of them by the oil companies. The remainder work for various smaller construction or transportation contractors or for the Organisme Saharien, a Franco-Algerian government organization that has done a remarkable job of building the so-called Sahara infrastructure, with special emphasis on a network of hard-surfaced highways and gravel roads connecting a score of oases, some of which contain full-fledged towns with populations as high as eighty thousand. Life at SNREPAL is a monotonous one, consisting of hours of work in the searing desert heat, where the daytime temperature rises as high as 145° F., followed by recuperative hours in the air-conditioned haven of the camp. Except for the men on the oil rigs, who work eight-hour shifts around the clock, the oil-company employees' hours are from six to eleven in the morning and from three to six-thirty in the afternoon. In order to keep going, they drink as much as five gallons of water a day. (I myself, without doing any manual labor, drank about two gallons a day during my week in the desert, and I was constantly thirsty.) Fortunately, there is a good water supply from local wells. The lowest paid workers at SNREPAL—manual laborers—receive a hundred dollars a month, which is twice as much as the annual per-capita income of the three-quarters of a million Algerians living in the Sahara. From all over the desert, every week hundreds of men come to Hassi Messaoud (which means "Lucky Well") in search of work. Those who aren't lucky enough to be hired are allowed to spend three days

Tonight in Annapolis, Maryland



they're serving Hiram Walker Cordials



One last ketch is coming up the Bay from Shady Side. A gull follows it, then circles off towards the bridge.

An evening to relax with friends. To serve Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps Apricot Sours (1½ oz. jigger Hiram Walker Apricot Flavored Brandy, juice of ½ lemon. Shake in shaved ice, strain into sour glass. Add dash of soda, orange slice and top with a cherry.)

After dinner, cordials on the rocks, Creme de Menthe or Creme de Cacao. Or a cool Grasshopper (1 oz. Hiram Walker White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker Green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake with ice, strain into chilled cocktail glass.)

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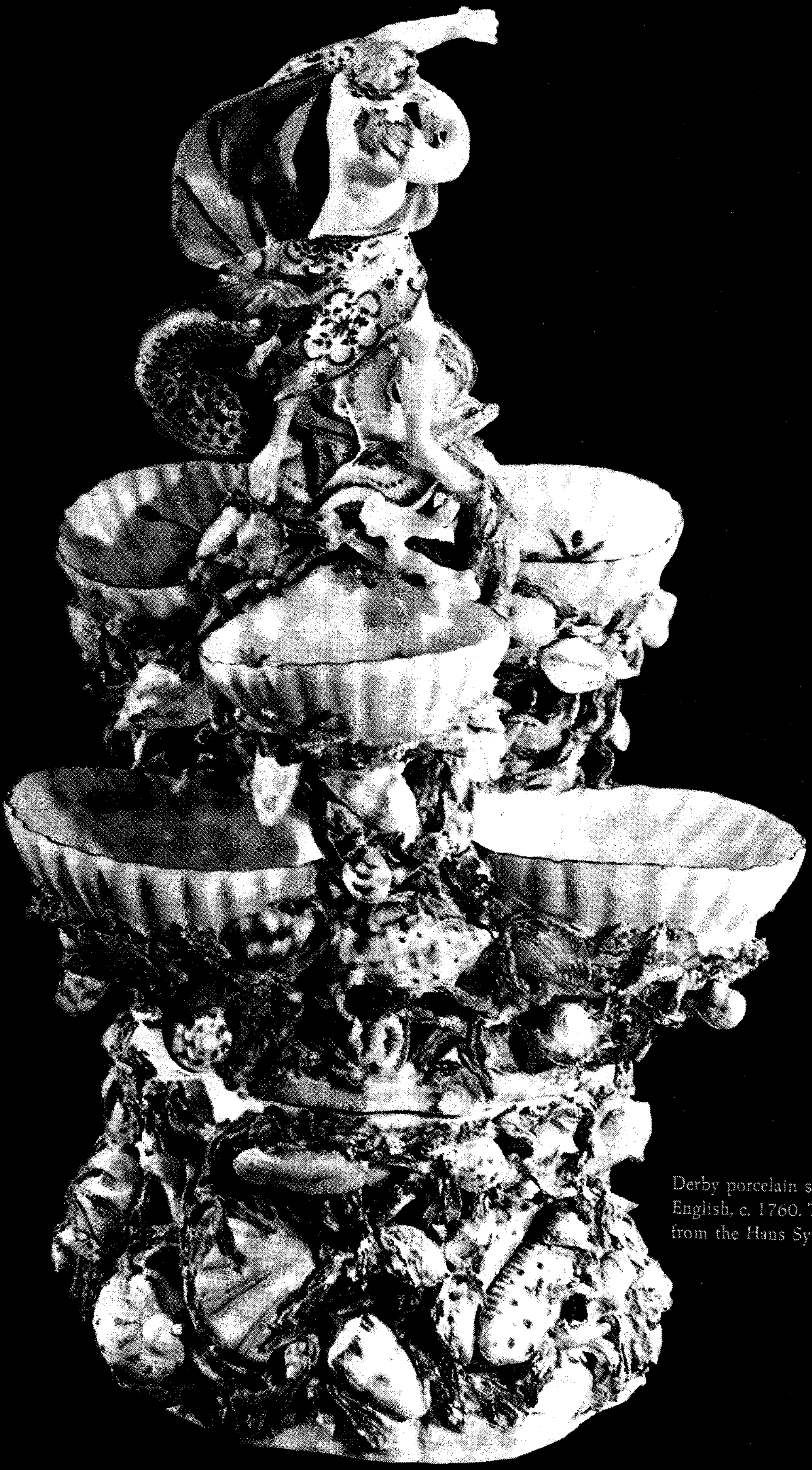

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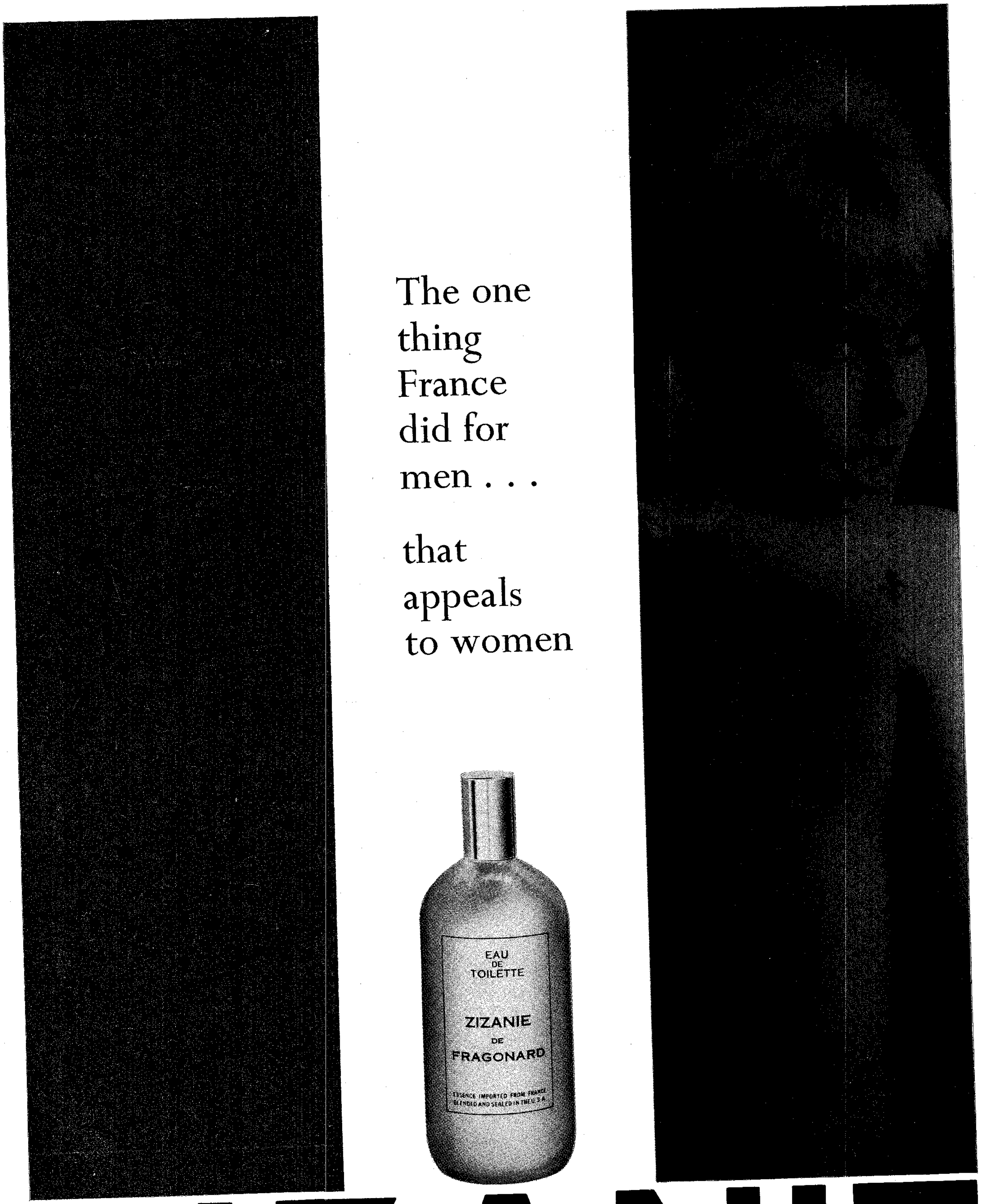
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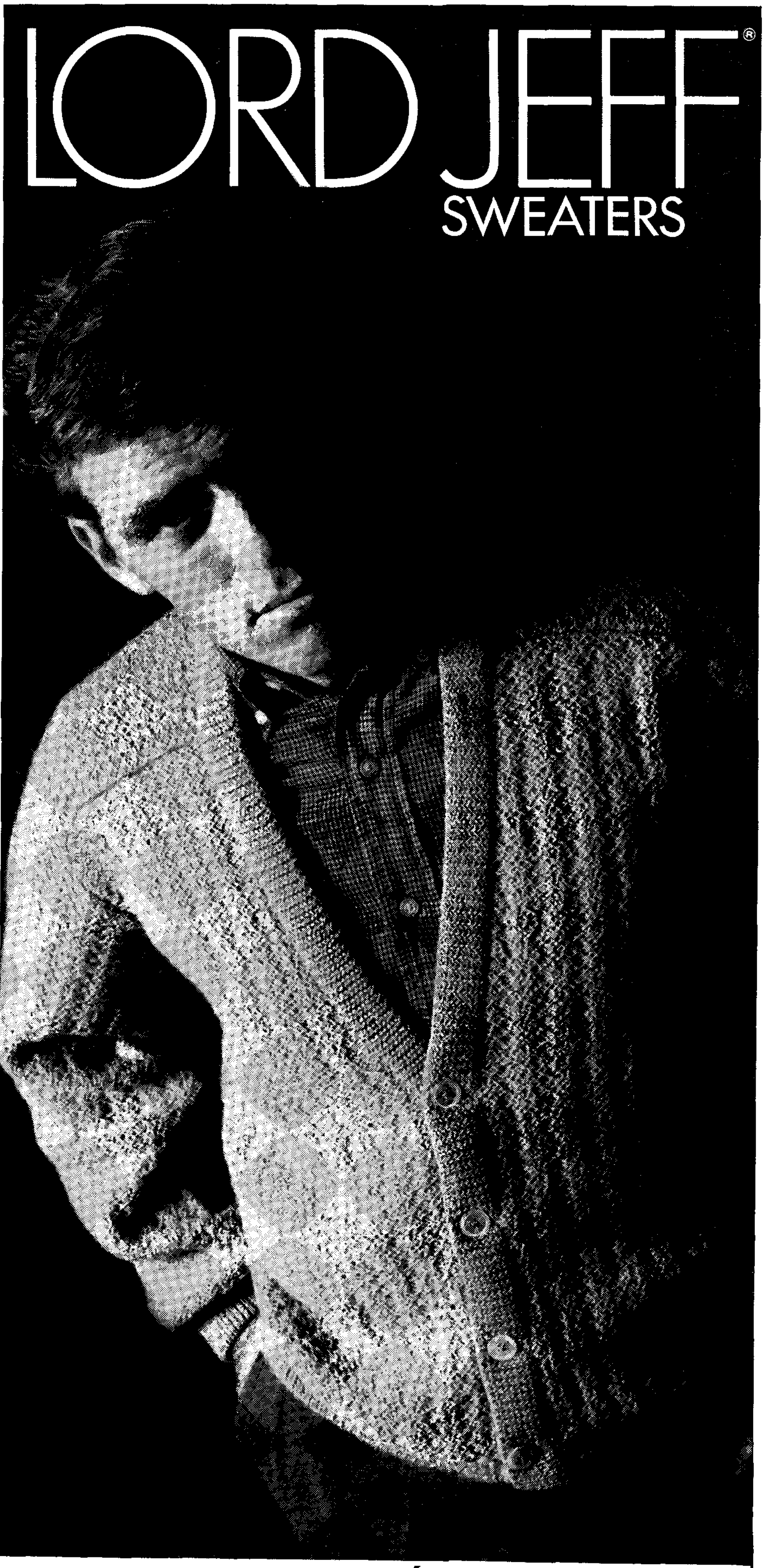
The Sahara occupies four-fifths of Algeria, stretching from the belt of mountains near the Mediterranean down to Central, or Black, Africa. It also reaches into Morocco, in the west, and into Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, and the Sudan, to the east, but most of it is in Algeria. Since prehistoric times, the desert area has gone through many transformations. Nearly a million years ago, it was a tropical country of rivers and swamps, inhabited by elephants, giraffes, antelopes, hippopotamuses, and crocodiles. Then, when Europe was covered by a heavy icecap, the area dried up. Toward the close of the Paleolithic period, the dryness receded, and as the moisture came back man began to hunt and fish in the region, as is evidenced by artifacts found in the desert sands. As civilization reached the Sahara, men moved in from the Near East across Egypt; others came from the shores of the Mediterranean, and there was also some migration of African Negroes from the south. By 5000 B.C., the country was well populated; it was verdant, and large herds of cattle grazed over it. Art flourished there, and delicate wall carvings and paintings depicting the life of those days in astonishing detail are valuable guides for archeological and anthropological data. Then the climate changed once more; it grew hot, and the Sahara became savanna country, lush and damp. The Egyptian influence became paramount, and camels were introduced as the chief means of transportation. As the heat increased, the humidity decreased, until the area became a desert, except in the north, where there were some large bodies of water, including an inland sea that covered part of Tunisia and the area south of Constantine. Men shunned the expanding desert, though the Romans reached its northern rim and built cities there, among them Timgat, which is near the present-day Constantine and is now being excavated. The successive waves of Vandal, Byzantine, and Berber warriors who crossed North Africa left the Sahara unexplored for centuries. The Berbers, however, gradually moved south, and the Tuareg tribes that now occupy the southern part of the Sahara are their descendants. Trade across the desert began; sugar, cloth, brass, and coral were carried south by caravan and exchanged for gold, ivory, ostrich feathers, and slaves. Not until the nineteenth century did the Europeans begin to ex-



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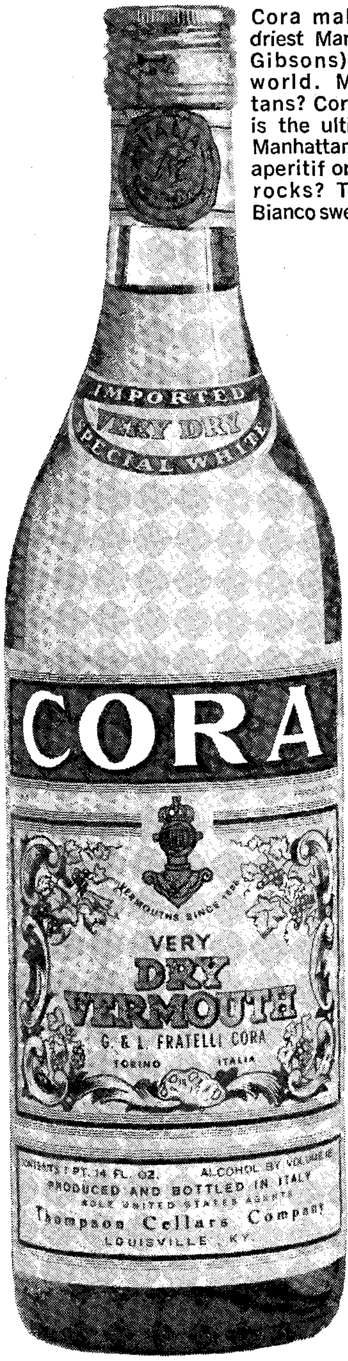

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plore the Sahara. The first European to reach Timbuktu, in what is now Mali, was a young Scottish officer named Alexander Gordon Laing, who survived the rigorous climate and several attempts on his life to get there in 1826, only to be murdered on his departure. At this time, much of the desert was inhabited by warlike and suspicious Tuaregs and by equally unfriendly Chaambas, whose forefathers had migrated from Syria in the fourteenth century, and who conducted a desultory caravan trade but preferred to pillage other people's caravans.

The Sahara is not likely to undergo any more great natural changes soon, but man-made economic changes are imperative if the present inhabitants of the area are to subsist, let alone prosper. The production of oil and gas and the building of roads have lately afforded irregular employment at high pay for a few workers, thereby spoiling these workers for the traditional and far less remunerative forms of labor, and have tended to drive the most highly skilled north in search of more permanent jobs. Until 1962, the biggest employer in the Sahara was France, and especially its Army. Now the Organisme Saharien offers part-time work in the desert to about a thousand laborers, most of whom spend their time cleaning sand off the roads after sandstorms, but out of three hundred thousand employable males in the region approximately a hundred and fifty thousand have no work at all, and the majority of the others do little more than tend a few date palms to keep themselves and their families alive. During the war of liberation, many of the oases were abandoned, and what little cultivated area there was reverted to wasteland; wells dried up, and herds of cattle were left to die or else were killed and eaten by the fighters. Consequently, much, if not most, of the desert region is worse off today than it was ten years ago.

There is a choice of two possible solutions to the problem of the Sahara—to move practically the whole population north, or to start new agricultural and commercial projects in and around the oases. Since it will be some time, at best, before the economy in the north is stable and prosperous enough to provide for the people who are already there, the Algerians and their French advisers have determined to improve conditions in the desert to the point where the population will be able to survive on its own. The task—as I could readily see during my trip, which took me to five of the principal oases—

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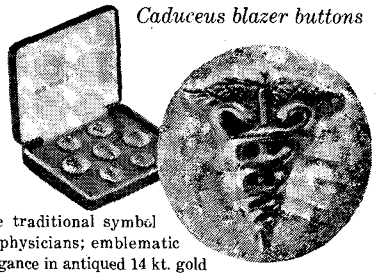

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is a monumental one. It requires, among other things, a new study of all the possible ways of obtaining more water and for expanding irrigation; a means of giving a widely scattered population of illiterate peasants enough technical knowledge and assistance so that they can grow better and more varied crops; a restoration of herds and the application of modern grazing techniques; and the development of local and regional commerce to complement the essentially agricultural economy. All this, as the French and Algerian government workers I spoke with were quick to point out, will take a lot of time, a lot of patience, and a lot of money. The key to the problem, they agreed, is to raise the general educational level of the population, and this is closely related to the improvement of health conditions, which, as a result of malnutrition and a high incidence of tuberculosis and trachoma, are extremely poor throughout the area.

In the oasis of Ouargla, which is the government headquarters of the Département des Oasis, one of the two administrative divisions into which the desert is divided (the other is the Département de Saoura), Abdelaziz Maddui, a twenty-nine-year-old native of the Aurès Mountains, in the north, who fought in the Algerian underground, later educated himself until he was able to pass the bar examinations at the University of Algiers, and is now Secretary-General of the Département, sat on the edge of his desk one morning and spoke to me about the twin problems of education and economics. "The problems of schooling and agriculture go hand in hand in the desert," Maddui said. "If you feed stomachs, you feed minds. In that sense, we are all nomads, for the people who are still wandering, like the people who have settled down somewhere at least temporarily, are simply hunting for food. We must teach the desert dwellers first how to make use of what they have, and that includes their children as well as their date palms. We must create a consciousness of the children's role—foster a children's revolution—because those children represent the hope of the future. We must get them into school at the earliest possible age and keep them there as long as we can—at least through high school—so that we can train them as agricultural supervisors, for example, and persuade them to stay in the desert and teach others, instead of running off to the north to look for work. We're trying to convince the parents that their welfare depends on letting us have their children. Why

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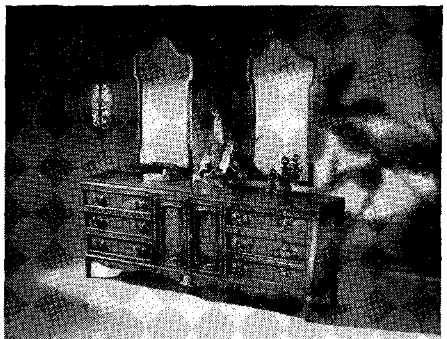

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should a man want to send his boys to school? Well, if he has four sons, and his eighty palm trees are divided among them when he dies, the four and their families will be unable to subsist, and he knows it. If we can train one of the four to be a carpenter, another in scientific sheepherding, and a third as a mechanic, then we can see some hope ahead.

"We have to do things as simply as possible. We have to teach the farmers to plant their palm trees far enough apart so there will be space underneath for fruits and vegetables to grow in partial shade. That way, the same amount of water used for one tree can grow enough to feed a whole family and, with two or three harvests a year, provide something extra to sell. And then there are larger tasks that the government must undertake. There is the serious threat of a blight—a micro-organism called the *bayoud*, which is moving in from Morocco and attacking our date palms. So far, no one has found a way to stop it. Water, of course, is always a problem—a single date palm needs twenty gallons of water a day—but in most places there really is enough water, if only it is properly conserved and used. We have to build dams, and we have to rebuild the *foggara* irrigation system—a network of tunnels built hundreds of years ago to carry water from distant wells. It will all take time, but at least we're making a start, and we're learning something new every day ourselves. The Sahara is one of the best schools in the world."

Maddui, unfortunately, is still a rare exception among Algerian government officials in the desert; most of the prefects and sub-prefects I met were little better educated than the peasants they dealt with, being simply loyal members or supporters of the National Liberation Front who had been rewarded with jobs. The task of replacing them was one of the first that Boumedienne set for himself, and it is proving far from easy, for not only is the number of Algerians with administrative qualifications extremely limited but a sizable proportion of them feel a natural disinclination to bury themselves in the desert for three or four years. In the peculiar post-colonial climate of Algeria, I discovered, the continuing role of the French is even more vital in the desert than it is elsewhere. For example, when independence came, there were virtually no doctors left in the desert. In the spring of 1963, the French and the Algerians signed an agreement creating a French Medical Mission in

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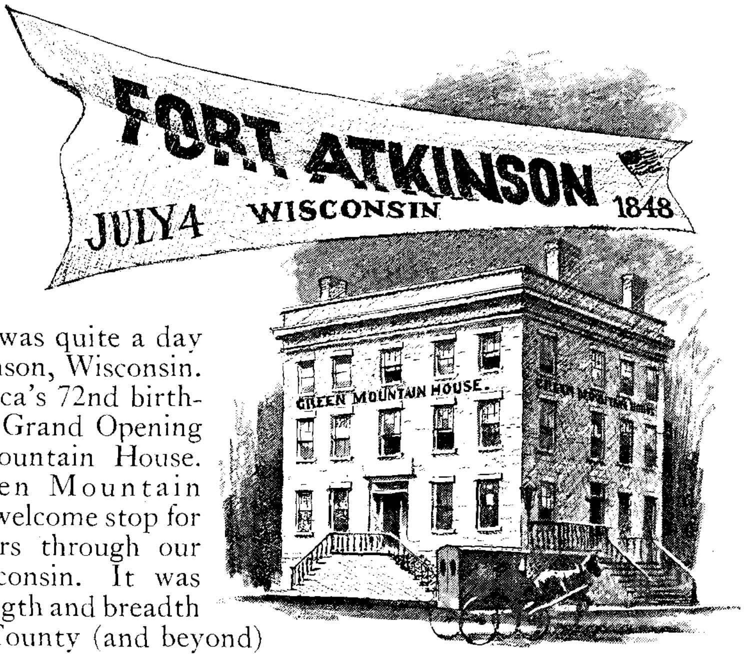

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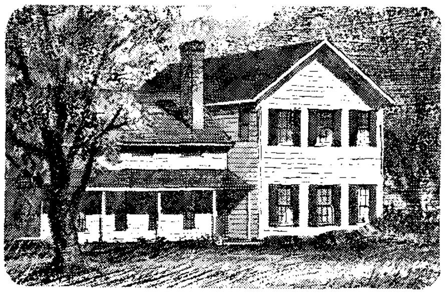

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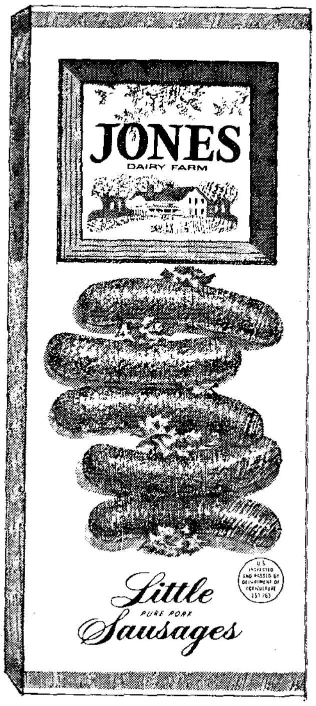

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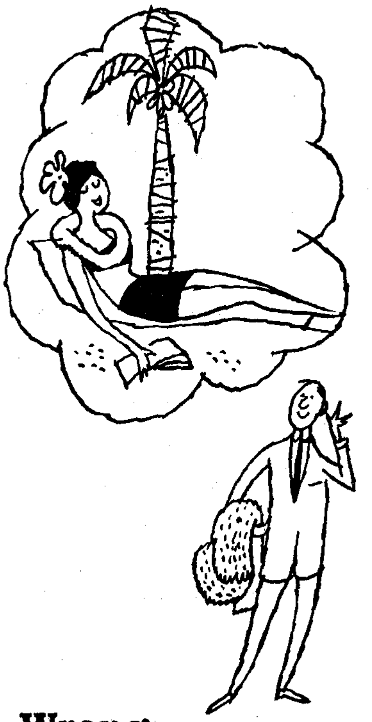

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the Sahara. Today, the mission consists of fifty-four doctors, fourteen nurses, four dentists, and a varying number of midwives, and, with the exception of a few of the midwives, all of them are French. In El Goléa, an oasis in the central Sahara, whose population of seventeen thousand is part Chaamba and part Negro, and which is almost totally dependent on its sparse date groves, one of the French doctors told me he treated a thousand or more men, women, and children a month at his small hospital, where he and another French doctor often worked around the clock. Most of his patients suffer from malnutrition. "I try to keep them in the hospital for a couple of weeks and build them up," he said. "But we feel like sailors polishing the brasswork while the ship is sinking." Among the most active workers in the desert are members of the Order of White Fathers and the Order of White Sisters, two century-old Catholic organizations. In El Goléa, Father Desharlet, a White Father who has spent thirty years in the Sahara and is now running a trade school there, told me that thirty youngsters come to his class each morning, of whom twenty are so undernourished that they are unable to concentrate. "If we didn't feed them lunch at our canteen, they'd probably have nothing to eat all day," he said. "It's pretty hard to teach even elementary mechanics under such conditions." Father Desharlet was as certain as Maddui that the only help for the desert population lay in educating the children, but, unlike Maddui, he believed the economic prospects to be so poor that the best solution was to "educate them as well as we can and then get them out of here."

Poverty-ridden though it is, the desert contains some people who are well off. Among them there are a few individuals—such as the operators of transportation companies who made minor fortunes when the French Army was here and who still do well out of carting things from one oasis to another—and there is at least one whole tribe, the Mozabites. The Mozabites are sometimes called the Puritans of Algeria, and they trace their religious dissidence back to Mohammed's son-in-law, Ali, who, they claim, misinterpreted the Koran. Persecuted as heretics by other Muslims, they came to the desert in the eleventh century, and today they are concentrated in one of five towns that occupy the oasis of Ghardaia, about three hundred miles south of Algiers. The town of Beni Isguen, which, like the four other towns of Ghardaia, is

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built atop a hill, is regarded by the Mozabites as a holy city, and it is probably the richest enclave in the desert, too, being something of a tourist trap for visiting Europeans, who like its exotic atmosphere. Most of the young Mozabite men traditionally go north to Algiers and elsewhere, where their people have long prospered as grocers; they send money back to their families regularly, and return for visits three or four times a year, and when they retire they come back home to live. Beni Isguen, consequently, is inhabited almost completely by women, children, and old men. The women go heavily veiled after the age of twelve, and above each veil one eye barely shows as its owner moves through the lanes and alleys of the town. So strict are the Mozabites that a woman is not allowed to see her sister-in-law unveiled, nor is a man allowed to see his daughter-in-law unveiled. No Arabs except Mozabites are allowed to pass through the town gates, which are closed at dusk, at which time the market place is open for a time, and old men dressed in immaculate white robes drift down the hilly streets after their evening prayers and squat along the white walls of the shops and houses to exchange gossip. From a Mozabite tower on the crest of the hill of Beni Isguen, I was able to gaze down on the entire large oasis of Ghardaia and on its four other towns, which are much less prosperous and look it. In between and around them and their groves of palms I could see the tents and small fires of nomads who were encamped with the flocks they had been tending far to the south. Beyond Ghardaia, the desert stretched out endlessly in the hot evening haze, and it was difficult to believe that man could grub out any kind of existence here. Later that evening, one of the local Algerians associated with the Organisme Saharien invited me to visit his garden, on the outskirts of one of the other towns. Quite a few Algerians who can afford it maintain palm gardens as summer residences, where they spend summer evenings and weekends tending fruit trees and vegetable plots. In the garden I visited, the air was surprisingly cool, considering that the thermometer had hit 140° only a few hours before, and I was ready to believe what my Organisme Saharien host had told me earlier—that within a fortnight of the end of summer the desert temperature can drop almost a hundred degrees and the Organisme's air-conditioning units are replaced by steam radiators. As we sat sipping cups of strong coffee and listening to Arab

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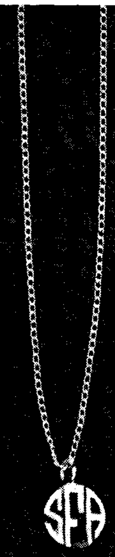
music from Algiers over a wheezy old radio, amid an exchange of love calls between a pair of nearby donkeys and the croaks of a welter of frogs, the endless stretches of empty sand beyond and all the problems of survival in the desert seemed far away, and I suddenly appreciated the full meaning of the word "oasis."

THE next day, I drove north toward Constantine. Within hours of leaving the desert, I was on a road twisting among the gorges of the Aurès Mountains into the Constantine plain, and, in effect, into another world. Nomads were grazing their flocks on the green plateaus among the hills not far from the Mediterranean, denying time and space and tying Black Africa and North Africa together as the politicians may never succeed in doing. I had made arrangements to accompany a friend of mine, Mme. Perdita Champey, the American wife of a French doctor now practicing in Algiers, on a visit to a village where she and her husband had lived during the revolution, to see what it was like now, three years after independence. The village, Aïn Mokra, was not far from Constantine, and it had been a quiet market town until the war turned it into a fortified camp, surrounded by barbed wire, where the French gathered virtually the entire population of the surrounding two hundred square miles, ostensibly to "protect" the peasants from the guerrillas but actually to keep them from joining the guerrillas or supplying them with food and intelligence. At that time, nearly two hundred French civilians had been living in Aïn Mokra, and four wealthy French farms had been in operation nearby, even though they were exposed to rebel attacks. Most of the Muslim citizens of the village had pretended to work with the French while secretly helping the rebels. When the war ended, the French had all left, taking everything they could with them, including tractors and other farm equipment, and the big farms had begun to look run down. Now, as we walked around one of them, Mme. Champey found that it had deteriorated still further. What had once been a lush orchard on a hillside was covered with weeds, and the only machinery on hand—a couple of Yugoslav tractors—lay idle. "When the *colons* left, they told us, cynically and nastily, 'You'll see what will happen,' " Mme. Champey said. "It hurts to realize they were right."

After the war, Aïn Mokra was grouped with four nearby villages into



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a commune, which had a total population of seventeen thousand. The mayor at the time of my visit was a handsome young man in his early thirties who had four wives and a well-earned reputation as a playboy and found himself unable to pay much attention to his job. The community was really being run by a young Algerian girl from Constantine who had attended a Christian convent and had been sent to Aïn Mokra during the war. Now, because she was the sole efficient person available, the Algerians refused to let her leave, although as the only unveiled woman about she felt alone and out of place. A French doctor visited Aïn Mokra twice a week, with a male nurse, and three French *coopérons*, assisted by four partly trained Algerians, taught school. In the immediate post-war period, the American government and an American religious aid society had helped feed the village, part of this help being tied in with a project that involved planting some trees and widening the road. Now the only assistance that the village received was occasional food that came in from the Algerian government and was mostly passed around to members of the National Liberation Front and their friends. Among the few signs of improvement that Mme. Champey saw or heard about during our visit were a new public shower, attached to the local mosque, and (after a long delay) the distribution of pensions to war widows. The sleepy village was full of flies, and was also heavily populated by storks. As many as a dozen of the huge birds stood on one or another of the roofs, a favorite spot, apparently, being the roof of the abandoned Catholic church, which, I was told, was used now for occasional Koran lessons. We stopped at the home of a peasant family that Mme. Champey had known, and the head of the house, a skinny, dark-faced father of eleven children—who wandered in and out as we talked, and most of whom were suffering from rickets—said that he had had no work for months and that the family was living on periodic government hand-outs, plus eggs and wheat provided by his brother, who had a small plot of land nearby.

I HAD seen the privations and problems of the desert, and the bleakness and emptiness of village life in the plain, and as I passed through Constantine and the nearby port of Bône, with a harbor that had once been filled with French merchant ships but was now almost deserted, and with the

Afternoon tea in the lounge. Our latest old idea.

The other week, Ted Rutt, the Englishman who runs our hotel, introduced another of his ancient notions. "Starting today," he said, "we'll be serving tea in the lounge around four in the afternoon. And, despite my heavy schedule," he added unselfishly, "just to make sure no one uses tea bags or any of that barbaric nonsense, every so often I'll have some myself." (He hasn't missed a day yet.)

That's how old idea number five was added to his four previous out-of-date innovations. To wit, the lounge itself (a jolly good place for writing letters). A European-style concierge (Ted Rutt calls him "the chap who can get you anything you usually can't find anyone to get you.") Wood-burning fireplaces in many of the bedrooms. And, of course, our cheerfully out-of-date rates.

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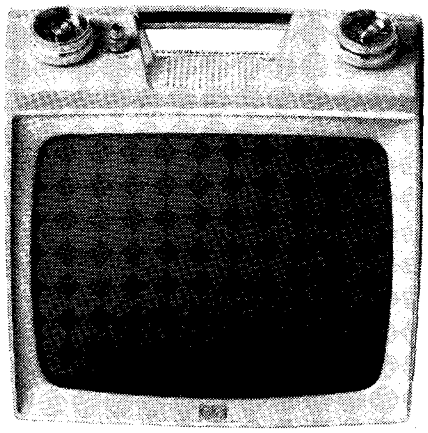

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streets and cafés full of aimless crowds, it seemed obvious that Algeria would need a lot more than a belief in Allah's will in order to survive and progress. Lannon Walker, the young American consul in Constantine, spoke hopefully, though. "These people are still strongly pro-American, despite all the Marxist propaganda and all the anti-American talk," he said. "I feel that we Americans have to learn to live with this Socialist structure in Algeria. We have to do what we can, and do it through training people and fostering self-help projects, rather than through handouts, to make the country productive."

One of the most beautiful drives in the world must be the one between Constantine and Algiers. The long, wild mountain chain of the Kabylia drops from a height of seven thousand feet to the rocky Mediterranean shore, where sea and sky are a blend of azure and cobalt. The Algerians have talked about promoting tourism along this coast but have done nothing about it yet, and the potential blessings of such a move seem highly questionable. The place all but shrieks to be left untouched. Besides, there is a suspicion that the proud and remote Kabyles in the hills not only would resent the incursion of tourists but might take matters into their own hands—with guns, if necessary. In their villages, in the ravines and on the mountain slopes, the red tile roofs are still shell-marked from the onslaughts of French bombs and guns.

In the Kabylia, I was reminded again of the great contrasts of Algeria—contrasts of geography and climate, and of people with different racial backgrounds and characteristics—and then of the contradictions that almost all Algerians harbor within them. There is one quality, however, that runs consistently through the country and its people—a sense of isolation and apartness, which can be felt everywhere. I had seen it in the desert, in the expressions of solitary turbaned Arabs sitting in the blazing sun by the roadside and waiting, it seemed, for nothing, or perhaps simply for a plane to pass overhead or a diesel truck to rush by on the highway and then leave them alone once more with Allah or whatever it was that possessed them. I had seen it in the empty eyes of beggars, many of them shell-shocked from the war, as they moaned their pleas in the streets of the cities. Now, in the Kabylia, I saw it in the almost sullen faces of brightly dressed Berber women herding their flocks into the hills, and in the silent, staring, defensive Berber

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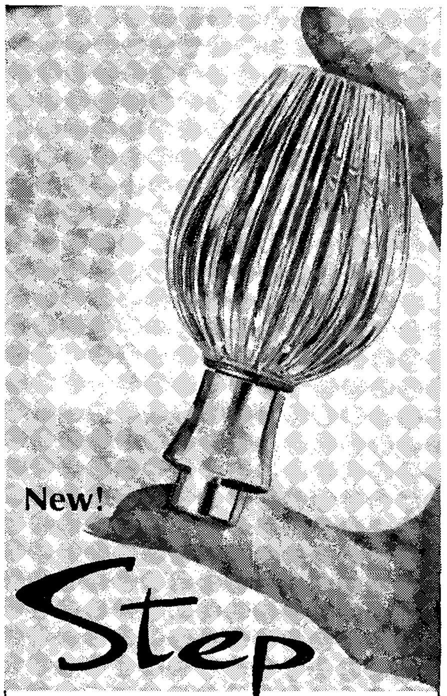

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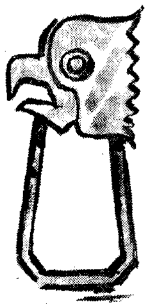

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men in little stone cafés as they watched the white faces of the strangers in the car flicker by. And, most memorably of all, I saw this sense of loneliness, transcending warfare, politics, history, and time itself, in the face of a small Berber boy we passed. He was sitting by himself on a knoll by the roadside, his back to the sea and his head, on which was perched a small red hat, lifted toward the sunset over the hills. In his hand he held one pink flower. He took no notice of us as we rode by, but just sat, as immobile as an icon. I wondered whether he would be there tomorrow or forever, in hope or in fear or simply in endless passivity, waiting for fate to deal with him in its own way.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

WAKING TO SLEEP

Somewhere a shutter is banging.
A horse trots over the cobbles,
striking his sparks in the sleeper.

Eyes that are flickering open
drive through the black incandescence
to find a familiar shadow.

The glittering edge of the curtain,
the floating knobs of the bedposts
reveal the absolute night time

that turns on the luminous dial,
giving up the ghosts of the hours
in frost exhaled on the darkness.

To lie awake is to listen.
The ceaseless voice of creation
moves in the walls of an old house.

The rooftree seems to be swaying
its thousand leaves in the attic.
The staircase aches to the footsteps

shuffled away into silence.
The bed itself makes its breathing
a body whose rhythm is waking.

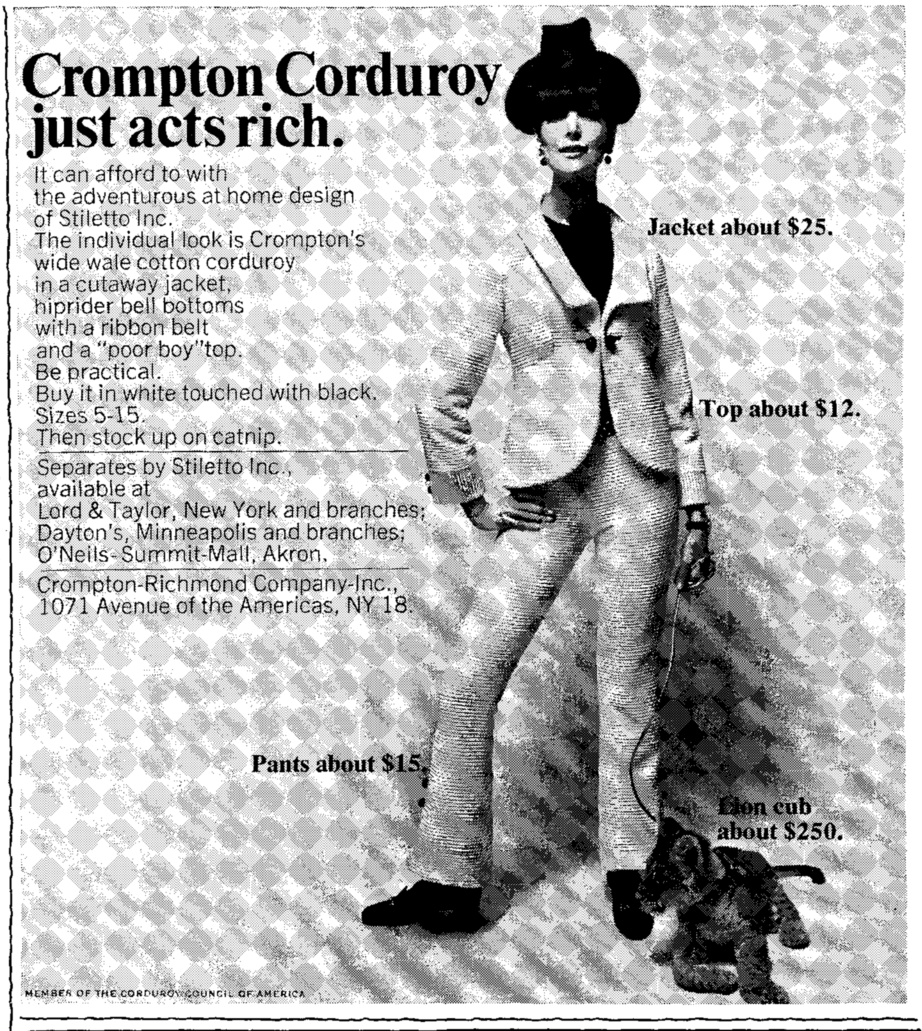
I take up a glass of water
that trembles as if to traffic
of trailer trucks on the bridges;

the dinosaurs cross the city
and shake the earth with their motion,
but the darkness will not crumble.

I drink from this glass of darkness.
The delicate threads of water
are in all my body's mazes;

I follow my pulse of being
into its chamber of echoes.
Somewhere a shutter is banging.

—GENE BARO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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE ODD COUPLE

THE possibility must be entertained that the American baseball fan has grown insatiable. Consider his swollen expectations, his insane autumn *hubris*. Late in September, he confidently expects to find at least one of the two major leagues concluding its immense hundred-and-sixty-two-game season with two or three teams locked in exhausted contention for the pennant right up to the final weekend of play. This year, the National League obliged him again, when the Dodgers clinched on the final Saturday—a slip, nonetheless, from last year, when there were *four* National League clubs still in the fight on the penultimate day, and the Cardinals won the flag only on the last afternoon. Unappeased by the persistent recurrence of this statistical miracle (there have been thirteen final-weekend finishes in the majors since 1946), the fan then confidently looks forward to a long, bitterly fought World Series that will somehow produce the most brilliant baseball of the entire season. These expectations, too, are frequently rewarded. Seven of the past ten World Series have gone to the full seven games, and at least five of the past ten turned into classic baseball dramas that will be discussed and remembered decades from now. Unfortunately, the World Series of 1965, in which the Dodgers defeated the Minnesota Twins in seven games, was no classic; it will be remembered, with one brilliant exception, largely for negative reasons, and talked about with puzzlement rather than admiration. Even so, it was a series of intense interest, and only the most thrill-surfeited fan could ignore its distinctive omens, curiosities, and pleasures.

To begin with, this was the first Series played between runaway orphans—the former Brooklyn Dodgers, who went west in 1958, vs. the former Washington Senators, who became the Twins in 1961. Both of them play before home crowds of less than ten years' loyalty. It should not be forgotten, however, that half the present twenty major-league clubs were born or have pulled up stakes since 1953, and that two of the rovers are changing homes again this year, which means that the Dodgers and the Twins are now among the more typical big-league teams, and that holdfast veterans like the Red Sox, the Cubs, the Pirates, and the Yankees are slipping into the minority. Attendance figures at all parks are memorized and whispered over with an almost Trappist intensity by contemporary baseball executives, and the complex bond of loyalty, hometown pride, and critical favor that binds, or fails to bind, the man in the stands to the man at the plate has become the game's leading mystery. Two ghosts haunted the 1965 Series—the Yankees and the Braves. The Braves became the first modern team to move its franchise, when they left Boston for Milwaukee in 1953. In the ensuing five years, they won two pennants, set a major-league gate record, and regularly enjoyed attendance in excess of two million per year. This same Milwaukee team is now defunct; it has just moved to Atlanta, leaving behind a mixed residue of indifference, bitterness, and lawsuits. At the Series this fall, at least a dozen Eastern fans, sportswriters, and baseball men separately described to me an identical experience—a sudden doubt, a momentary shivery silence, that they had felt when their plane paused in Milwaukee before carrying them on to Minneapolis and the noisy, unquenchable joys of another Series. I, too, had been chilled by that same cold breath at the Milwaukee airport: Perhaps baseball was not, after all, immortal.

The ghost of the Yankees was even more perceptible at the opening games of the Series; you could almost hear the distant rattle of I.R.T. trains above center field. The Yankees are not dead, of course—only their era is dead. The team collapsed and fell to the second division this year, and there is only the smallest reason to believe that it can substantially improve its performance in the seasons immediately ahead. This was only the third time in the past seventeen years that the Yankees had failed to appear in the Series, and the monstrous crash of this Ozymandian figure is still shaking the ground. For a generation, the team was the premier attraction of its league, drawing more fans on the road than at home and sustaining a good many clubs at the box office even while in the act of destroying them on the field. The dilapidation of the Yankees over the past four years can be seen not only in declining attendance at the Stadium (it has fallen off by 280,000 in that period) but also in the entire league's loss of fans. American League attendance was down to 8,860,175 in 1965, a drop of over a million in four years; the National League gained more than two million spectators in the same span, and this year's attendance of 13,576,521 set an all-time record. The disparity can be seen in other, even more painful comparisons. Those late-September dogfights in the National League recur, of course, because there are generally four or five powerful teams in contention; six different teams have won the N.L. pennant in the past eight years. The National League has won five of the last seven World Series, eight of the last dozen All-Star Games. This could be carried further, into an evaluation of the two leagues' individual players, but the point is already clear. The incomparable Yankees are gone, and their departure has at last permitted us to see the pitifully undermuscled condition of the other members of their family, whom they bullied over a period of decades into a condition of hostile but abject dependency. The 1965 World Series, even if it lacked the sense of moral drama that made the old autumn Yankee wars so exciting, at least began the essential and hopeful process of rebalancing the leagues.

THE above, I must admit, is a most ungenerous way of introducing the Minnesota Twins, but politeness cannot cover the curious fact that this team, which won the American League pennant by seven games, went through its season without having

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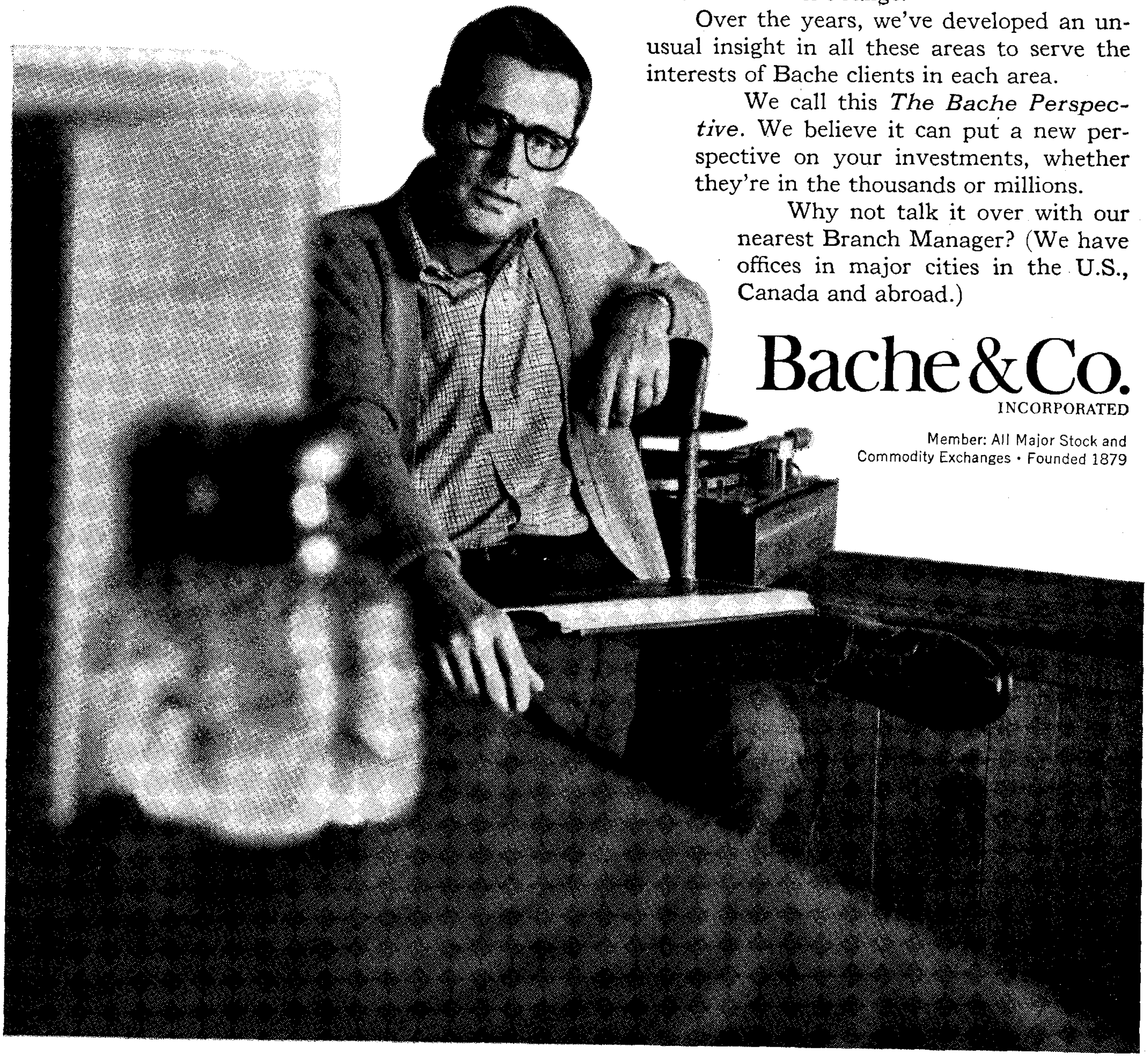

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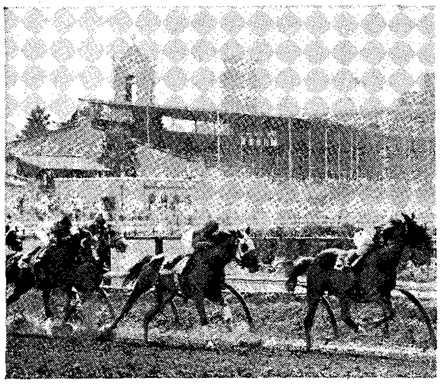

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to survive a single game or set of games that might truly be termed crucial. To put it plainly, no challengers appeared. The Twins had the best batting in the league and the third-best pitching, but neither was overpowering. This was almost exactly the same team that finished in a tie for sixth place in 1964, when it led both leagues in home runs, with two hundred and twenty-one; this year its homer output dropped to a hundred and fifty. The team's ace pitcher, Camilo Pascual, missed half of the 1965 season because of injuries and illness. Its big slugger, Harmon Killebrew, was lost for six weeks with a dislocated shoulder; its No. 2 slugger, Bob Allison, cracked his wrist in the spring and then fell into an appalling season-long slump. The marvellous improvement in the Twins' fortunes in the face of these and various other reversals cannot, of course, be ascribed simply to the acquiescence of the other clubs. They won largely because their manager, Sam Mele, hired a new set of coaches last spring and taught his team a new kind of ball. They eschewed the bomb and studied the hit-and-run, the stolen base, the stretched single. Pitching coach Johnny Sain put Jim Grant and Jim Kaat through a summer-long seminar on spin ballistics, and they won twenty-one and eighteen games, respectively. Third-base coach Billy Martin persuaded the shortstop, a moody Cuban named Zoilo Versalles, that aggressiveness at the plate, quickness on the bases, and a capacity for instantly getting rid of ground balls can make a star out of a small infielder. Versalles, who weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, wound up the season with seventy-six extra-base hits and twenty-six stolen bases—all built on a modest batting average of .273—and is a prime candidate for the league's Most Valuable Player. Finally, no coaches at all were allowed near young Tony Oliva when he approached the plate, and he wound up with his second batting championship in as many years in the majors. Oliva, an outfielder who bats left, has leopardlike reflexes and great speed in the field, and he may become the best American League hitter since Ted Williams.

The presence of the Dodgers in this year's Series was only faintly more explicable, since they, too, had finished sixth in 1964, and they won this year with a team batting average of .245—the lowest of any championship team since baseball's dark ages. In May, the Dodgers lost *their* two-time batting champion, Tommy Davis, who broke an ankle and was finished for the sea-

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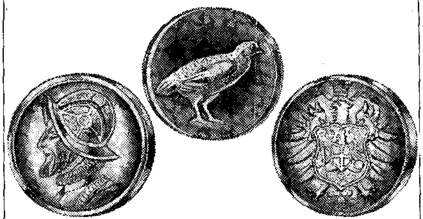

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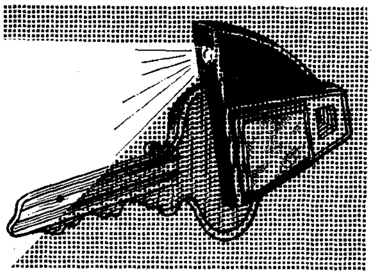

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son. Unlike the Twins, they had to battle every day to survive in their junglelike league, and they saw their carefully hoarded little lead wiped out in September by a fourteen-game winning streak of the Giants'. The Dodgers had great pitching and great cool, however, and they responded with a thirteen-game streak of their own, which put them back on top. They clinched their pennant that last Saturday of the season with an almost typical performance—a 3–1 win by Sandy Koufax over the Braves in which the Dodgers collected only two hits. They won this year not just because of Koufax and Drysdale and Maury Wills but because of a combination of speed, pride, and managerial intelligence that enabled them actually to overturn the entire structure of modern offensive baseball, which has been built around the home run. The Dodgers hit only seventy-eight homers all year, but they stole a hundred and seventy-one bases, thereby inventing a brand-new sport—"tap-ball," perhaps, or "dash-round-the-corner"—which was more exciting and certainly more successful than the old game played by the rest of the league this summer.

NO doubt there were some residents of Minneapolis and St. Paul in early October who were untouched by the impending clash of these oddly matched, oddly similar rivals, but I met none. On the eve of the opening game, the infection seemed absolute—perhaps not the loudest case of baseball fever I have observed but one of the happiest. Bunting and triple-life-size portraits of the Twins filled the windows of banks and department stores along Nicollet Avenue in Minneapolis, and homing automobiles bore exhortatory bumper stickers reading "Sam Mele for President" and "Twins A-Go-Go-Go!" At dusk, I saw cars with Iowa, South Dakota, Montana, and Manitoba license plates debouching fans at hotels and restaurants—country loyalists wearing platter-size Twins buttons and straw boaters emblazoned with Twins heraldry. The local papers had made a brave try for balance, but they couldn't control their advertisers ("Homer after homer, Harmon Killebrew enjoys the Major League Benefit Plan underwritten by Equitable"), or even their headline writers ("Series Lures Recluse from Kentucky Cabin"). That evening, badge-wearing delegates to a recreation-industries convention wandered about the lobby of the Leamington Hotel, nudging each other whenever they recognized a

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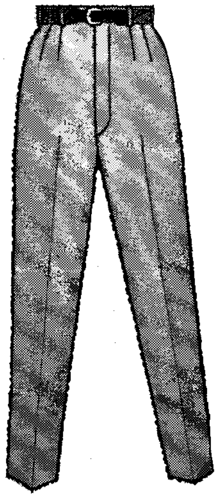

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face—Red Schoendienst, Bobby Bragan, Eddie Lopat, Bill Veeck—among the cheerful, noisy knots of baseball people. Down at the Pick-Nicollet Hotel, a handful of students from the University of Minnesota danced in the Pic-Nic Locker Room, an impromptu cabaret that had been set up that afternoon right in the lobby and decorated in a hopeful attempt to resemble the Twins' clubhouse. The Fruggers were studied glumly by a cluster of tall teen-age boys in green blazers—members of the Charlotte Hornets' Nest Post No. 9 baseball team, from Charlotte, North Carolina, which had won the national American Legion baseball title in early September and thereby a free trip to the Series. Late that night, I watched a taped TV show over WCCO-Channel 4 in which an announcer interviewed an almost interminable number of employees at the Twins' ball park. "Tell me," he said to a grounds keeper. "Are you responsible for putting down these nice straight lines?"

By midmorning the next day—a cool, burnished fall day—Minnesota had given up almost all pretense of civic equilibrium. In the State Supreme Court, in St. Paul, an attorney cut short his argument with "There are more important matters before us today!" He received grateful applause from both sides, court adjourned, and various jurists departed for their grandmothers' funerals. On Summit Avenue, also in St. Paul, a meeting of a ladies' study group was ruined when five members put down their copies of "Troilus and Cressida" and tiptoed out, off to meet their husbands at the ball park. At about the same time, three suspected members of the Kansas City Cosa Nostra under surveillance by the Minneapolis Morals and Narcotics Squad aroused the darkest suspicions among their tailing detectives by *not* heading for the game. And on Minnehaha Drive the cabdriver who was taking me out to the game turned in his seat and said, "You know, five years ago we had nothing here but the Lakers, and they were bush. Now we got the Vikings, we got the Twins, we got the pennant, and Hubert is Vice-President!"

Hubert Humphrey—a Twins fan, of course—was there to throw out the first ball at Metropolitan Stadium, an airy cyclotron standing amid cornfields in Bloomington, precisely equidistant from Minneapolis and St. Paul. The most notable absentee that afternoon was Sandy Koufax, who was observing Yom Kippur. (Women's-page

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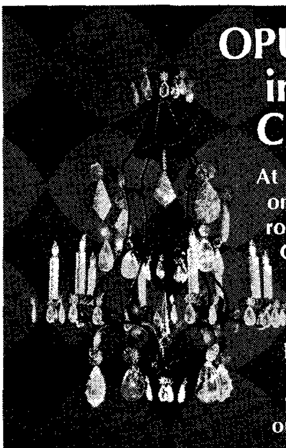

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feature writers invariably refer to Koufax as "the world's most eligible Jewish bachelor.") The fans around me behind first base celebrated this bit of calendarial good fortune with hopeful yawps and bayings, even though Koufax's stand-in was Drysdale, a twenty-three-game winner and the world's most formidable No. 2 pitcher. Their cries died abruptly when Ron Fairly led off the Dodger second with a homer into the right-field bleachers (at least two spectators within my hearing muttered, "The Dodgers aren't *supposed* to hit homers!"), but the Twins' first baseman, Don Mincher, balanced matters with an almost identical poke a few minutes later. Then, in the bottom of the third, Swedish-American credulity and tonsils were imperilled by a swift succession of astonishments. Frank Quilici, the Twins' rookie second baseman, doubled just inside the left-field foul line. Pitcher Jim Grant bunted, Drysdale fell while fielding the ball, and both runners were safe. Versalles hit a three-run homer into the lower left-field deck. Two outs and two hits later, Drysdale walked Mincher, loading the bases, and Earl Battey, the Twins' catcher, popped a little Texas leaguer to right for two more runs. Quilici then singled, for his second hit of the inning, and Drysdale departed. When the side was out at last, the scoreboard operator had to try three times before he managed to put up the correct, incredible number of runs for the half inning: six. That, of course, was the ball game, though the crowd sat tight through the rest of the affair, smiling in the afternoon sunshine. Versalles drove in another run and stole a base in the seventh, and Jim Grant, working quickly and perhaps a bit carelessly, permitted the visitors nine more scattered hits and one more run. The smiles remained as everyone trooped out to the parking lots. It was like a family wedding; for once, it was all right to love *everybody*.

The following afternoon, a considerable number of those Twin-boosting straw boaters showed bitten-off brims—evidence of late celebrations of the famous victory. But it was a drizzly, sobering sort of day. Two roaring helicopters hovered just above the outfield grass, trying to dry out the surface, and when the game finally did start, amid light showers, there was Koufax. There, too, was the Twins' own ace left-hander, Jim Kaat, and for five full innings there was no way to choose between them—three hits for the Twins, two for the Dodgers, no runs at all. Tension and damp feet

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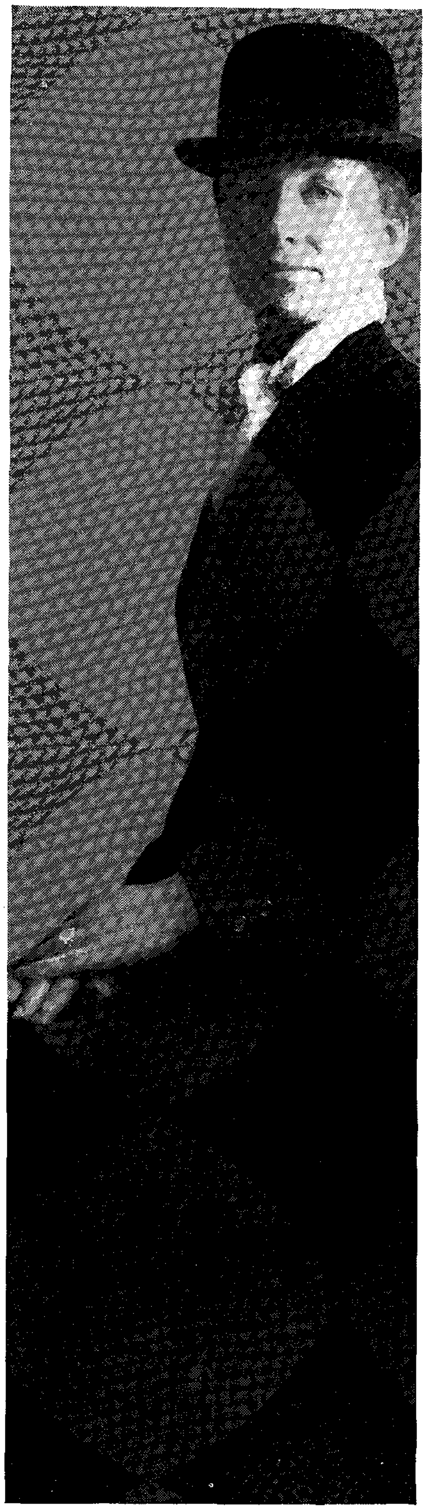

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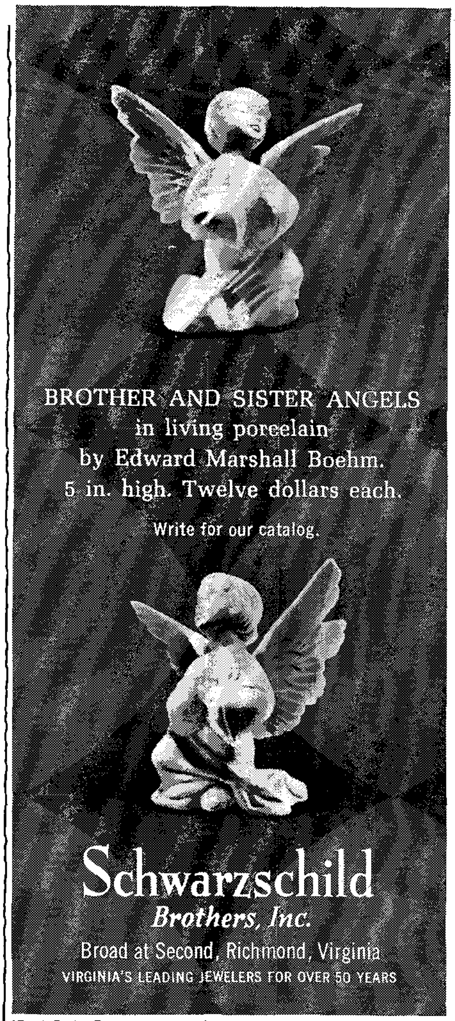
kept the crowd quiet until the Dodger fifth, when Bob Allison, in left field for the Twins, saved at least one run with a mad sprint to the foul line and a diving, cross-handed grab of Lefebvre's long drive. He slid a good fifteen feet into foul territory, and when he came up still holding the ball, I was suddenly persuaded that this, too, would be the Twins' day—a conviction that seemed to strike everyone else, even Koufax, at the same time. Versalles, leading off the sixth, slashed a grounder off third-baseman Gilliam's glove for a two-base error. Nossek neatly sacrificed him to third, and Tony Oliva brought him home with a shot to left that he somehow stretched into a double. Killebrew scored Oliva with a single. Koufax steadied and pitched out of it, having actually given up only one earned run, but it was too late; he vanished, necessarily but uselessly, for a pinch-hitter in the seventh, when the Dodgers scored once on three singles. Versalles, who was now clearly running for governor, bashed a triple off Ron Perranoski in the same inning, and then scored, all unaided, when he feinted down the line so convincingly that Perranoski bounced a pitch past his catcher. The Twins, having devoured Drysdale and Koufax on successive afternoons, now disposed of Perranoski, the Dodgers' brilliant relief man; Kaat delivered the final two runs with a bases-loaded single in the eighth. The fans around me were laughing and hooting by now, and one next to me kept repeating, "It's all over now! It's all over now!" I hope he meant the game, and not the entire Series. After I had visited the clubhouse and heard Sandy Koufax's precise, unapologetic, and totally unruffled analysis of the game, I came away with the curious impression that the Twins, after two straight victories, were only slightly behind in the World Series.

RIVAL baseball executives sometimes talk about Walter O'Malley, the owner of the Dodgers, with less than total admiration, but always with undisguised envy. For one thing, his Dodger Stadium, at Chavez Ravine, is the finest plant in baseball—a model of efficiency and attractiveness which is brightening the design of new ball parks across the country. For another, he has found in Los Angeles the perfect baseball audience. Dodger fans are numerous (attendance has averaged over two and a half million in the new park, by far the best in the majors), steadfast, and suffused with



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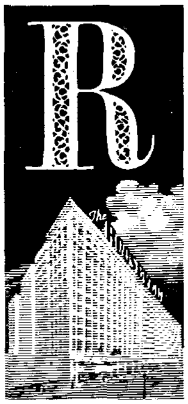

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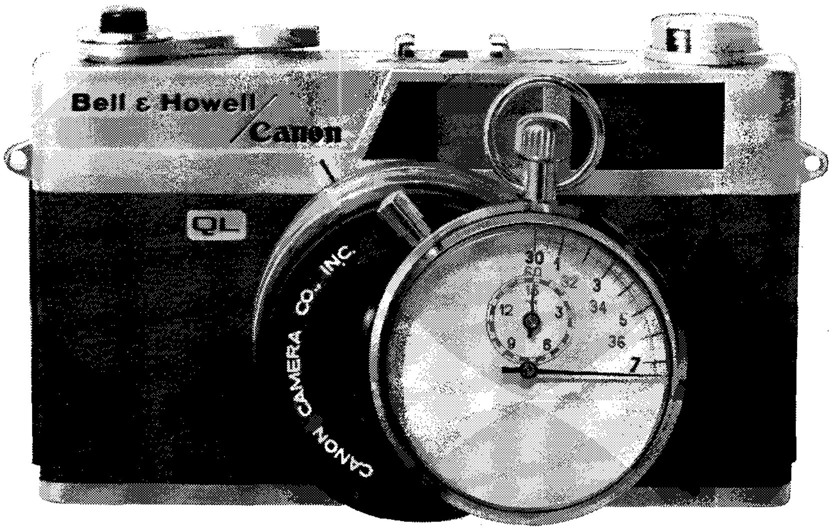
love. They need the Dodgers fully as much as the Dodgers need them, for the team seems to serve as a civic center or model home—a hearth to pull up to in a land of dusty patios. Caring about the Dodgers in Los Angeles is a form of mother love, and there were times during the three Series games in the Taj O'Malley when I had the feeling that I had wandered into a radio breakfast show for moms. It wasn't just the mass sing-alongs, encouraged by the electric signboard in left field—"Happy Birthday to You!" warbled, *cum* Wurlitzer, to a Dodger bat boy or a pitcher's father—but my growing conviction that the men and women around me, in their green stretch pants and russet golf cardigans, had, in some mild, innocent fashion, lost their marbles. They accepted the Dodgers' three one-sided and fundamentally unexciting victories at home as a source of continuous and uncritical self-congratulation, maintaining a non-stop high-decibel babble of joy ("Marvellous! Oh, marvie, marvie, marvie!" one woman cried after each Dodger base hit) during a span of twenty-seven innings in which the Dodgers outscored the Twins 18–2. It was a phenomenon; love of team had utterly eclipsed love of baseball.

In the first Los Angeles game, Claude Osteen gave the National Leaguers the best pitching they had yet enjoyed in the Series, allowing five lonely hits and keeping the ball so consistently low that the Twins managed only three flies to the outfield all afternoon. The Dodgers displayed some nifty base-stealing and sacrifices, but almost to no purpose, since they were hitting Camilo Pascual so energetically. Every home-team starter came up with at least one hit (there were ten hits in all), and the final score was 4–0. This outcome only nourished in me the belief that the next game, the fourth, would be the key to the Series; with a three-one lead, the Twins would be almost impossible to beat, but a two-two tie would require the Twins to beat Koufax once again—perhaps twice again. Both the Dodgers and the Twins played that fourth game as if they, too, had come to this conclusion—and the Twins, for all practical purposes, utterly blew the Series in six innings.

Wills, the very first Dodger batter, was knocked sprawling when various Twin infielders converging on first base failed to handle his infield bouncer. He got up and stole second, proceeded to third when Jim Grant forgot to cover first on a grounder by Willie



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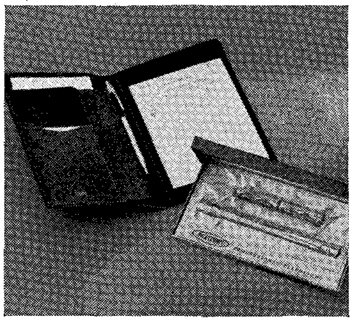

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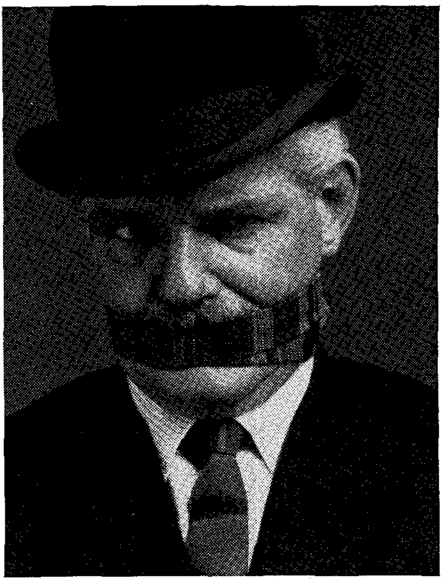
Davis, and scored when Versalles messed up a double play. In the next inning, a second run scored on a bunt by the Dodgers' Wes Parker, another steal of second, another gift of third (on a wild pitch), and an infield error by Quilici. The Dodgers were playing their favorite kind of baseball on their favorite grounds (the infield grass there resembles shrunken worsted, and a chopped grounder sometimes bounces thirty feet in the air, like a golf ball landing on a highway), and the Twins grew badly flustered. They almost stayed in the game until the sixth, but then two high, useless throws by Minnesota outfielders allowed a Dodger runner an extra base, and the last vestiges of the Twins' poise vanished. Their subsequent butcheries are best forgotten; the game wound up 7–2, Los Angeles, and the Series was even.

It was unevened after the first two Dodgers had batted the next afternoon, when Wills doubled and steamed home on Gilliam's single. There were twelve more Dodger hits and six more runs, but that first score, as it turned out, would have been enough, for Koufax was back on the mound, and this time the W.M.E.J.B. was performing very close to his peak. By the end of seven innings, he had faced only one more than the absolute minimum number of batters, and he wound up with a four-hit shutout and ten strikeouts. It was the twenty-second time this year that he had struck out ten or more batters in a single game. There were other things to admire that afternoon (Willie Davis's three stolen bases, for instance, and the Twins' not falling apart again), but I concentrated on watching Koufax at work. This is not as easy as it sounds, for there is the temptation simply to discredit what one sees. His fast ball, for example, flares upward at the last instant, so that batters swinging at it often look as if they had lashed out at a bad high pitch. Koufax's best curve, by contrast, shoots down, often barely pinching a corner of the plate, inside or out, just above the knees. A typical Koufax victim—even if he is an excellent hitter—having looked bad by swinging on the first pitch and worse in letting the second go by, will often simply stand there, his bat nailed to his shoulder, for the next two or three pitches, until the umpire's right hand goes up and he is out. Or if he swings again it is with an awkward last-minute dip of the bat that is a caricature of his normal riffle. It is almost painful to watch, for Koufax, instead of merely overpowering



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hitters, as some fast-ball throwers do, appears to dismantle them, taking away first one and then another of their carefully developed offensive weapons and judgments, and leaving them only with the conviction that they are the victims of a total mismatch. Maybe they are right, at that; the records of this, Koufax's greatest year, suggest as much. In the regular season, he won twenty-six games, struck out three hundred and eighty-two batters (an all-time record), and pitched his fourth no-hit game—a perfect game, by the way—in as many years, which is also a new record. In the Series, he won two shutouts pitched within three days of each other, and gave up exactly one earned run in twenty-four innings. He was the difference between the two clubs; he won the Series.

I WATCHED those last two games at home, on television, because I did not want to see or share the pain that I felt certain was waiting for the Minnesota fans. Besides, it had become clear that this was not to be a Series that would go echoing down the corridors of time. A curious, dissatisfying pattern to the games had emerged, for neither team had displayed the smallest ability to come from behind. In the first five games (in all seven games, it developed), the winning pitcher lasted the full nine innings, and no resolute power hitter stepped up to the plate to challenge him—to reverse matters with an explosion at a crucial moment. That pin-striped ghost remained; what I wanted—what we all wanted—was a moment of Yankee baseball. Still, my decision to stay away from Metropolitan Stadium was probably a mistake, because I missed some innings of rare tension and some sudden rewards for two or three ballplayers who deserved them wonderfully. There was, for instance, Jim Grant's slick, courageous 5–1 victory in the sixth game, in which he outpitched Claude Osteen, kept those Dodger sprinters off the bases, drove in three runs with his own sixth-inning homer, and generally restored the Twins to joy and self-esteem. Mudcat Grant himself is a singularly joyful and estimable young man, who has emerged this year as a pitcher of the first magnitude. He is a tall, self-possessed Negro who is also pursuing a second, cold-weather career as a singer and entertainer; he will make a nightclub tour this winter with a turn called "Mudcat and the Three Kittens." Even without those two big wins for the Twins, he would be notable for

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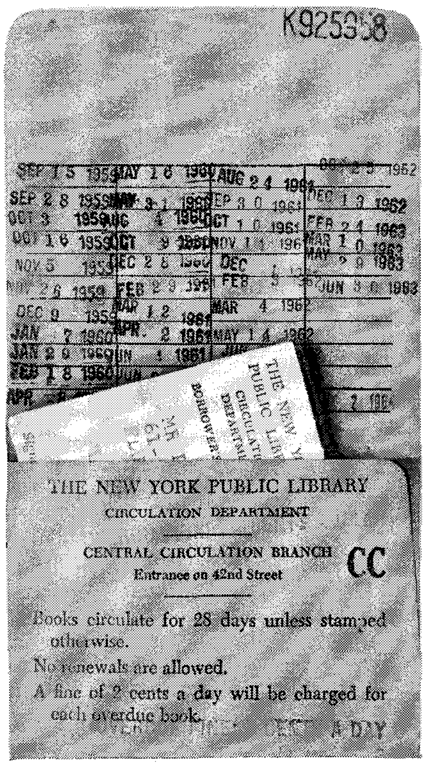
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the most startling ballplayer's quotation to come out of this year's Series: "I was a member of the N.A.A.C.P. before it became Camp."

There were two more homers to remember with gratitude. Bob Allison's, in the sixth game, must have been at least a momentary salve for the unimaginable tortures he had suffered at the plate this year in his endless batting slump. Big-league baseball, one is sometimes reminded, can be a cruel, almost impossibly difficult game. And then, on the final afternoon, there was Lou Johnson's homer—a looping, dying blow to left that actually caromed off the foul pole. It came in the fourth inning, with no score and the bases empty, but it demolished Jim Kaat and the Twins, for Koufax had already struck out six batters and again appeared untouchable. Ron Fairly doubled on the next pitch, and Parker singled him home, but Johnson had really done the job. Lou Johnson is a somewhat shopworn Negro outfielder (he even looks a little tattered, because of an automobile accident years ago that cost him the top of his right ear) who has spent most of the past twelve years in the minors; he took over left field when Tommy Davis was injured, and hung on with the Dodgers as a regular by playing the best ball of his career. The sound, the weight, the feel and flight of that home run will stay with Johnson, I would bet, for at least twelve years to come.

Koufax's three-hit, ten-strikeout shutout in the final game was in many ways his most astonishing feat of all, for he pulled it off without his curve ball. Discovering somewhere in the first or second inning that his curve was unreliable, perhaps because he was at last exhausted, he simply did without it; he threw the fast ball and challenged the Twin batters to touch him. Again he was too much. In the ninth, Killebrew reached first on a single, with one out, and the home-side zealots aroused themselves for some final, crepuscular yelling. Earl Battey struck out on three pitches. Bob Allison fouled one, took two balls, swung and missed, swung and missed, and winter descended on the northlands. As the Minnesotans filed out of Metropolitan Stadium in awful silence, I suddenly thought of the optimistic cabdriver who had driven me to the ball park on the first day of the Series. I hope by now he has added another line to his little speech: "Anyway, we were beaten by the best—maybe the best pitcher in the whole history of baseball!"

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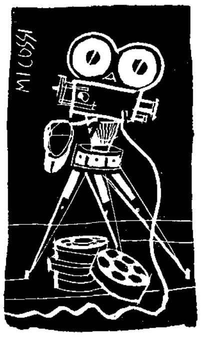

BRYAN FORBES, who wrote and directed "King Rat," was well within sight of bringing off a good, strong, no-nonsense melodrama when, in a sudden fit of overambitiousness, he threw his success away. Instead of contenting himself and us with a harsh sketch of a stinker who makes good, he decided to broaden his canvas to include intimations of How Awful the Whole Human Predicament Really Is, even to the point of demonstrating, in a final scene between the stinker, a lower-class American, and his buddy, a virtuous upper-class Englishman whose life he has saved, the Gulf of Incommunicability that yawns between chaps. In any field of endeavor, it's hard to leave well enough alone; perhaps it's especially hard to do so when one is making a picture that is big by definition rather than by nature—big, that is, because of the technical and financial resources of Hollywood that have been thrown behind it, because of the large and notable cast that has been assembled, and because of the unlucky fact that, just as it's always safer to shoot too much film than too little, it always *seems* safer to offer an audience too much plot than too little. When you come to think of it, though, what is the basis of this assumption? Offhand, I can't remember a single picture that displeased me by having too little plot, but I can remember plenty of pictures that displeased me by having too much.

The setting of "King Rat" is a prisoner-of-war camp run by the Japanese, and the time is the closing weeks of the Second World War. An American corporal, the scoundrel for whom the picture is named, has, by dint of corrupting both his fellow-prisoners and his captors, set himself up as a one-man black market. He does a brisk business in watches, cigarette lighters, and the like, and not only has accumulated a sizable stake in dollars but has also provided himself with a continuous supply of fresh food and other amenities. His companions are demoralized, sick, and in rags; the corporal is mentally, physically, and sartorially at the top of his form. The difficulty for him is that he can be a king rat only under conditions that favor rats; once the war is over and the prison context is dissolved, he will be reduced to his former scruffy condition as a lonely and despised outsider. This is a simple and satisfactory subject, and it's too bad that Mr. Forbes should have cluttered up his screenplay with scenes and characters that he has been able to find no proper use for; evidently they are remnants of scenes and characters that were dealt with to more purpose in the novel by James Clavell on which the movie is based. Given such clutter, the movie was bound to run too long—nearly two hours and fifteen minutes—but I must say that the cast is extremely able and, except toward the end, makes the time pass with welcome speed. As King Rat, George Segal is superbly brassy and disagreeable; as his British friend, James Fox, whom you will remember as the handsome and all too suggestible young houseowner in "The Servant," is no less superbly gentle and charming. Tom Courtenay plays the part of a lieutenant trying in vain to preserve traditional British discipline in the camp; admirable in trivial roles are Patrick O'Neal, James Donald, Denholm Elliott, and John Mills. Having felt obliged to criticize Mr. Forbes for his screenplay, I can praise him for his direction. I can also praise him for having resisted the temptation to add a woman to the cast. Surely someone in Hollywood must have pressed the box-office advantages of that addition upon him ("Listen, we get like Natalie Wood to play this innocent young Japanese prostitute, and the Rat swaps a Ronson lighter for her"), and surely Mr. Forbes shook his head and said he didn't think so.

"ALPHAVILLE" is the latest Jean-Luc Godard movie to reach our shores. I said of his recent "The Married Woman" that it was the best Godard I had ever seen, and I say of "Alphaville" that it is the worst Godard I have ever seen. Mr. Godard isn't simply uneven; he is a veritable roller-coaster. "Alphaville" is his flyer into science fiction, and in place of genuine invention he has thought it sufficient to insert his usual number of pranks with film and even more than his usual number of private jokes for the benefit of friends and close students of his *œuvre*. The one thing more boring than In jokes is the notion of a grown man's playing them. Mr. Godard is

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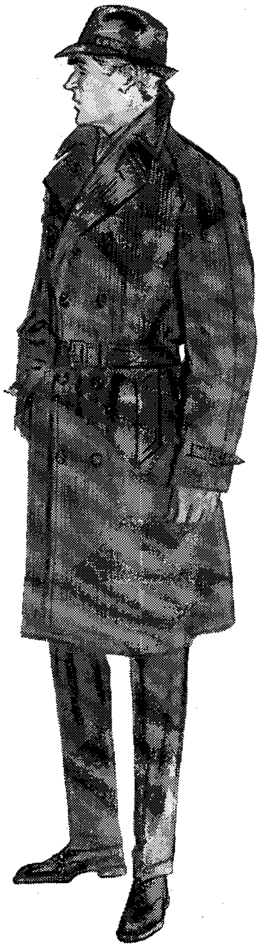

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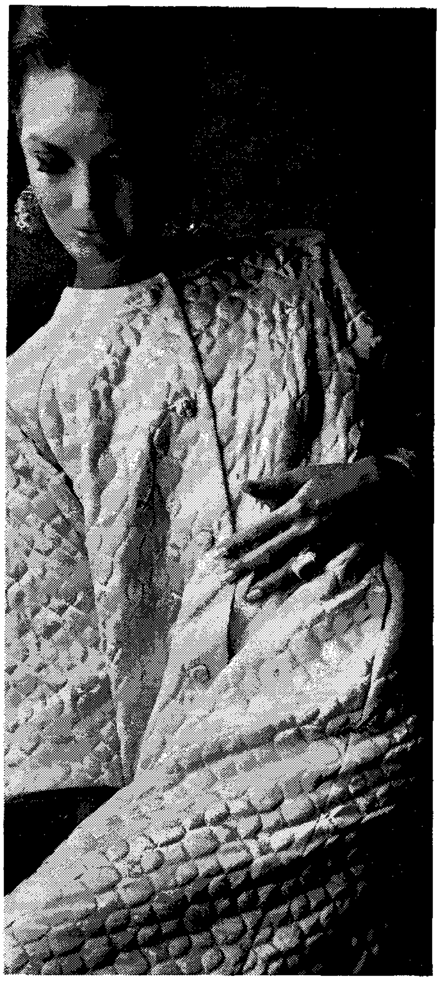

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perverse, childish, arbitrary, careless, self-indulgent—in short, a thesaurus of the irritating—and, from time to time, the most interesting movie-maker alive. Thank goodness, he is also prolific. We can afford to forget "Alphaville," confident that a new Godard is just around the corner.

Pietro Germi's reputation as a director rests largely on his "Divorce—Italian Style" and "Seduced and Abandoned." It won't be much enhanced by the showing here of "The Railroad Man," which he made some nine years ago. The story is trite and sentimental, and Mr. Germi's handling of it surprisingly conventional. What makes the picture worth seeing is Mr. Germi's attractive performance in the title role. Despite my pronounced antipathy to child actors, I also admired a little boy named Edoardo Nevola, who plays the railroad man's son. The boy tries hard to keep his father from getting drunk and staying out all night with congenial companions, but it is in his eyes that he already understands that a good time is a rare thing and not to be easily given up. It appears that by six or seven we have learned most of what there is to learn; the rest is filling in. —Brendan Gill

•

The car was demolished when it went out of control a short distance from Route One as the men traveled toward Boothbay. The vehicle skidded sideways 29 feet on the road, 44 feet on the shoulder and 96 feet along the guide posts, mowing off 13 poles. It then careened down an embankment 60 feet where it cut off an 8 inch ash tree, 7 feet from the ground, continued on 11 feet cutting off a birch tree which was 9 inches in diameter, and then traveled on 20 feet where it came to rest against another tree.—*Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News.*

Deciduous?

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MUSIC NOTES FROM THE GREAT SOCIETY

[*Alice Bliss in the Atlanta Constitution*]

The Choral Guild of Atlanta, together with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, directed by Robert Shaw, performed Mozart's Requiem Tuesday night.

The incomparable music, written to be sung at a funeral service, is made more poignant when it is realized that its composer, at 35, was himself dying.

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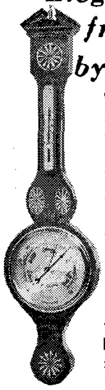

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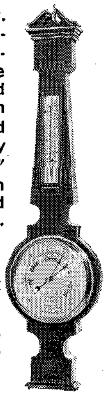

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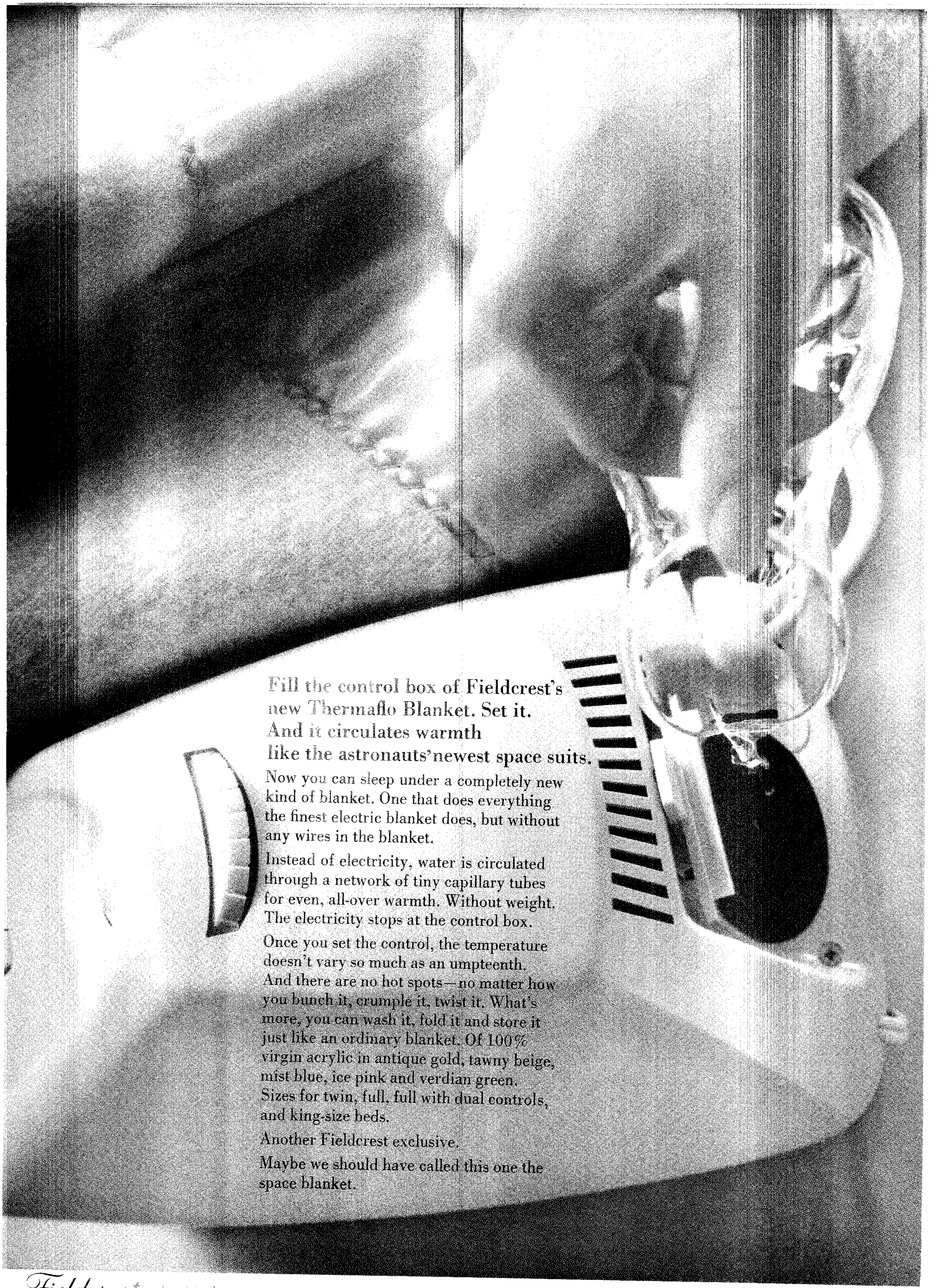

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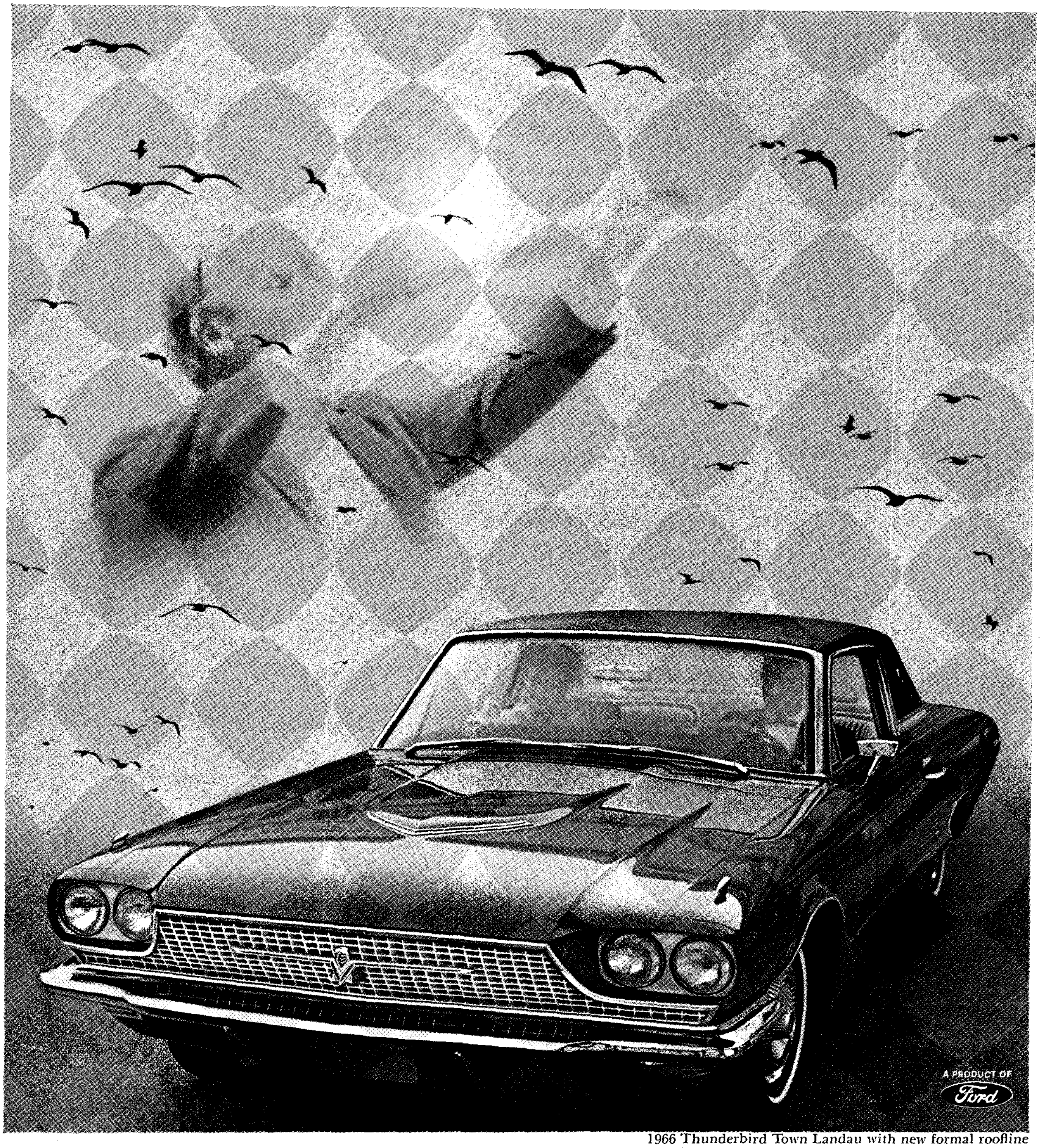

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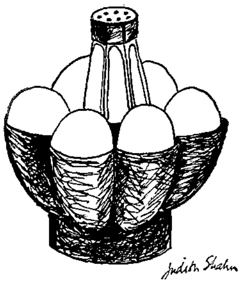
MY father shared with my grandmother an inordinate fear of hospitals. When my grandmother, during her last illness, was put in a hospital for several days, he worried about her, afraid that she would die there, among strangers. When she came home, it was a triumph, and her death, weeks later, with her family about her, was natural and acceptable to both of them.

My grandmother had been dead several years when my father became ill. He was at first embarrassed by the illness, just as he had always been embarrassed by any illness, even a toothache. He carried a toothbrush in his pocket, he brushed after meals, he saw a dentist twice a year, and to have a cavity in spite of everything seemed to him un-American and weak. Every morning, no matter how he felt, he did setting-up exercises, he was always careful to breathe deeply—especially of "pure" air at the mountains or at the beach—he ate well-balanced meals, he drank eight to twelve glasses of water every day, he walked erectly and sat up straight, and then suddenly he was feverish and in pain. He was ashamed.

He kept his pain a secret for a couple of days. Then he went by bus to see his doctor, who told him he had a probable kidney infection, advised bed rest, prescribed an antibiotic, and sent him home. The long bus ride, the wait in a drugstore for the medicine, and the pain wore him out. When he reached our home, which is on the west side of Los Angeles, he gave my mother a fright by staggering to a chair and lying back in it with his eyes closed. His secret was out, and it was arranged for me, his daughter, to drive him to the doctor the next day.



For a couple of days, he went to the doctor, took his capsules, rested, and showed no improvement. On the third day, the doctor told me that he wanted my father, who was then lying on the examining table in another room, shivering with a chill, to enter a hospital. When I told the doctor that my father was terrified of hospitals and hated even to visit them, he said he thought he could be reassured.

He was not difficult. He was too ill to argue. He nodded in silence when he was told that there were tests to be made only in a hospital, he nodded again when he was told he would get more rest in a hospital, and he sat humbly while the doctor called a hospital and made arrangements. There would not be a bed for several hours, so there was time to go home and get his toothbrush—in his pain he had forgotten to put it in his pocket—and tell my mother.

My mother took the news sensibly, repeated that he would get more rest, he would get tests, he would get better faster in a hospital. She packed his razor, toothbrush, pajamas, robe, slippers, some lemon drops, and a package of gum. Then she kissed him goodbye and watched us go. He could walk, very slowly, but he did not have strength enough to close the door of the car. I locked him in and drove to Daniel Freeman Hospital.

I parked in front. It seemed to me a poor idea to use the emergency entrance. We walked slowly to the admitting office and sat down. My father slumped in his chair. He had forgotten all his rules about posture. Until we were seated, I had not realized that we were in a Catholic hospital. He looked up and saw a painting of a saint. On another wall was a crucifix, and he stared at it, stared at me, and turned to look at a plaster Madonna in a niche. He said in astonishment, "What kind of a hospital is this?"

"Catholic," I said. It had not occurred to me that he might object.

My father calls his religion Enlightenment. He has often said he believes in Nothing. Every now and then he refers to "the old guy upstairs" who permits nations to build bombs. The evils of poverty and war are proof that "the old guy" is a phony.

The woman at the desk asked at least a dozen questions. My father has a bad ear, and whenever I saw that he had not heard her I answered for him. He sat shaking his head and saying, "A fine state of affairs." When the woman asked about my father's religion, I said, "Jewish." Finally, she asked for a deposit. My father heard her and said in alarm, "I didn't bring any money with me. I might have five, six dollars, that's all." I said I would write a check and he could pay me later. He nodded. He turned in his chair and looked out into the hall as a white-robed nun went by. He said softly to me, with a faint smile, "A ghost. I just saw a ghost." As he watched, another nun went by. "Two of them," he said.

A nurse's aide came with a wheelchair. She helped my father into it, and

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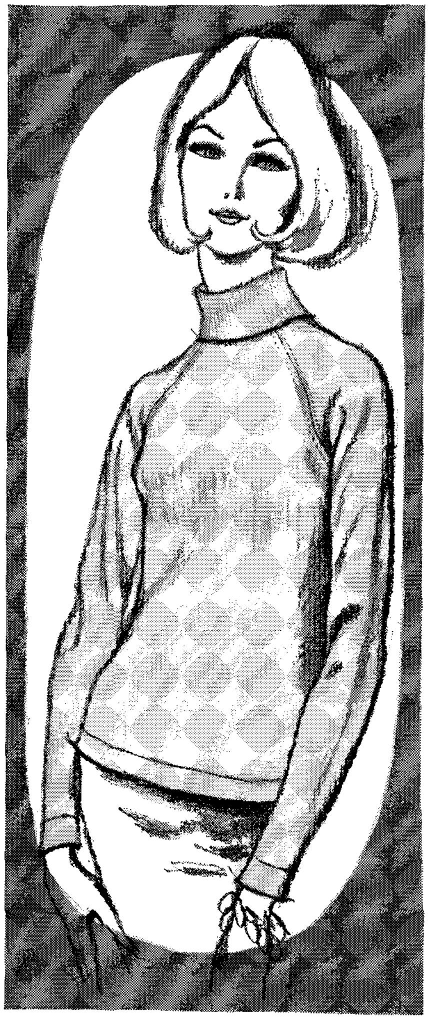

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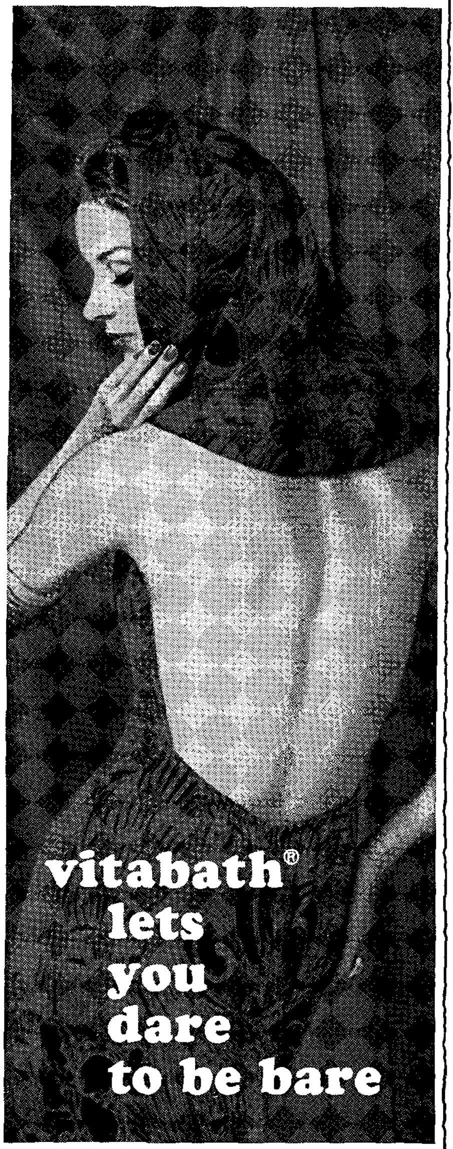
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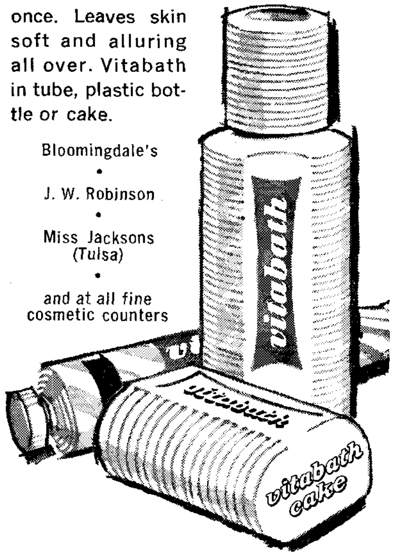

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we went upstairs to his room. There were two empty beds. The aide said, "The nurse will be in to help you," and left us alone. My father clutched the arms of the chair and looked around uneasily.

It was an airy, pleasant room, with several windows with Venetian blinds, and a Christ on the Cross, carved in wood, placed on the wall where he would see it when he lay in bed. He looked at the figure and said, "You know, it doesn't bother me, but a pious Jew could get scared to death in here."

I said that Catholic hospitals were usually extremely good, and that the nuns would not bother him—they had his religion on his history.

"I know," he said. "I just can't stand so much *God* all the time. People get sick, they start with God. They don't figure it might be this guy God that made them sick in the first place."

Suddenly he was exhausted. The excitement that had sustained him was over. He looked to be in danger of falling out of the chair. At that moment, a brisk Negro nurse came in and took charge. She helped him take off his shirt and shoes and socks, keeping him in the chair all the time. She showed him the door to the bathroom, the closet where his clothes would be, the table drawer that would be his, the button for turning on the bed light, the button for calling the nurses' desk, and then she pulled the curtain around him and left him to take off his trousers and get into bed. He was pleased and grateful. To find a nurse who was smart enough to let him take off his own pants—that was wonderful, he said. He was gasping. "I'll get—some rest," he said. He pushed back the curtain and made a couple of tries before he could get up on the bed. "Rest—what I need," he said, falling back on the pillow. "Didn't sleep a wink—last three, four nights."

The nurse returned to take his blood pressure and his temperature, and he watched her silently. She gave him a capsule, again indicated the button for the nurses' desk, and left us.

"Go home, Sunny," he said, using my nickname. "Mother—alone—must be worried. Tell her I'm fine." He was so tired his voice trailed off. I had wanted to wait and see the doctor, but my father was obviously going to sleep, and I knew my mother was waiting. I kissed his burning forehead.

"Get some sleep," I said, "and we'll see you tomorrow at two o'clock."

"Yeh."

"If there's anything you want from

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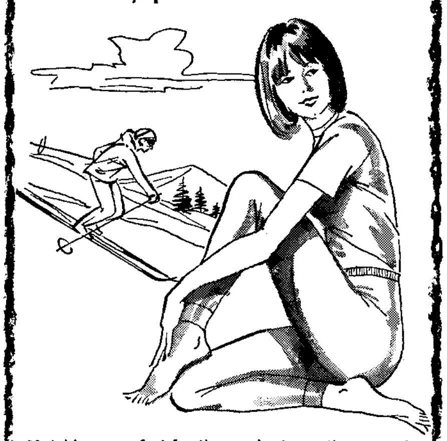

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Jane Eyre	Charlotte Brontë	☐	☐
Winesburg, Ohio	Sherwood Anderson	☐	☐
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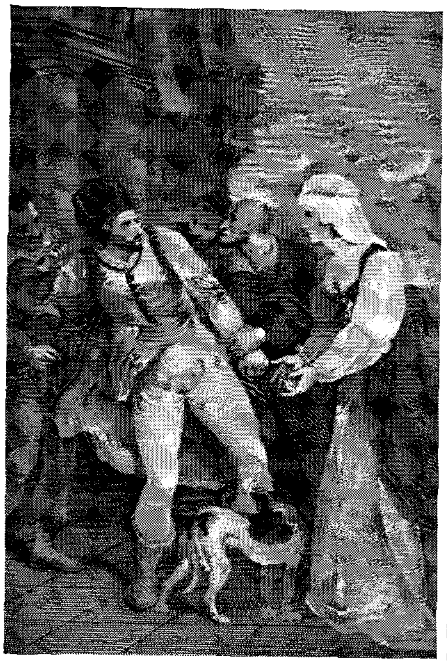

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home," I said, "you've got a telephone on your table. You call us. O.K.?"

"Sure."

I walked to the door and looked back. His eyes were open, and he was working his mouth to speak. I waited. "Religion," he said with difficulty, "is the—worst—fraud—ever to be perpetrated—on the human race." With a sigh of triumph, he fell asleep.

I told my mother that he was already sleeping, that his nurse was deft and friendly, and that he was not in the least afraid. My mother nodded and drew a deep breath and began at once to wash the walls of the kitchen.

WHEN we saw my father the next day, he was no longer alone in the room. A yellowed old man was in the next bed. We said hello to the old man and sat down beside my father. He was still feverish, he said, he still had pain, his mouth was very dry, he had slept in a thousand separate snatches all night long, and they had done absolutely nothing for him. He told us this in a muffled voice, and he dozed between sentences and had to be prompted.

The old man said in a smug way, "Probably cancer."

I said lightly, "Oh, I doubt it. He has a kidney infection."

The old man had no teeth, his left eye was stationary, and his tiny hands were curled graspingly on the bedspread. Tubes led from under the covers to plastic bags attached to the side of his bed.

I looked back at my father. He was asleep. A moment later, he opened his eyes and said clearly, "A fine state of affairs," and dropped off to sleep again.

The next time his eyes opened, my mother asked eagerly, "Did you have anything to eat?" I knew she was afraid he would not like the food and would become weakened, which was more frightening to her than infection and fever.

"Eat?" He fell asleep before he could answer. A couple of minutes later, he turned restlessly and began to laugh. "Funniest thing," he said. "Those faces. Wish you could have seen them." He could not go on, because he laughed until he began to cough. Finally he gasped, "Those faces!"

My mother was smiling at his good humor. "Whose faces? What happened?"

"They told me not to go to the bathroom alone, you see. So I sat up and pushed the button for the nurse, but she didn't come. I kept pushing. I didn't know it then, but I was pushing the wrong button. All the time, I was turn-

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ing on the light, on and off, but the big light was on and I didn't notice. I waited about half an hour. Then when I tried to get up, I fell out of bed, and they heard the bump." He laughed, wiping his eyes with the edge of the sheet. "Oh, it was funny, those faces. '*What happened?*' they asked me."

My mother looked sober. The old man said, "Break a hip that way. Happens all the time."

My father's bad ear was on the side of the old man. He asked, "What'd he say?"

I repeated the old man's comment. My father began to laugh again and to shake his head. "It would be worth it. Oh, were they scared."

He was tired now. He lay still, staring fixedly at the closed Venetian blinds. A nurse came in, glanced at him, and nodded to us. She drew a curtain around the old man's bed and said to him, "We're going to take an electrocardiogram. You've had them before."

"Yes, yes," said the old man.

My mother and I exchanged glances. To us, my father's falling out of bed, his sleepiness, the old man's remark about a broken hip seemed ominous. My great-grandmother died after falling out of bed—the fall broke her hip.

My father slept for several minutes. When the nurse emerged from behind the curtain, my mother said, "He seems so dopey. Are they giving him something to do that?"

"Oh, yes," said the nurse. "He's being sedated."

We sat for some time. My father often opened his eyes and looked at us. Sometimes he said nothing. A couple of times he said we ought to go home. "This is no place to sit." Once, he said, "Did you feed the dog?" We hadn't had a dog in years. When we finally left, we said goodbye to the old man, and he said, jerking his head toward my father, "Very sick man."

At home, I called the doctor. He told me reassuringly that my father was getting antibiotics and sedatives, that he had slept well and not to worry about his ramblings. He was getting good care, and the nurses all liked him. I repeated all these assurances to my mother. She said, "I suppose tomorrow he'll be better," but then she remembered that my grandfather had rambled and been sleepy a couple of days before he died. I reminded her that my grandfather had been an old man and had undergone major surgery. I said, "Dad has a kidney infection, and they've got drugs specifically for that nowadays." My mother nodded, saying that there hadn't even been penicillin when my grand-

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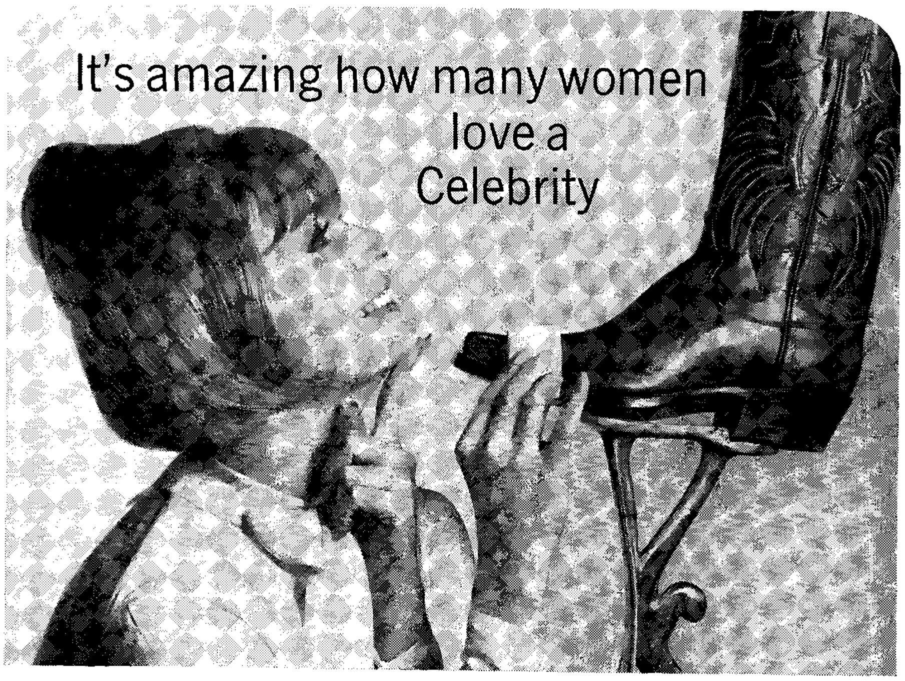
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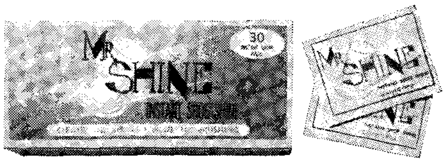

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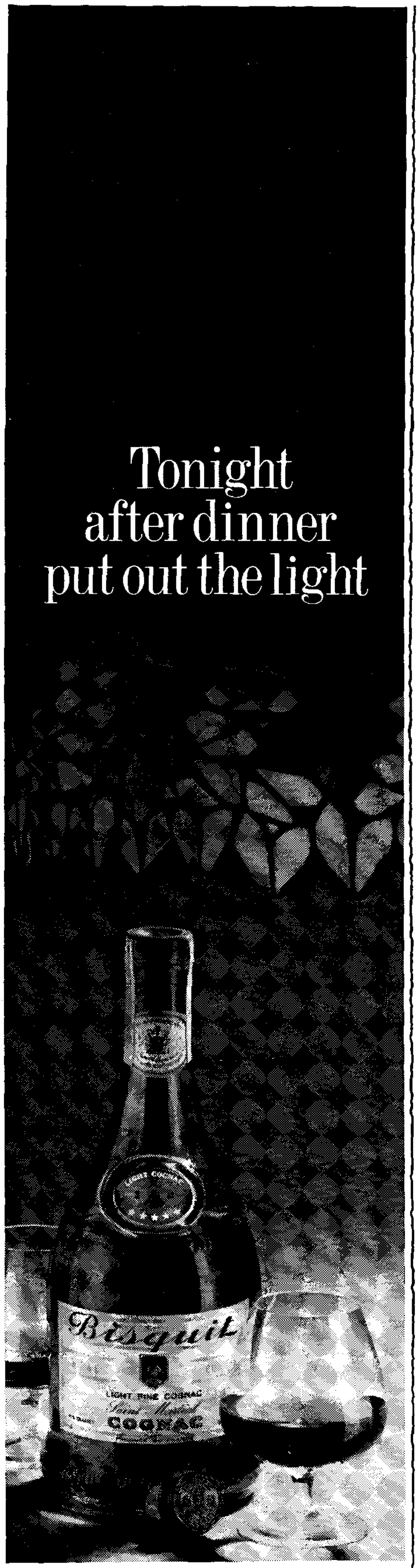
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father died. She asked if I wanted anything to eat, and I said I'd like some coffee. We had coffee, and then she washed the bathroom walls.

MY father was alert and propped high in bed when we saw him the next afternoon. The old man was still there. Greatly relieved at finding my father wide awake, I asked the old man how he felt. He said, "I'm better," and added, "*He's* going to have an operation."

My father shook his head and beckoned us to come closer to the bed where the partly drawn curtain hid him from the old man. He said softly, "*He's* supposed to have an operation. Poor old geezer, his wife's dead ten years. No children. All the company he gets comes at night, when he wants to sleep. Neighbors. He's got an income six hundred dollars a month and that's what they're after, he says."

My mother was not interested in the old man. "How do you feel?" she asked. "Did you sleep? Are you eating? Did they take any X-rays?"

My father said he had eaten well, the food was good, his pain was a little less, and there had been no X-rays. "I could do this just as well at home. I haven't got the patience to lay here. I can take medicine at home."

"You stay here," my mother said. "You weren't eating a thing at home. You stay here, even another two days. You'll come home when you're better."

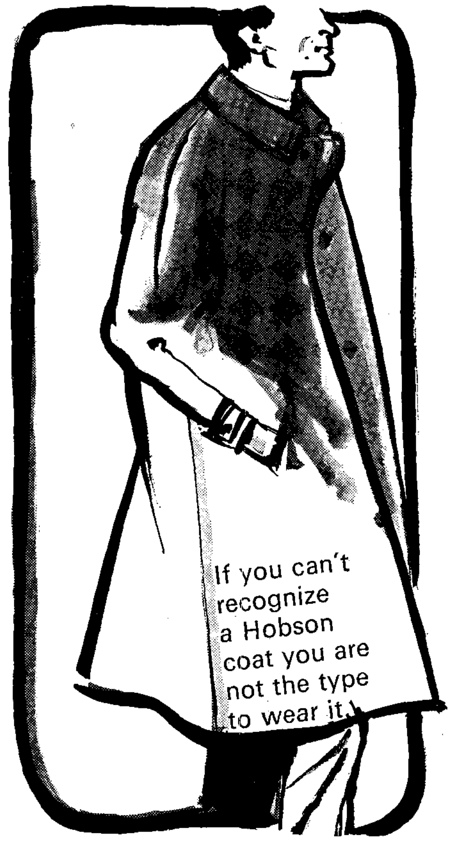
"And if it takes two weeks, not two days, what then?" he asked. "You know how much this room costs, Madam? Twenty-seven simoleons a day! Did you know that? *Twenty-seven.* They're not doing anything for me here I couldn't do better at home."

"Stay here," my mother said.

"I'm here," he said. "I'm staying." He began to smile and said, "I wish you'd see those nuns. There's one comes in, oh, three times a day, and she always asks me how I feel. I say I feel fine. She says, 'How is the pain?' And when I say the pain is the same, she gives me a dirty look and goes away." He laughed. "She wants to convert me, I guess. Well, it's a few months too late for that."

"Nobody wants to convert you," I said.

"Well, I'm converting *him*," my father said, pointing his thumb toward the old man. "I had my magazine—you know, my *Nation*—and he can't read—he's got a glass eye—so I was reading out loud to him today about the dangers of bomb testing, you know." He grinned. "When I got through, he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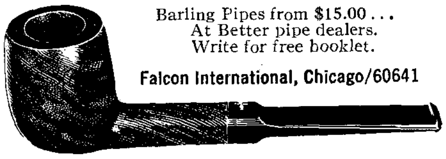

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kept shaking his head up and down, yes, and he said he had to admit it made a lot of sense."

"You be careful," my mother said without humor. "They'll think you're a Communist."

My father looked at me. "You tell her," he said. "To her, the *Nation* is a Communist magazine. Explain to her."

"It's a liberal magazine," I began.

"I know all about it," my mother said.

"He walked around last night," the old man called suddenly. "In the middle of the night."

"Who did?" demanded my mother, pushing back the curtain.

"*He* did."

"So what?" my father said. "I woke up, it must have been three o'clock. I wasn't sleepy, so I put on my bathrobe. I put on my slippers, too. I took a little stroll. I saw the nurses there, by the desk, drinking coffee. They saw me. So what? One of them took my arm and walked back with me. Nothing wrong with that. This place," he said, shaking his head, "it's so full of God wherever you look it gets on your nerves."

"You're supposed to rest," my mother said.

"What do you think I do here all day long, dance a jig?"

We stayed a little longer, and then a nurse came in and left a jug of water and a glass. My father was to drink it all before dinner. She handed him a capsule and a little white pill. He took them, and soon afterward he became sleepy and we left.

HE was restless the next day. The old man's surgery was postponed because there had been a little trouble in the night, my father said. The old man had forgotten where he was and had climbed out of bed, and all the tubes broke loose and my father had a devil of a time getting him back to bed.

"Why didn't you call for a nurse?" my mother said.

"I did," said my father, "but he was all tangled up with the tubes, and I was trying to get him back to bed. I got him in—the poor fellow weighs nothing—and they came running. And he told them a whole television drama how I saved his life. So I got a medal, I guess. A white nun came in this morning—white uniform—tells me it was very nice of me. Say, Sunny, what do you say to a nun? What do you call them?"

"Sister," I said.

"*Oy vay*," said my father in alarm. "I called her Mother." He bit at the side of his thumb. "I hope I didn't hurt her feelings. Homely little thing, she

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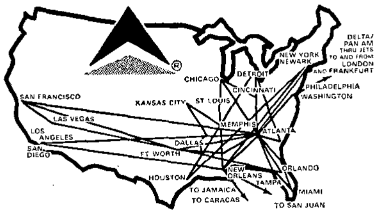

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is, but very nice. I wouldn't want to hurt her feelings." He was thoughtful. "That other one, the one that gets mad when I say I still have pain, I'm dying to tell her, 'Madam, don't you know that religion is the opium of the people?' "

"Don't you dare," said my mother.

"I wouldn't," he said. "Say, they can't help it."

A nurse came in, peeked into the water jug, and said, "Drink it all, now, like a good boy."

My father said, "I'll drink it all if you'll do me a favor. Tell all the nurses and all the—sisters—I would like one favor: Don't bother me anymore today."

"Who has been bothering you?" she asked coldly.

"It's always something," he said. "Take a pill, drink this, roll up a sleeve, always something."

"That's what we're here for," the nurse said.

"But I'm here for a rest," he said.

"Well, then, go ahead and rest," she said reasonably.

My father gave us a look, turned on his side, and waved his hand. "You heard," he said. "Go home."

He had no fever the next afternoon, his movements were more vigorous, and his voice was strong. He whispered information he had heard about the old man. There was not going to be an operation after all. "Heart's no good. From here they're sending him to a nursing home, and that's how he'll live out his days. Isn't it a farce, the whole thing?"

Suddenly the old man spoke. "He was walking again last night."

"I hope you told on him," my mother said brightly.

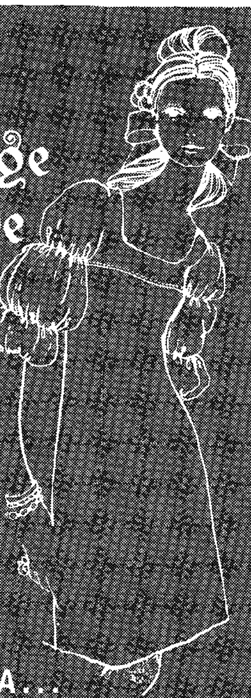
"Yes, I did."

"Was the doctor here?" my mother asked my father.

"This morning. They took a kidney X-ray before breakfast, and when he came I was having a mouthful of scrambled eggs. I drank two cups of coffee, too. The homely little nun came to see me, and I told her I was feeling fine, and she smiled. First time I ever saw her smile."

THE next day, we found my father in a robe, sitting in a chair. He said he had read the morning paper to the old man, he had taken a walk up and down the hall, he had done a few knee bends—nothing strenuous—and he felt fine. They had taken a blood test that proved he had blood, he went on. And this was a very clean hospital. He had snooped around. Clean as a pin.

the village store



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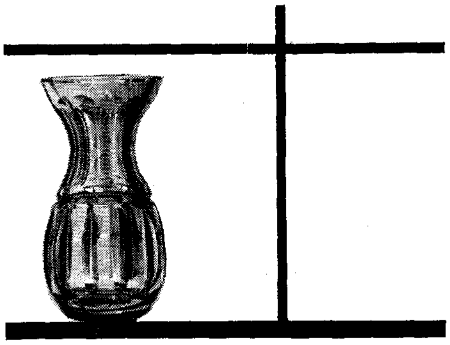

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"Right now?" I asked.

"Might as well," said the doctor. "Stop at the hospital pharmacy and pick up some medication. He's to stay pretty much off his feet and take the tablets for three days. Then I'll see him in my office."

I told my parents. My mother began at once to gather my father's belongings. I left her to help him dress while I went downstairs to pay the bill and pick up the medicine. When I reached the room again, my father was getting into a wheelchair, attended by a nurse's aide. He had just settled into the chair when a nun passed the door. He called to her. "Ho, there, pardon me!"

She stopped, came in, and looked down at him. "Going home?" she said.

"You bet your life!" he said. "Like you to meet my wife and daughter. They'll have to put up with me now instead of you."

The nun smiled.

My father said, shaking her hand, "Well, I just wanted to say thank you and wish you the best of luck."

"And good luck to you," she said.

The nurse's aide began to turn the wheelchair toward the door, and my father looked around, eager and impatient. Then he looked at the other bed, and the little covered mound on it. He pulled himself out of the chair and walked over to the old man.

"Listen, old boy," he said, bending so that his face was close to the pillow. "I'm going home now. You do everything they tell you and you'll be all right. You hear?"

There was a tiny stir beneath the bedspread. My father bent even closer. "I'll call up and find out how you are. Don't worry about anything. You're going to be all right." He paused, drew a breath, and said clearly, "Goodbye and God keep you." Then he hurried back to the wheelchair, dropped into it, and said gaily, "O.K., let's get out of here. Place gets on my nerves."

—SYLVA GROSSMAN

•

> Pat Goodnight, Taos, won $50 for first place in the hoop dancing competition. Miss Freddy Stevens, a Navajo, was second, and an inlaid belt buckle third.—*Gallup (N.M.) Daily Independent.*

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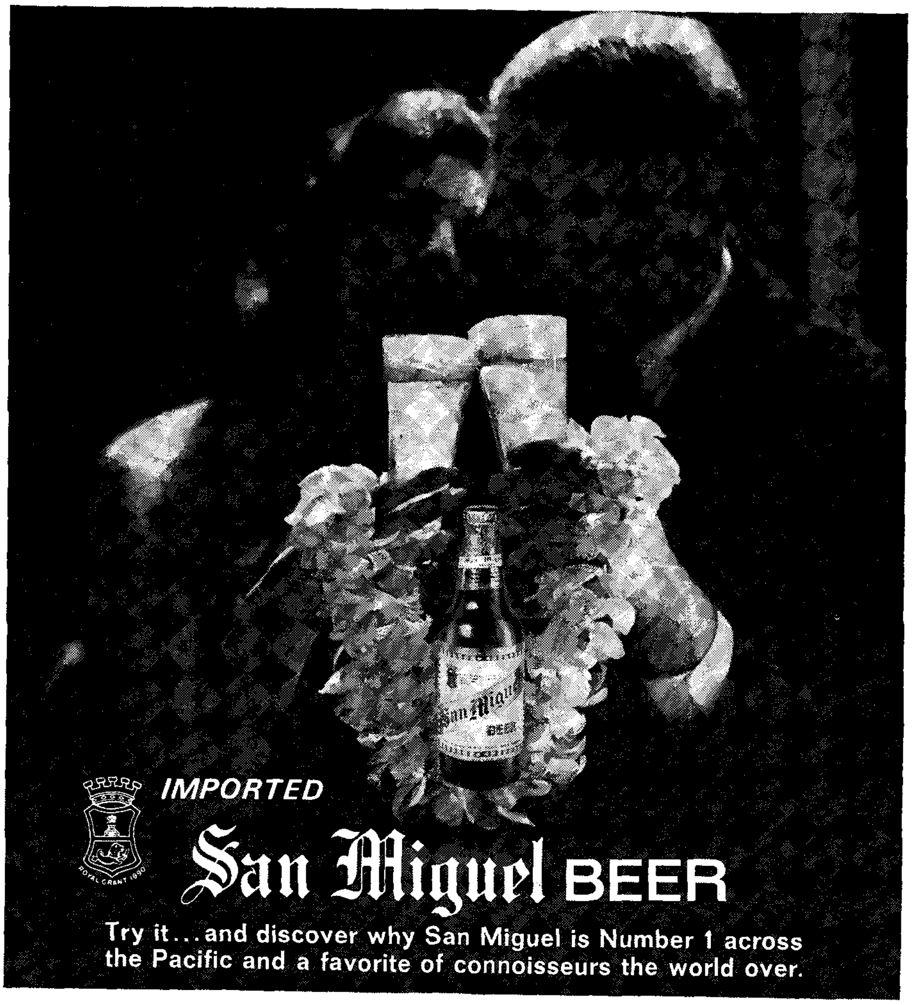

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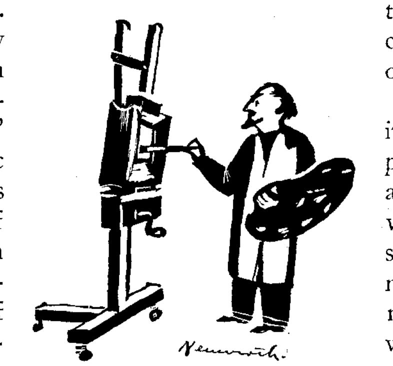
THE ART GALLERIES

The Synchromists and Edvard Munch

NO man is an island, least of all the artist, for even when he is joined with others in groups that on the face of things seem totally at odds with anything that has been seen before, there are always influences—little, threadlike relationships—linking the new man with artists and schools that have preceded him. These relations usually reveal themselves in retrospect, after the initial shock of "newness" has worn off. A classic example of the process is the defunct school of Synchromism, which we have under examination now because of a remarkably well-selected and inclusive loan exhibition of some sixty works by members of the group that is currently on view at the Knoedler. It is called "Synchromism and Color Principles in American Painting, 1910-1930," and apart from the attraction of the paintings themselves, which is frequently considerable, there are other factors that give the affair interest. To begin with, for the period in which it appeared (roughly the uneasy era of transition from Impressionism to Post-Impressionism to Cubism, Fauvism, and so on), the school was exceptionally short-lived. Further, though it was the subject of considerable controversy while it lasted, once its span was ended it disappeared almost literally without a trace, swallowed up in the more exuberant—and perhaps less finicking—exercises of other schools, notably the Fauvists and their followers, all of whom were experimenting with similar relationships between color and emotionality. Finally—and I hope this doesn't lay me open to a charge of chauvinism—it is interesting because it had the distinction of being about the first truly American school of painting. Mindful of that old no-man-is-an-island dictum, I must point out that with the passage of time a good many points of contact between the Synchromists and other artists became evident, and one value of the present exhibition is that, without overstressing the matter, it demonstrates the parallels with, and at times the outright debts to, other artists and groups of artists—notably Robert Delaunay and his Orphists, who were exact contemporaries, and (reaching back) Cézanne, the Impressionists (especially Monet), and possibly Caravaggio. And if at times the works, with their stressing of more or less inchoate interlacing discs and ribbons of vivid color, seem overly emphatic in their striving for effect, it should be remembered that this was a time of the most intense experimentation in the arts, especially in the handling of pure color.

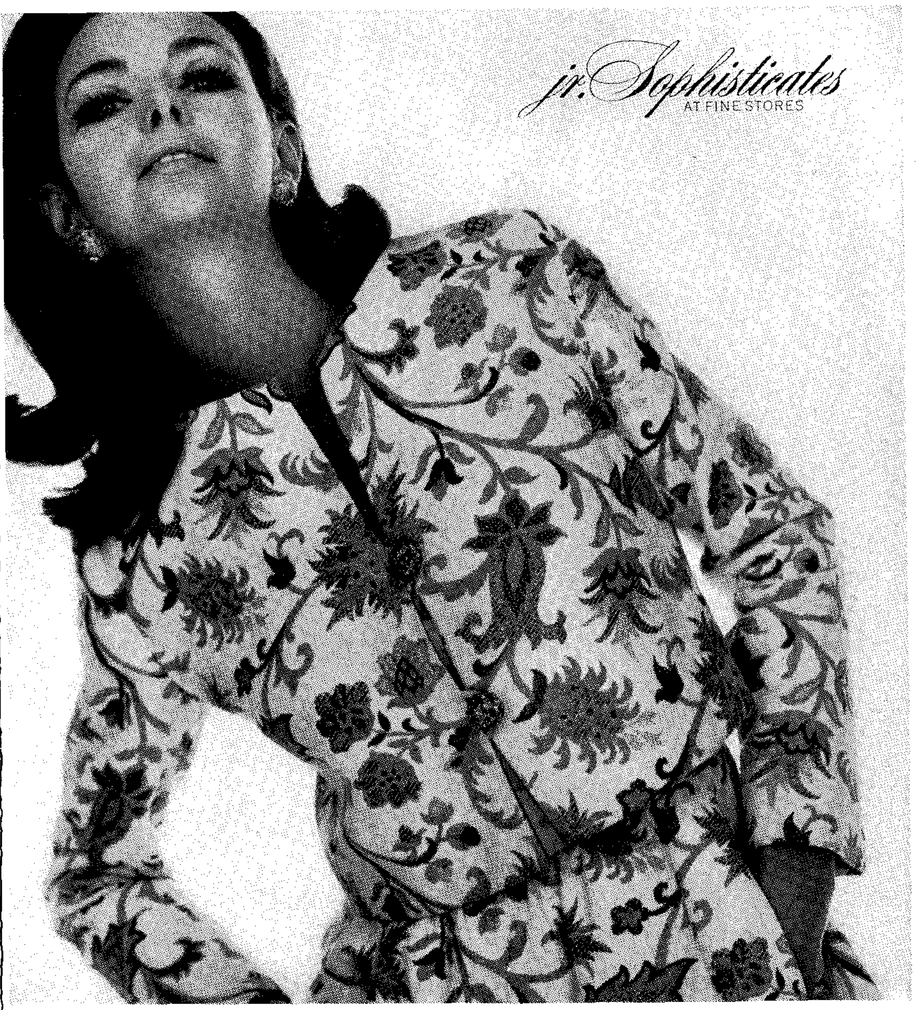


As for the showing itself, it is handsomely presented, though it is a trifle too inclusive, with regard to both the span of time and the number of painters. In my view, the artists who truly adhered to the tenets of the Synchromist manifestoes (if they understood them at all in the first place, for the documents were fairly windy) were few indeed—a circumstance that may explain the peculiar evanescence of the movement, which never attained a solid enough core to give it weight and stability. In fact, if the list of members were pared to the bone, it might turn out that the only true believers were a bare half dozen: the two founders, Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright, and Patrick Henry Bruce (who, though not a strictly faithful follower, was, as a friend, a member of the coterie before he drifted in the direction of rigidly ordered geometric abstraction, somewhat in the manner of Ozenfant), plus such less well-known men as Andrew Dasburg, Arthur B. Frost, Jr., and Jay Van Everen. Most of these lesser-known artists had lived in France or had had contact with the Synchromists while they were on visits there—making them Synchromists at one remove. But it comes as a surprise to find others, such as Arthur B. Davies (hardly noted for his daring use of color), Joseph Stella, and even our rampaging old Missourian Thomas Benton included in the affair.

In a sense, this is quibbling, for the works themselves, even if they all do not fit into the canon of the Synchromist order (first set forth in a series of manifestoes dated 1912 and 1913), do meet its requirements as far as the use of free color and pattern is concerned, and by sheer weight of numbers they serve to fill out a lively and spirited collection. Russell, Macdonald-Wright (the only one of the founders still alive, by the way), and Bruce have, quite properly, the largest representation, and they come up with some handsome pieces—most particularly Macdonald-Wright's spiralling "Arm Organization" and his blander and perhaps better-organized "Synchromy in Green and Orange," Russell's ascending "Synchromie en Bleu-Violacé" and his more literal "Still-Life," in addition to the geometric still-life called "Forms," by Bruce. I liked, too, Morton L. Schamberg's fluent "Geometrical Patterns," Joseph Stella's variations on flower forms, called "Spring," and the charming green-and-yellow "Improvisation," by Andrew Dasburg.

THE turn-of-the-century Norwegian painter Edvard Munch, currently the subject of an extensive survey at the Guggenheim Museum, is—as I discovered embarrassedly when I visited the show—one of those taken-for-granted historical figures about whom I learn I know far less than I thought I did. What I knew, I guess, was mainly about the woodcuts and other black-and-whites, such as the moody "Moonlight," the somewhat Impressionist "The Kiss," and, naturally, the epochal "The Cry," wherein Munch, with his portrayal of a woman making the very landscape around her tremble with her screams, tried more directly and adroitly than anyone ever before to evoke visually the effect of sound. And, apart from this, I knew, too, of course, that he had been much revered by the German Expressionists, most especially those of the Blaue Reiter and Die Brücke groups. (It's worth noting that in "The Cry" Munch anticipated intuitively the shock effect and the wave patterns of sound as they have since been revealed photographically.

The show brings him into much fuller focus; with its hundred and twenty-odd inclusions, in all media, and its range (from 1884 to the nineteen-forties), it could hardly fail to do so. But in a queer way, though it illuminates it fails to enlighten, and I was left in the end with a feeling of—what shall I say: reduced respect, diminished understanding? At any rate, I felt a bewildered wonderment, centering on the question: Can this rather stodgy painter be the one who aroused such excitement in his day? The fault cannot be in the selection, for the arrangers of the exhibition had the resources of, among other large collections, the Munch Museum, at Oslo, to draw on. It cannot lie in the arrangement, either, for this, if a little plodding in its year-



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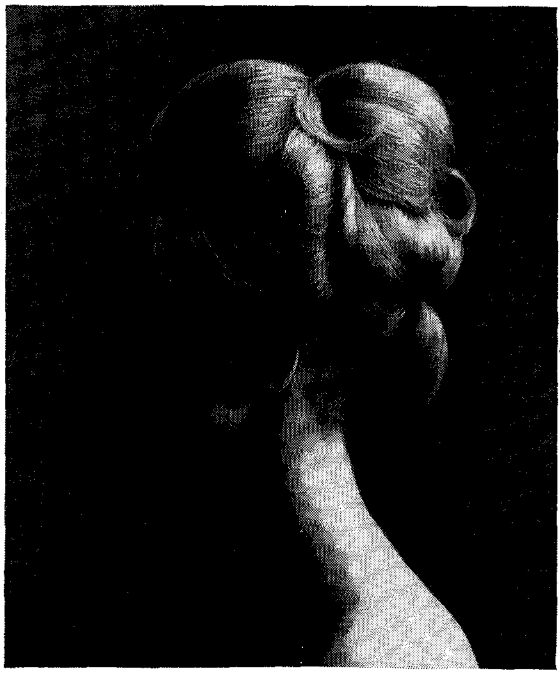

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to-year chronological progression, is certainly methodical. I can't help feeling that a certain pedestrianism in the man may have been responsible—this, and the fact that, seen now, he seems principally to have been a bridge between the innovators, the great ones, of his day and the younger artists arising around him.

Munch was born in 1863 and died in 1944, and it may be said that, coming in at the tail end of the Impressionist revolution, he spanned the important decades of the development of modern painting, from the peak years of Impressionism on through Post-Impressionism to the Fauves, and his works record with fair accuracy all the stylistic experiments of the period. The trouble is that because of the very lateness of his arrival on the scene his is largely an after-the-event recording. There are paintings—"The Bathers," a study of nudes on a shore—that strongly suggest Cézanne. But Cézanne's similar studies of bathers were done in the eighteen-nineties, while Munch's is dated 1907-08. Van Gogh is suggested in "Starry Night"—which was done in 1923-24, long after van Gogh's death—while the extremely Pissarrolike "Rue Lafayette" is dated 1891, only a few years before Pissarro's death. This is not to say that many of the pieces of this sort are not effective in themselves; both "Rue Lafayette" and "Starry Night" are strikingly successful efforts. It is simply that they tend to vitiate Munch's reputation as a leader. I should rate him more as an interpreter of the artistic developments of the period, and he was singularly apt in that function—a lesser role than that of the originator, but still a respectable one.

—Robert M. Coates

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BOOKS

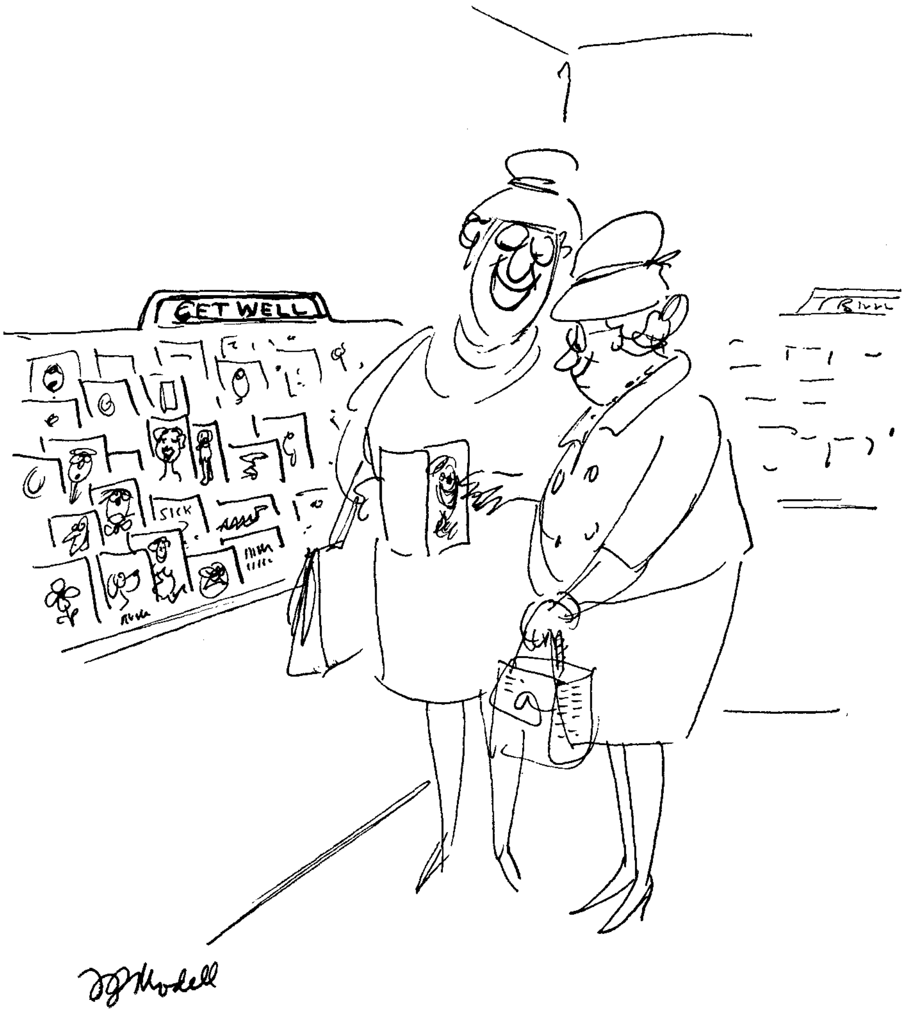
The Author as Librarian

THE belated North American acknowledgment of the genius of Jorge Luis Borges proceeds apace. In 1964, the University of Texas Press published two volumes by this Argentine fantasist, critic, poet, and librarian: "Dreamtigers" (translated from the Spanish by Mildred Boyer and Harold Morland) and "Other Inquisitions, 1937-1952" (translated by Ruth L. C. Simms). These translations, together with Grove Press's "Ficciones," bring to three the number of complete books by Borges available in English. There is also New Directions' "Labyrinths," an excellent selection, translated by various hands. And in 1965 the New York University Press published a book *about* Borges: "Borges the Labyrinth Maker," by Ana María Barrenechea (translated from the Spanish by Robert Lima).

Four years ago, when Borges shared with Samuel Beckett the Prix International des Éditeurs, he was known here to few but Hispanic specialists. A handful of poems and short stories had appeared in scattered anthologies and magazines. I myself had read only "The Garden of the Forking Paths," originally published in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and subsequently a favorite of detective-story anthologies. Though vivid and intellectual beyond the requirements of its genre, the story can be read without awareness that its creator is a giant of world literature. I was prompted to read Borges seriously by a remark made—internationally enough—in Rumania, where, after a blanket disparagement of contemporary French and German fiction, Borges was praised by a young critic in a tone he had previously reserved for Kafka. An analogy with Kafka is inevitable, but I wonder if Borges' abrupt projection, by the university and avant-garde presses, into the bookstores will prove as momentous as Kafka's publication, by the commercial firm of Knopf, in the thirties. It is not a question of Borges' excellence. His driest paragraph is somehow compelling. His fables are written from a height of intelligence less rare in philosophy and physics than in fiction. Furthermore, he is, at least for anyone whose taste runs to puzzles or pure speculation, delightfully entertaining. The question is, I think, whether or not Borges' lifework, arriving in a lump now (he was born in 1899 and since his youth has been an active and honored figure in Argentine literature), can serve, in its gravely considered oddity, as any kind of clue to the way out of the dead-end narcissism and downright trashiness of present American fiction.

Borges' narrative innovations spring from a clear sense of technical crisis. For all his modesty and reasonableness of tone, he proposes some sort of essential revision in literature itself. The absolute conciseness of his style and the eerie comprehensiveness of his career (in addition to writing poems, essays, and stories, he has collaborated on detective novels, translated from many tongues, edited, taught, and even executed film scripts) produce a strangely terminal impression: he seems to be the man for whom literature has no future. I am haunted by knowing that this insatiable reader is now virtually blind.

A CONSTANT bookishness gives Borges' varied production an unusual consistency. His stories have the close texture of argument; his critical articles have the suspense and tension of fiction. The criticism collected in "Other Inquisitions, 1937-1952" almost all takes the form of detection, of uncovering what was secret. He looks for, and locates, the hidden pivots of history: the moment (in Iceland in 1225) when a chronicler first pays tribute to an enemy, the very line (in Chaucer in 1382) when allegory yields to naturalism. His interest gravitates toward the obscure, the forgotten: John Wilkins, the seventeenth-century inventor *ab nihilo* of an analytical language; J. W. Dunne, the twentieth-century proponent of a grotesque theory of time; Layamon, the thirteenth-century poet isolated between the death of Saxon culture and the birth of the English language. Where an arcane quality does not already exist, Borges injects it. His appreciation of the classic Spanish satirist and stylist Francisco de Quevedo begins, "Like the history of the world, the history of literature abounds in enigmas. I found, and continue to



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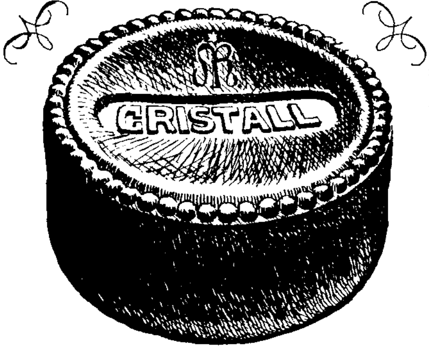
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find, none so disconcerting as the strange partial glory that has been accorded to Quevedo." His essay on Layamon concludes, " '*No one knows who he is*,' said Léon Bloy. Of that intimate ignorance no symbol is better than this forgotten man, who abhorred his Saxon heritage with Saxon vigor, and who was the last Saxon poet and never knew it."

Implacably, Borges reduces everything to a condition of mystery. His gnomic style and encyclopedic supply of allusions generate a kind of inverse illumination, a Gothic atmosphere in which the most lucid and famous authors loom somewhat menacingly. His essay on Bernard Shaw begins, "At the end of the thirteenth century Raymond Lully (Ramón Lull) attempted to solve all the mysteries by means of a frame with unequal, revolving, concentric disks, subdivided into sectors with Latin words." It ends on an equally ominous and surprising note: "[Existentialists] may play at desperation and anguish, but at bottom they flatter the vanity; in that sense, they are immoral. Shaw's work, on the other hand, leaves an aftertaste of liberation. The taste of the doctrines of Zeno's Porch and the taste of the sagas."

Borges' harsh conjunctions and plausible paradoxes are not confined to literary matters. In "A Comment on August 23, 1944," Borges meditates on the ambivalent reaction of his Fascist friends to the Allied occupation of Paris and ends with this daring paragraph:

> I do not know whether the facts I have related require elucidation. I believe I can interpret them like this: for Europeans and Americans, one order—and only one—is possible: it used to be called Rome and now it is called Western Culture. To be a Nazi (to play the game of energetic barbarism, to play at being a Viking, a Tartar, a sixteenth-century conquistador, a Gaucho, a redskin) is, after all, a mental and moral impossibility. Nazism suffers from unreality, like Erigena's hells. It is uninhabitable; men can only die for it, lie for it, kill and wound for it. No one, in the intimate depths of his being, can wish it to triumph. I shall hazard this conjecture: *Hitler wants to be defeated.* Hitler is collaborating blindly with the inevitable armies that will annihilate him, as the metal vultures and the dragon (which must not have been unaware that they were monsters) collaborated, mysteriously, with Hercules.

The tracing of hidden resemblances, of philosophical genealogies, is Borges' favorite mental exercise. Out of his vast reading he distills a few related images, whose parallelism, tersely presented, has the force of a fresh thought. "Perhaps

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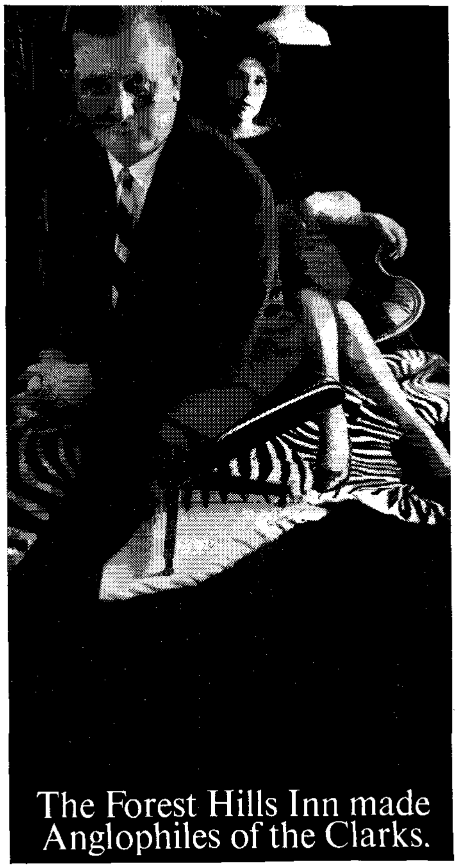

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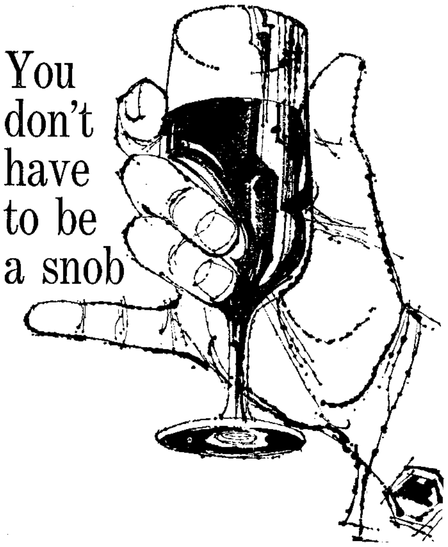
universal history is the history of a few metaphors. I should like to sketch one chapter of that history," he writes in "Pascal's Sphere," and goes on to compile, in less than four pages, twenty-odd instances of the image of a sphere "whose center is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere." These references are arranged like a plot, beginning with Xenophanes, who joyously substituted for the anthropomorphic gods of Greece a divine and eternal Sphere, and ending with Pascal, who, in describing nature as "an infinite sphere," had first written and then rejected the word "*effroyable*"—"a frightful sphere." Many of Borges' genealogies trace a degeneration: he detects a similar "magnification to nothingness" in the evolutions of theology and of Shakespeare's reputation; he watches an Indian legend succumb, through its successive versions, to the bloating of unreality. He follows in the works of Léon Bloy the increasingly desperate interpretations of a single phrase in St. Paul—"*per speculum in aenigmate*" ("through a glass darkly"). Borges himself recurrently considers Zeno's second Paradox—the never-completed race between Achilles and the tortoise, the formal argument of *regressus in infinitum*—and comes to a conclusion that is, to use his favorite adjective, monstrous: "One concept corrupts and confuses the others. . . . I am speaking of the infinite. . . . We (the undivided divinity that operates within us) have dreamed the world. We have dreamed it strong, mysterious, visible, ubiquitous in space and secure in time; but we have allowed tenuous, eternal interstices of injustice in its structure so we may know that it is false."

Borges is not an antiseptic pathologist of the irrational; he is himself susceptible to infection. His connoisseurship has in it a touch of madness. In his "Kafka and His Precursors," he discovers, in certain parables and anecdotes by Zeno, Han Yü, Kierkegaard, Browning, Bloy, and Lord Dunsany, a prefiguration of Kafka's tone. He concludes that each writer creates his own precursors: "His work modifies our conception of the past, as it will modify the future." This is sensible enough, and, indeed, has been pointed out by T. S. Eliot, whom Borges cites in a footnote. But Borges goes on: "In this correlation the identity or plurality of men matters not at all." This sentence, I believe, expresses not a thought but a *sensation* that Borges has; he describes it—a mixture of deathlike detachment and ecstatic timelessness—in his most ambitious essay, "New Refu-



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tation of Time." It is this sensation that encourages his peculiar view of human thought as the product of a single mind, and of human history as a vast magic book that can be read cabalistically. His highest praise, bestowed upon the fantastic narratives of the early H. G. Wells, is to claim that "they will be incorporated, like the fables of Theseus or Ahasuerus, into the general memory of the species and even transcend the fame of their creator or the extinction of the language in which they were written."

As a literary critic, Borges demonstrates much sensitivity and sense. The American reader of these essays will be gratified by the generous amount of space devoted to writers of the English language. Borges, from within the Spanish literary tradition of "dictionaries and rhetoric," is attracted by the oneiric and hallucinatory quality he finds in North American, German, and English writing. He values Hawthorne and Whitman for their intense unreality, and bestows special fondness upon the English writers he read in his boyhood. The *fin-de-siècle* and Edwardian giants, whose reputations are generally etiolated, excite Borges afresh each time he rereads them:

> Reading and rereading Wilde through the years, I notice something that his panegyrists do not seem to have even suspected: the provable and elementary fact that Wilde is almost always right.... He was a man of the eighteenth century who sometimes condescended to play the game of symbolism. Like Gibbon, like Johnson, like Voltaire, he was an ingenious man who was also right.

Borges' tributes to Shaw and Wells have been quoted above. In connection with Wells and Henry James, it is a salutary shock to find the terms of the usual invidious comparison reversed: "the sad and labyrinthine Henry James . . . a much more complex writer than Wells, although he was less gifted with those pleasant virtues that are usually called classical." But of this generation none is dearer to Borges than Chesterton, in whom he finds, beneath the surface of dogmatic optimism, a disposition like Kafka's: "Chesterton restrained himself from being Edgar Allan Poe or Franz Kafka, but something in the makeup of his personality leaned toward the nightmarish, something secret, and blind, and central . . . the powerful work of Chesterton, the prototype of physical and moral sanity, is always on the verge of becoming a nightmare . . . he tends inevitably to revert to atrocious observations." Much in Borges' fiction that suggests Kafka in fact derives from

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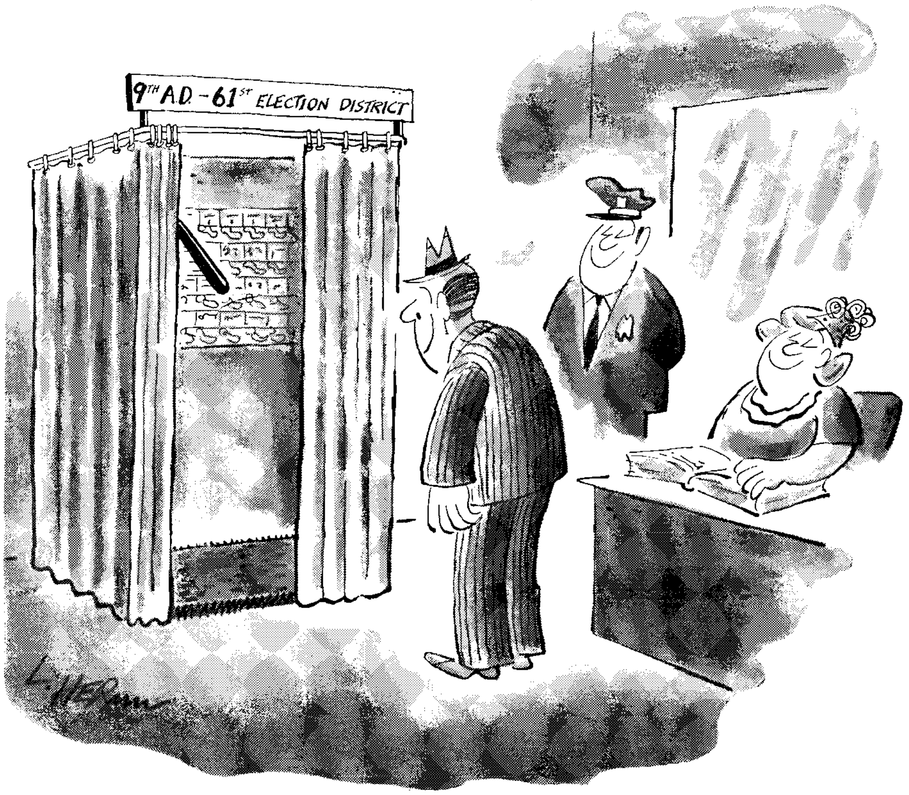

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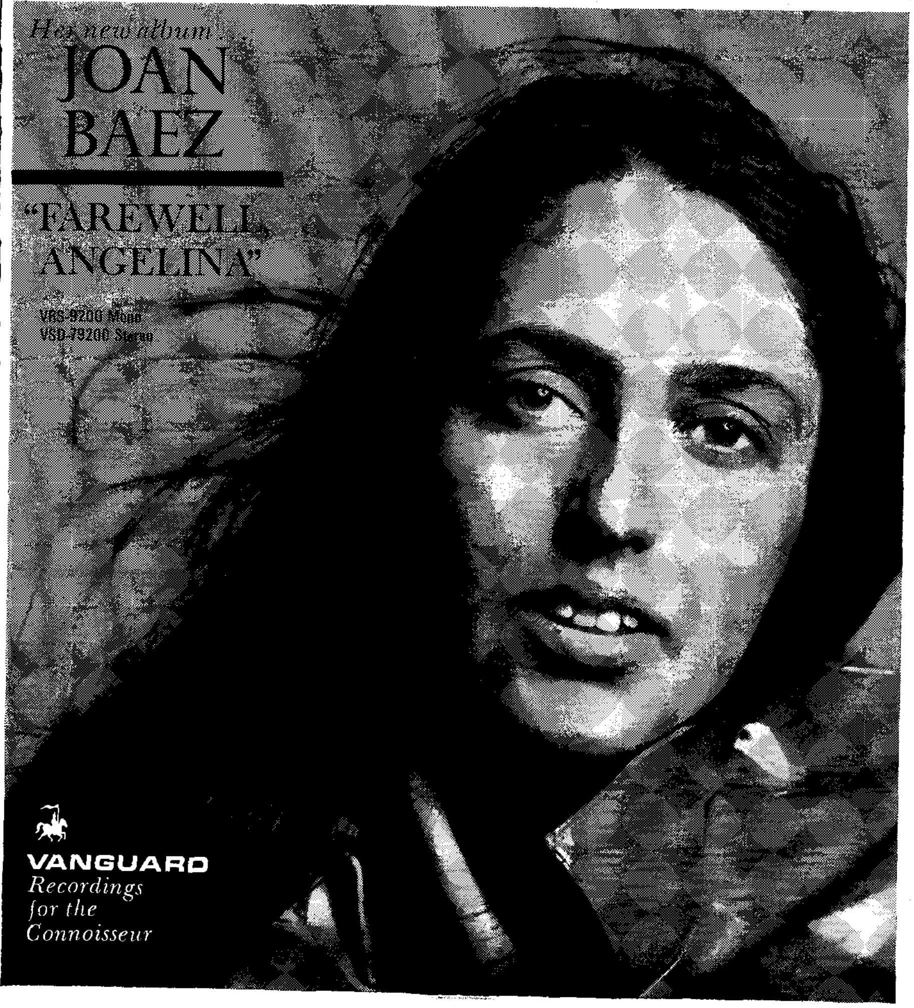

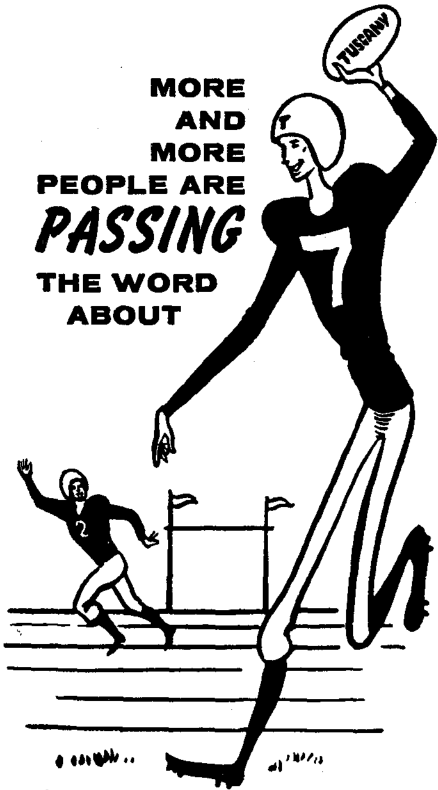

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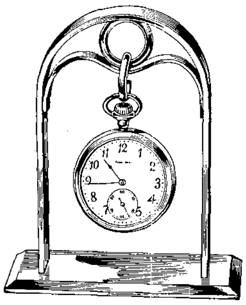
Chesterton. As critic and artist both, Borges mediates between the post-modern present and the colorful, prolific, and neglected pre-moderns.

Of the moderns themselves, of Yeats, Eliot, and Rilke, of Proust and Joyce, he has, at least in "Other Inquisitions," little to say. Pound and Eliot, he asserts in passing, practice "the deliberate manipulation of anachronisms to produce an appearance of eternity" (which seems, if true at all, rather incidentally so), and he admires Valéry less for his work than for his personality, "the symbol of a man who is infinitely sensitive to every fact" (which seems a rather hieratic basis for praise). The essays abound in insights delivered parenthetically—"God must not theologize;" "humor . . . is an oral genre, a sudden spark in conversation, not a written thing;" "to fall in love is to create a religion that has a fallible god." But their texts as a whole do not open outward into enlightenment. Whereas, say, Eliot's relatively tentative considerations seem to renew a continuing tradition of literary criticism, Borges' tight arrangements seem a bizarre specialization of the tradition. His essays have a quality I can only call *sealed*. They are what Borges terms Quevedo's poems—"verbal objects." They are structured like mazes and, like mirrors, they reflect back and forth on one another. There is frequent repetition of the adjectives and phrases that denote Borges' favorite notions of mystery, of secrecy, of "intimate ignorance." From his immense reading he has distilled a fervent narrowness. The same parables, the same quotations recur; one lengthy passage from Chesterton is reproduced three times.

Here and there appear sentences ("One literature differs from another, either before or after it, not so much because of the text as for the manner in which it is read") that elsewhere have been developed into "fictions"—"Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote," wherein a modern writer reconstructs passages from Don Quixote that, though verbally identical, are read very differently. This story, in fact, was, according to an interview given in Buenos Aires in 1960, the first Borges ever wrote. Long a respected poet and critic, he turned to fiction with a grim diffidence. In his words:

> I know that the least perishable part of my literary production is the narrative, yet for many years I did not dare to write stories. I thought that the paradise of the tale was forbidden to me. One day, I suffered an accident. I was in a sanitarium where I was operated upon. I did not know whether I had left that



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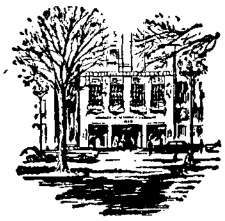

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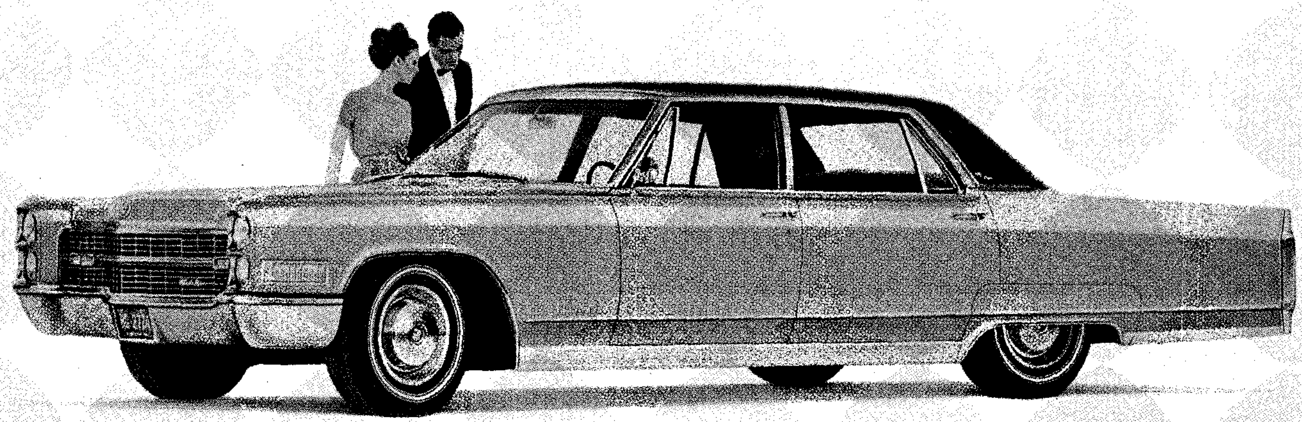

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era, a time I cannot recall without horror, a period of fever, insomnia, and extreme insecurity.... If after the operation and the extremely long convalescence I tried to write a poem or an essay and failed, I would know that I had lost that intellectual integrity. Thus, I decided upon another approach. I said to myself: "I am going to write a story and if I cannot do so it does not matter because I have not written one before. In any case, it will be a first attempt." Then, I began to write a story... which turned out rather well; this was followed by others... and I discovered that I had not lost my intellectual integrity and that I could now write stories. I have written many since.

Turning from Borges' criticism to his fiction, one senses the liberation he must have felt upon entering "the paradise of the tale." For there is something disturbing as well as fascinating, something distorted and strained about his literary essays. His ideas border on delusions; the dark hints—of a cult of books, of a cabalistic unity hidden in history—that he so studiously develops are special to the corrupt light of libraries and might vanish, one fears, outdoors. It is uncertain how seriously he intends his textual diagrams, which seem ciphers for concealed emotions. The intensity Borges crowds into the margins of actual books demands blank pages; his essays all tend to open inward, disclosing an obsessed imagination and a proud, Stoic, almost cruelly masculine personality.

"DREAMTIGERS," a collection of paragraphs, sketches, poems, and apocryphal quotations titled in Spanish "El Hacedor" ("The Maker"), succeeds in time the creative period of narrative fiction his essays foreshadow. It is frankly the miscellany of an old man, fondly dedicated to a dead enemy—the Modernist poet Leopoldo Lugones, like Borges the director of a national library.

Leaving behind the babble of the plaza, I enter the Library. I feel, almost physically, the gravitation of the books, the enveloping serenity of order, time magically desiccated and preserved. . . . These reflections bring me to the door of your office. I go in; we exchange a few words, conventional and cordial, and I give you this book.... My vanity and nostalgia have set up an impossible scene. Perhaps so (I tell myself), but tomorrow I too will have died, and our times will intermingle and chronology will be lost in a sphere of symbols. And then in some way it will be right to claim that I have brought you this book, and that you have accepted it.

The epilogue repeats this prediction of his own death:

Few things have happened to me, and I have read a great many. Or

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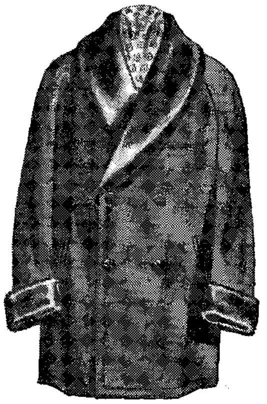

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rather, few things have happened to me more worth remembering than Schopenhauer's thought or the music of England's words.

A man sets himself the task of portraying the world. Through the years he peoples a space with images of provinces, kingdoms, mountains, bays, ships, islands, fishes, rooms, instruments, stars, horses, and people. Shortly before his death, he discovers that that patient labyrinth of lines traces the image of his face.

The book is in two parts. The first, translated by Mildred Boyer, consists of those short prose sketches, musical and firm, that Borges, unable to see to write, composes in his head. The first of these, "The Maker," describes Homer: "Gradually now the beautiful universe was slipping away from him. A stubborn mist erased the outline of his hand, the night was no longer peopled by stars, the earth beneath his feet was unsure." In a critical essay, Borges had traced the evolution of God and Shakespeare, as reputations, from something to nothing; now this nothingness is discovered in Shakespeare himself, intimately: "There was no one in him; behind his face (which even in the poor paintings of the period is unlike any other) and his words, which were copious, imaginative, and emotional, there was nothing but a little chill, a dream not dreamed by anyone." Dante is imagined dying in Ravenna, "as unjustified and as alone as any other man." God in a dream declares to him the secret purpose of his life and his work, which is like that of the leopard who endured a caged existence so that Dante might see him and place him in the first canto of the "Inferno." "You suffer captivity, but you will have given a word to the poem," God told the leopard, "but when he awoke, there was only a dark resignation in him, a valiant ignorance . . ." And the illustrious Italian Giambattista Marino—"proclaimed as the new Homer and the new Dante"—dying, perceives that "the tall, proud volumes casting a golden shadow in a corner were not—as his vanity had dreamed—a mirror of the world, but rather one thing more added to the world." It is as if, in his blindness and age, the oneness of all men that Borges had so often entertained as a theory and as a premonition becomes a fact; he *is* Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, and tastes fully the bitter emptiness of creative splendor. The usurpation of a writer's private identity by his literary one has not been more sadly, or wittily, expressed than in "Borges and I":

It's the other one, it's Borges, that things happen to. I stroll about Buenos

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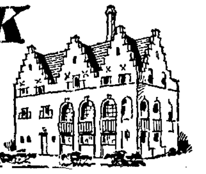

Aires and stop, perhaps mechanically now, to look at the arch of an entrance or an iron gate. News of Borges reaches me through the mail and I see his name on an academic ballot or in a biographical dictionary. I like hourglasses, maps, eighteenth-century typography, the taste of coffee, and Stevenson's prose. The other one shares these preferences with me, but in a vain way that converts them into the attributes of an actor.

Borges tempts one to quote him at too great length. These brief paragraphs composed in his head have an infrangible aptness. His ability to crystallize vague ideas and vaguer emotions into specific images has grown. The image of Layamon, the last Saxon poet, returns in the form of an anonymous old man, dying, unaware that he is the last man to have witnessed the worship of Woden. He lies in a stable: "Outside are the plowed fields and a deep ditch clogged with dead leaves and an occasional wolf track in the black earth at the edge of the forest." This stark sentence, with its unexpectedly vivid ditch, has in it the whole of a primitive England, and pierces us with a confused sense of elapsed time. These sketches see a diminishing of those adjectives—"mysterious," "secret," "atrocious"—with which the younger Borges insisted on his sense of strangeness. Instead, there is a delicate manipulation of the concrete—lists and catalogues in which one or two of the series seem anomalous ("... islands, fishes, rooms, instruments, stars, horses ...") and the application now and then of a surprising color adjective (the volumes' "golden shadow" above, "red Adam in Paradise," and, apropos of Homer, "black vessels searching the sea for a beloved isle"). Immensity is reified in terms of color: "Every hundred paces a tower cleft the air; to the eye their color was identical, yet the first of all was yellow, and the last, scarlet, so delicate were the gradations and so long the series." In this image the concept of the infinite—the concept that "corrupts and confuses the others"—is tamed into something lyrical and even pretty. One feels in "Dreamtigers" a calm, an intimation of truce, a tranquil fragility. Like so many last or near-last works—like "The Tempest," "The Millionairess," or "Investigations of a Dog"—"Dreamtigers" preserves the author's lifelong concerns, but drained of urgency; horror has yielded to a resigned humorousness. These sketches can be read for their grace and wit but scarcely for narrative excitement; the most exciting of them, "Ragnarök," embodies Borges' most terrible vision, of an imbecilic God or body of gods. But it

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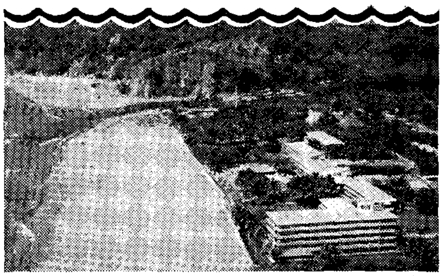

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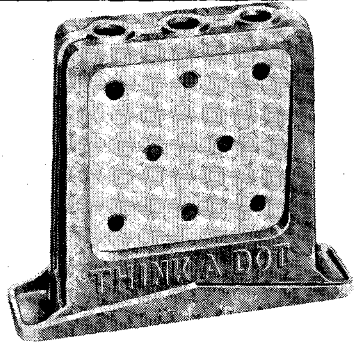

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occurs within a dream, and ends easily: "We drew our heavy revolvers—all at once there were revolvers in the dream—and joyously put the Gods to death."

The second half of this slim volume consists of poems, late and early. Poetry was where Borges' ramifying literary career originally took root. The translations, by Harold Morland, into roughly four-beat and intermittently rhymed lines seem sturdy and clear, and occasional stanzas must approximate very closely the felicity of the original:

In their grave corner, the players
Deploy the slow pieces. And the chess-board
Detains them until dawn in its severe
Compass in which two colors hate each other.

As a poet, Borges has some of the qualities—a meditative circularity, a heavy-lidded elegance—of Wallace Stevens:

With slow love she looked at the scattered
Colors of afternoon. It pleased her
To lose herself in intricate melody
Or in the curious life of verses.

And

We shall seek a third tiger. This
Will be like those others a shape
Of my dreaming, a system of words
A man makes and not the vertebrate tiger
That, beyond the mythologies,
Is treading the earth.

But the poems in English are chiefly interesting for their content; they are more autobiographical and emotionally direct than Borges' prose. The first one, "Poem About Gifts," movingly portrays himself in his blindness:

Slow in my darkness, I explore
The hollow gloom with my hesitant stick,
I, that used to figure Paradise
In such a library's guise.

Thoughts anonymously cached in the maze of his fictions are enunciated in his own voice. In a fabricated encyclopedia article he describes the "philosophers of Uqbar" as believing that "Copulation and mirrors are abominable. . . . For one of those gnostics, the visible universe was an illusion or, more precisely, a sophism. Mirrors and fatherhood are abominable because they multiply it and extend it." In a poem, "Mirrors," the belief turns out to be Borges' own:

I see them as infinite, elemental
Executors of an ancient pact,
To multiply the world like the act
Of begetting. Sleepless. Bringing doom.

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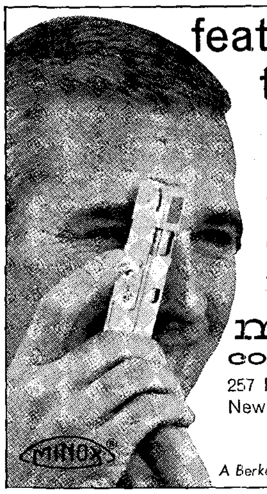

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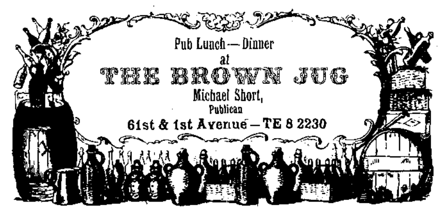

textual apparatus becomes in verse an elementary nostalgia:

Rain is something happening in the
past. . . .
And the drenched afternoon brings back
the sound
How longed for, of my father's voice, not
dead.

And his long poem about his childhood home at Adrogué culminates:

The ancient amazement of the elegy
Loads me down when I think of that
house
And I do not understand how time goes
by,
I, who am time and blood and agony.

Together, the prose and poetry of "Dreamtigers" afford some glimpses into Borges' major obscurities—his religious concerns and his affective life. Physical love, when it appears at all in his work, figures as something remote, like an ancient religion. "[Shakespeare] thought that in the exercise of an elemental human rite he might well find what he sought, and he let himself be initiated by Anne Hathaway one long June afternoon." And Homer remembers when "a woman, the first the gods set aside for him, had waited for him in the shadow of a hypogeum, and he had searched for her through corridors that were like stone nets, along slopes that sank into the shadow." Though "Dreamtigers" contains two fine poems addressed to women—Susana Soca and Elvira de Alvear—they are eulogies couched in a tone of heroic affection not different from the affection with which he writes elsewhere of male friends like Alfonso Reyes and Macedonio Fernández. This is at the opposite pole from homosexuality; femaleness, far from being identified with, is felt as an estrangement that blends with man's cosmic estrangement. There are two prose sketches that, by another writer, might have shown some erotic warmth, some surrender to femininity. In one, he writes of Julia, a "sombre girl" with "an unbending body," in whom he sensed "an intensity that was altogether foreign to the erotic." In their walks together, he must have talked about mirrors, for now (in 1931) he has learned that she is insane and has draped her mirrors because she imagines that his reflection has replaced her own. In the other, he writes of Delia Elena San Marco, from whom he parted one day beside "a river of vehicles and people." They did not meet again, and in a year she was dead. From the casualness of their unwitting farewell, he concludes, tentatively, that we are immortal. "For if souls do not

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die, it is right that we should not make much of saying goodbye."

It would be wrong to think that Borges dogmatically writes as an atheist. God is often invoked by him, not always in an ironical or pantheistic way.

God has created nighttime, which he arms
With dreams, and mirrors, to make clear
To man he is a reflection and a mere
Vanity.

He hopes seriously for immortality. Death is "the mirror/In which I shall see no-one or I shall see another." One of the many riddles that interest him is Christ's aspect, and he is moved by the possibility that "the profile of a Jew in the subway is perhaps the profile of Christ; perhaps the hands that give us our change at a ticket window duplicate the ones some soldiers nailed one day to the cross." But we feel that he *entertains* these possibilities, almost blasphemously; they are isolated, for him, from the corpus of ethics and argument which is historical Christianity. He dismisses the orthodox afterlife: "We distrust his intelligence, as we would distrust the intelligence of a God who maintained heavens and hells." He ransacks Christian apologetics for oddities of forced reasoning. He writes, "Those who automatically reject the supernatural (I try, always, to belong to this group) . . ." While Christianity is not dead in Borges, it *sleeps* in him, and its dreams are fitful. His ethical allegiance is to pre-Christian heroism, to Stoicism, to "the doctrines of Zeno's Porch and . . . the sagas," to the harsh gaucho ethos celebrated in the Argentine folk poem of Martín Fierro. Borges is a pre-Christian whom the memory of Christianity suffuses with premonitions and dread. He is European in everything except the detachment with which he views European civilization, as something intrinsically strange—a heap of relics, a universe of books without a central clue. This detachment must be, in part, geographical; by many devious routes he returns to the home in space and time that he finds

                        in the tumbledown
Decadence of the widespread suburbs,
And in the thistledown that the pampas
    wind
Blows into the entrance hall . . .
And in a flag sort of blue and white
Over a barracks, and in unappetizing
    stories
Of street-corner knifings, and in the
    sameness
Of afternoons that are wiped out and
    leave us . . .

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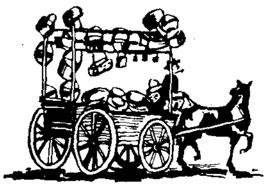

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reënact the intellectual patterns of ancient Greece. Borges' voracious and vaguely idle learning, his ecumenic and problematical and unconsoling theology, his willingness to reconsider the most primitive philosophical questions, his tolerance of superstition in both himself and others, his gingerly and regretful acknowledgment of women and his disinterest in the psychological and social worlds that women dominate, his almost Oriental modesty, his final solitude, his serene pride—this constellation of Stoic attributes, mirrored in the southern hemisphere, appears inverted and frightful.

"BORGES THE LABYRINTH MAKER," by Ana María Barrenechea, has for its jacket design a labyrinth from which there is no exit. I do not know whether this is intentional or a mistake in drawing. The book is a methodical and efficient arrangement of quotations from Borges in abstract categories—The Infinite, Chaos and the Cosmos, Pantheism and Personality, Time and Eternity, Idealism and Other Forms of Unreality. In a foreword, Borges says that the book "has unearthed many secret links and affinities in my own literary output of which I had been quite unaware. I thank her for those revelations of an unconscious process." Professor Barrenechea's collations, however—including many sentences and paragraphs of Borges not elsewhere translated—seem to me an admirable explication of his conscious philosophical concerns as they shape, adjective by adjective, his fiction. What is truly unconscious—the sense of life that drives him from unequivocal philosophical and critical assertion to the essential ambiguity of fiction—she scarcely touches. The labyrinth of his thought-forms is drawn without an indication of how his concrete and vigorous art has emerged. She admits this: "Only one aspect of the writer's work—the expression of irreality—has been treated; but Borges' creativity is characterized by the richness and complexity of his art."

The great achievement of his art is his short stories. In an attempt to round off this review of accessory volumes, I will describe two of my favorites.

"The Waiting" is from his second major collection, "El Aleph," and is found, translated by James E. Irby, in "Labyrinths." It is a rarity in Borges' *œuvre*—a story in which nothing incredible occurs. A gangster fleeing from the vengeance of another gangster seeks anonymity in a northwest part of Buenos Aires. After some weeks of solitary

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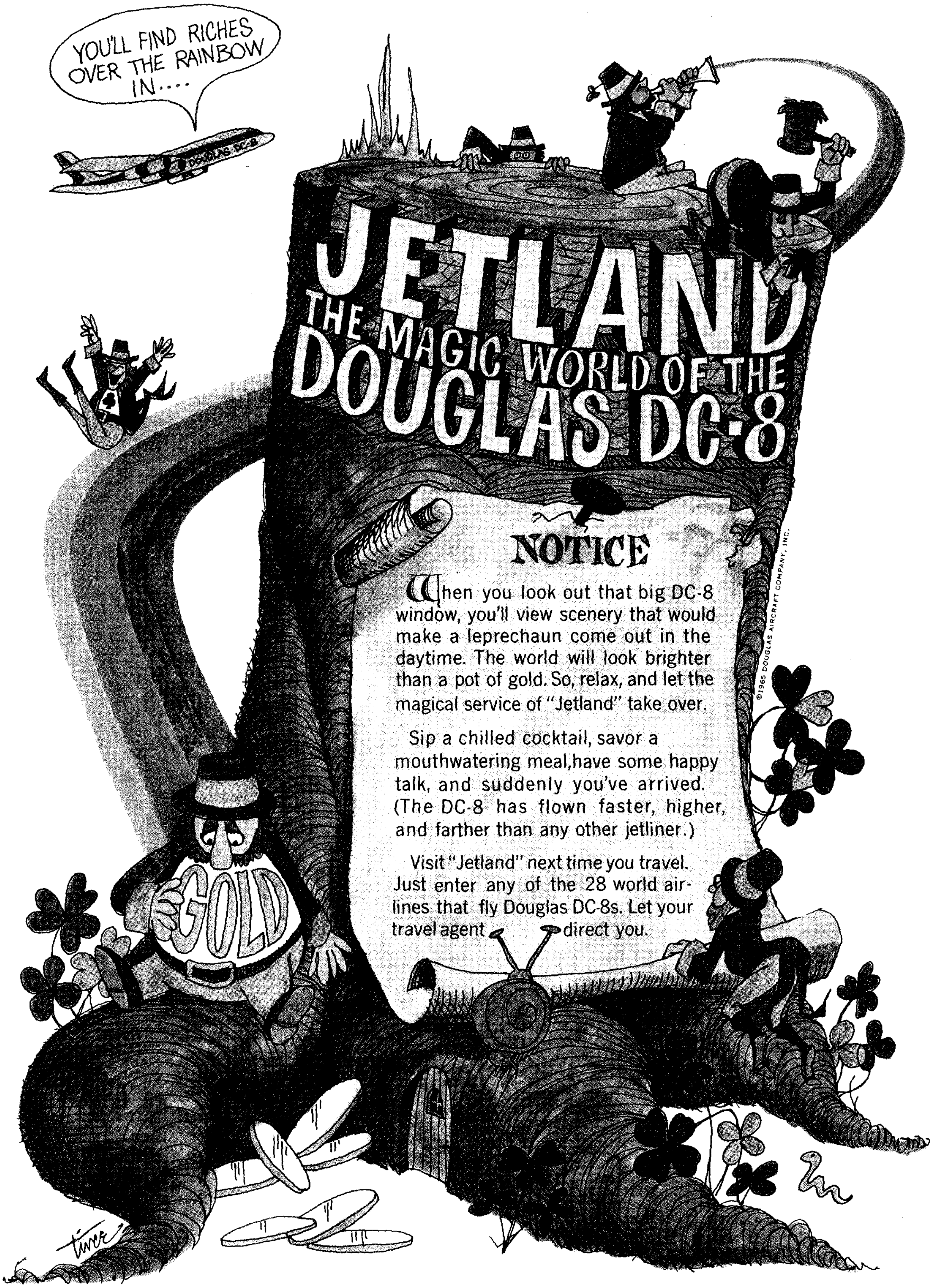
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existence, he is discovered and killed. These events are assigned a detailed and mundane setting. The very number of the boarding house where he lives is given (4004: a Borgian formula for immensity) and the neighborhood is flatly described: "The man noted with approval the spotted plane trees, the square plot of earth at the foot of each, the respectable houses with their little balconies, the pharmacy alongside, the dull lozenges of the paint and hardware store. A long windowless hospital wall backed the sidewalk on the other side of the street; the sun reverberated, farther down, from some greenhouses." Yet much information is withheld. "The man" mistakenly gives a cabdriver a Uruguayan coin, which "had been in his pocket since that night in the hotel at Melo." What had happened that night in Melo and the nature of his offense against his enemy are not disclosed. And when the landlady—herself unnamed, and specified as having "a distracted or tired air"—asks the man his name, he gives the name, Villari, of the man hunting him! He does this, Borges explains, "not as a secret challenge, not to mitigate the humiliation which actually he did not feel, but because that name troubled him, because it was impossible for him to think of any other. Certainly he was not seduced by the literary error of thinking that assumption of the enemy's name might be an astute maneuver."

Villari—Villari the hunted—is consistently prosaic, even stupid. He ventures out to the movies and, though he sees stories of the underworld that contain images of his old life, takes no notice of them, "because the idea of a coincidence between art and reality was alien to him." Reading of another underworld in Dante, "he did not judge the punishments of hell to be unbelievable or excessive." He has a toothache and is compelled to have the tooth pulled. "In this ordeal he was neither more cowardly nor more tranquil than other people." His very will to live is couched negatively: "It only wanted to endure, not to come to an end." The next sentence, grounding the abhorrence of death upon the simplest and mildest things, recalls Unamuno. "The taste of the maté, the taste of black tobacco, the growing line of shadows gradually covering the patio—these were sufficient incentives."

Unobtrusively, the reader comes to love Villari, to respect his dull humility and to share his animal fear. Each brush with the outer world is a touch of terror. The toothache—"an intimate discharge of pain in the back of his

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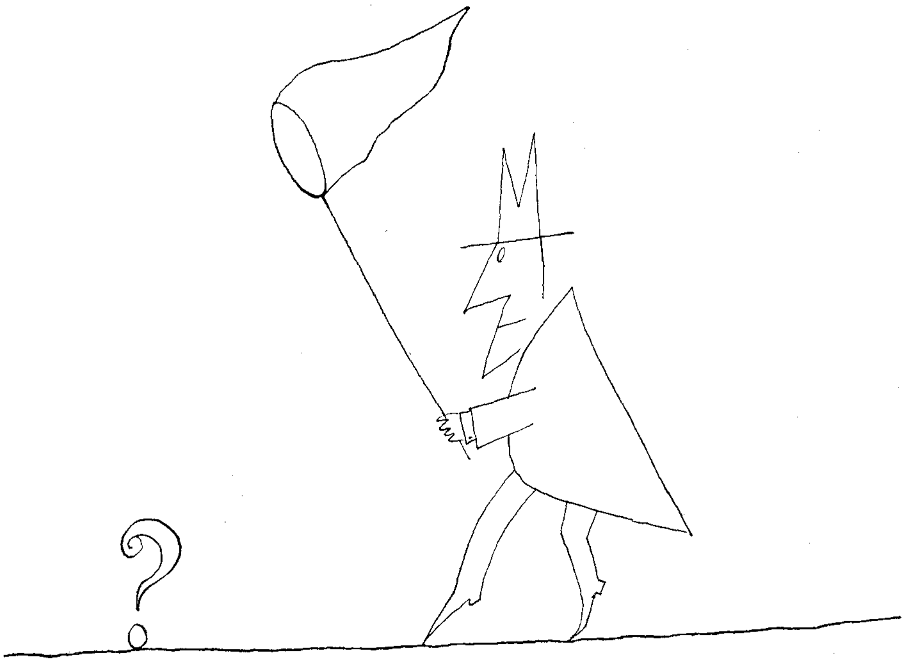

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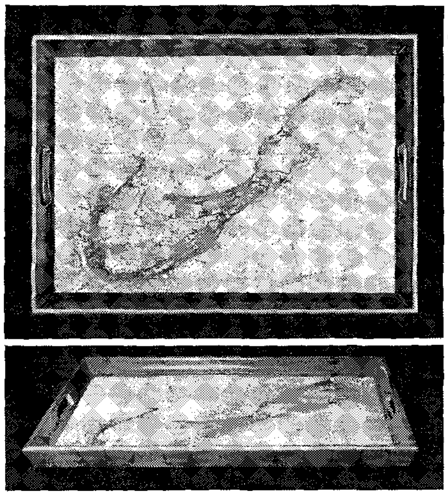

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mouth"—has the force of a "horrible miracle." Returning from the movies, he feels pushed, and, turning "with anger, with indignation, with secret relief," he spits out "a coarse insult." The passerby and the reader are alike startled by this glimpse into the savage criminal that Villari has been. Each night, at dawn, he dreams of Villari—Villari the hunter—and his accomplices overtaking him, and of shooting them with the revolver he keeps in the drawer of the bedside table. At last—whether betrayed by the trip to the dentist, the visits to the movie house, or the assumption of the other's name we do not know—he is awakened one July dawn by his pursuers:

> Tall in the shadows of the room, curiously simplified by those shadows (in the fearful dreams they had always been clearer), vigilant, motionless and patient, their eyes lowered as if weighted down by the heaviness of their weapons, Alejandro Villari and a stranger had overtaken him at last. With a gesture, he asked them to wait and turned his face to the wall, as if to resume his sleep. Did he do it to arouse the pity of those who killed him, or because it is less difficult to endure a frightful happening than to imagine it and endlessly await it, or—and this is perhaps most likely—so that the murderers would be a dream, as they had already been so many times, in the same place, at the same hour?

So the inner action of the narrative has been to turn the utterly unimaginative hero into a magician. In retrospect, this conversion has been scrupulously foreshadowed. The story, indeed, is a beautiful cinematic succession of shadows; the most beautiful are those above, which simplify the assassins—"(in the fearful dreams they had always been clearer)." The parenthesis of course makes a philosophic point: it opposes the ambiguity of reality to the relative clarity and simplicity of what our minds conceive. It functions as well in the realistic level of the story, bodying forth all at once the climate, the moment of dawn, the atmosphere of the room, the sleeper's state of vision, the menace and matter-of-factness of the men, "their eyes lowered as if weighted down by the heaviness of their weapons." Working from the artificial reality of films and gangster novels, and weaving his hypersubtle sensations of unreality into the furniture of his plot, Borges has created an episode of criminal brutality in some ways more convincing than those in Hemingway. One remembers that in "The Killers" Ole Andreson also turns his face to the wall. It is barely possible that Borges had in mind a kind of gloss of Hemingway's classic. If that is so,

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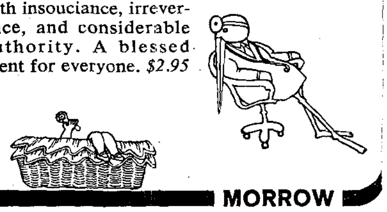

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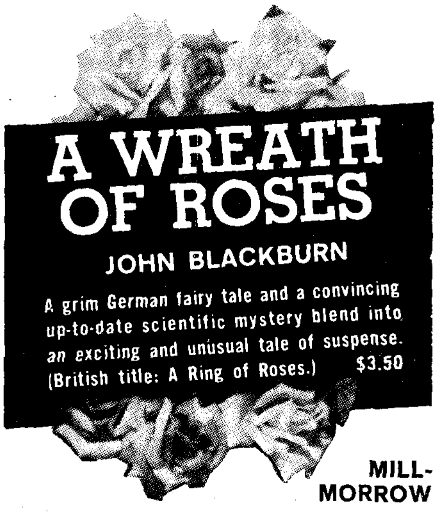

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with superior compassion and keener attention to peripheral phenomena he has enriched the theme. In his essay on Hawthorne, Borges speaks of the Argentine literary aptitude for realism; his own florid fantasy is grafted onto that native stock.

"The Library of Babel," which appears in "Ficciones," is wholly fantastic, yet refers to the librarian's experience of books. Anyone who has been in the stacks of a great library will recognize the emotional aura, the wearying impression of an inexhaustible and mechanically ordered chaos, that suffuses Borges' mythical universe, "composed of an indefinite, perhaps an infinite, number of hexagonal galleries, with enormous ventilation shafts in the middle, encircled by very low railings." Each hexagon contains twenty shelves, each shelf thirty-two books, each book four hundred and ten pages, each page forty lines, each line eighty letters. The arrangement of these letters is almost uniformly chaotic and formless. The nameless narrator of "The Library of Babel" sets forward, pedantically, the history of philosophical speculation by the human beings who inhabit this inflexible and inscrutable cosmos, which is equipped, apparently for their convenience, with spiral stairs, mirrors, toilets, and lamps ("The light they emit is insufficient, incessant").

This monstrous and comic model of the universe contains a full range of philosophical schools—idealism, mysticism, nihilism:

> The idealists argue that the hexagonal halls are a necessary form of absolute space or, at least, of our intuition of space. They contend that a triangular or pentagonal hall is inconceivable.
>
> The mystics claim that to them ecstasy reveals a round chamber containing a great book with a continuous back circling the walls of the room.... That cyclical book is God.
>
> I know of a wild region whose librarians repudiate the vain superstitious custom of seeking any sense in books and compare it to looking for meaning in dreams or in the chaotic lines of one's hands.... They speak (I know) of "the febrile Library, whose hazardous volumes run the constant risk of being changed into others and in which everything is affirmed, denied, and confused as by a divinity in delirium."

Though the Library appears to be eternal, the men within it are not, and they have a history punctuated by certain discoveries and certain deductions now considered axiomatic. Five hundred years ago, in an upper hexagon, two pages of homogeneous lines were discovered that within a century were identified as "a Samoyed-Lithuanian

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dialect of Guaraní, with classical Arabic inflections" and translated. The contents of these two pages—"notions of combinational analysis"—led to the deduction that the Library is total; that is, its shelves contain all possible combinations of the orthographic symbols:

> Everything is there: the minute history of the future, the autobiographies of the archangels, the faithful catalogue of the Library, thousands and thousands of false catalogues, a demonstration of the fallacy of these catalogues, a demonstration of the fallacy of the true catalogue, the Gnostic gospel of Basilides, the commentary on this gospel, the commentary on the commentary on this gospel, the veridical account of your death, a version of each book in all languages, the interpolations of every book in all books.

Men greeted this revelation with joy; "the universe suddenly expanded to the limitless dimensions of hope." They surged onto the stairs, searching for Vindications—books that would vindicate and explain his life to each man. Sects sprang up. One used dice and metal letters in an attempt to "mimic the divine disorder" and compose by chance the canonical volumes. Another, the Purifiers, destroyed millions of books, hurling them down the air shafts. They believed in "the Crimson Hexagon: books of a smaller than ordinary format, omnipotent, illustrated, magical." A third sect worshipped the Man of the Book—a hypothetical librarian who, in some remote hexagon, must have perused a book "which is a cipher and perfect compendium of *all the rest*." This librarian is a god. "Many pilgrimages have sought Him out."

The analogies with Christianity are pursued inventively and without the tedium of satire. The narrator himself confides, "To me, it does not seem unlikely that on some shelf of the universe there lies a total book. I pray the unknown gods that some man—even if only one man, and though it have been thousands of years ago!—may have examined and read it." But in his own person he has only the "elegant hope" that the Library, if traversed far enough, would repeat itself in the same disorder, which then would constitute an order. At hand, in this illegible chaos, are only the tiny rays of momentary sense, conglomerations of letters spelling *O Time your pyramids*, *Combed Clap of Thunder*, or *The Plaster Cramp*.

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tastic realities of Kafka's fiction are projections of the narrator-hero's anxieties, and have no communion, no interlocking structure, without him. The Library of Babel instead has an adamant solidity. Built of mathematics and science, it will certainly survive the weary voice describing it, and outlast all its librarians, already decimated, we learn in a footnote, by "suicide and pulmonary disease." We move, with Borges, beyond psychology, beyond the human, and confront, in his work, the world atomized and vacant. Perhaps not since Lucretius has a poet so definitely felt men as incidents in space.

What are we to make of him? The economy of his prose, the tact of his imagery, the courage of his thought are there to be admired and emulated. In resounding the note of the marvellous last struck in English by Wells and Chesterton, in permitting infinity to enter and distort his imagination, he has lifted fiction away from the flat earth where most of our novels and short stories still take place. Yet discouragingly large areas of truth seem excluded from his vision. Though the population of the Library somehow replenishes itself, and "fecal necessities" are provided for, neither food nor fornication is mentioned—and in truth they are not generally seen in libraries. I feel in Borges a curious implication: the unrealities of physical science and the senseless repetitions of history have made the world outside the library an uninhabitable vacuum. Literature—that European empire augmented with translations from remote kingdoms—is now the only world capable of housing and sustaining new literature. Is this too curious? Did not Eliot recommend forty years ago, in reviewing "Ulysses," that new novels be retellings of old myths? Is not the greatest of modern novels, "Remembrance of Things Past," about the writing of itself? Have not many books already been written from within Homer and the Bible? Did not Cervantes write from within Ariosto and Shakespeare from within Holinshed? Borges, by predilection and by program, carries these inklings toward a logical extreme: the view of books as, in sum, an alternate creation, vast, accessible, highly colored, rich in arcana, possibly sacred. Just as physical man, in his cities, has manufactured an environment whose scope and challenge and hostility eclipse that of the natural world, so literate man has heaped up a counterfeit universe capable of supporting life. Certainly the traditional novel as a transparent imitation of human circumstance

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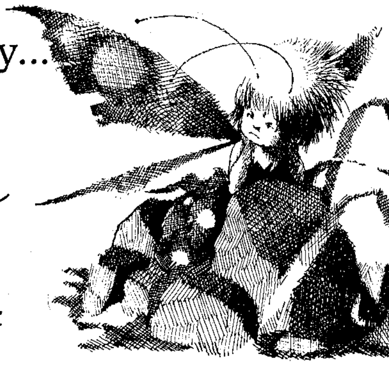

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has "a distracted or tired air." Ironic and blasphemous as Borges' hidden message may seem, the texture and method of his creations, though strictly inimitable, answer to a deep need in contemporary literary art—the need to confess the fact of artifice.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

YES I CAN, by Sammy Davis, Jr., and Jane and Burt Boyar (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Mr. Davis's journey from a poor Harlem background to the glass prison of international fame is celebrated. It includes his long apprenticeship with the Will Mastin Trio, which he joined when he was three (he is now thirty-nine) and with which he learned to dance, sing, drum, blow the trumpet, tell jokes, and be a mimic; his first triumphs as a night-club entertainer in the fifties; his loss of an eye in an automobile accident; his friendship with Frank Sinatra; his conversion to Judaism; his movies and Broadway shows; and his marriage to the Swedish actress May Britt. This account of his career is, as one might expect, a highly professional performance. It has been both told to and reported by the Boyars, who themselves figure in its last third, and it is an adroitly balanced mixture of show-biz humility (no truly humble man ever writes a book about himself) and cosmic egotism (Mr. Davis speaks of his talents, which are certainly multitudinous, as an "awesome gift"). As such, the book is exhilarating reading; one is never sure, from page to page, which Sammy Davis will be on deck. Davis is convinced that stardom cures all, and up to a point he is right. As a Negro, he can walk unmolested through the front door of the Sands, the Eden Roc, the Copacabana, and the Sherry-Netherland. (He has left the breasting of lower spas to lesser men.) Cushioned by fame and fortune, he can endure such anonymous vituperation as this letter, sent to him after a television appearance with Eddie Cantor: "Dear lousy nigger, keep your filthy paws off Eddie Cantor he may be a jew but at least he is white and dont come from africa where you should go back to I hope I hope I hope. I wont use that lousy stinking toothpaste no more for fear maybe the like of you has touched it. What is dirt like you doing on our good American earth anyway?" Davis is, perhaps, a

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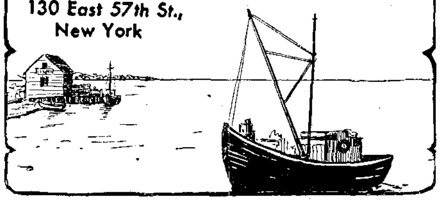

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twenty-first-century Negro, but he is also an unremittingly contemporary man.

THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY, by Michael Harrington (Macmillan). This is the brightest volume of social criticism in some time—a brisk essay about the shape of modern American society. Mr. Harrington particularly calls attention to the wide powers that large-scale private enterprise wields in the United States. He asks us to consider, first, whether the biggest industrial corporations do not constitute a sort of Socialism, national in scale but not accountable to the nation, and, second, whether we ought not to try putting such enterprises under public, or democratic, control. He has good points to make about the peculiar new stratifications in American life, and his style is clear and sensible, except for his occasional use of words like "corruption" where "change" would do as well, or better.

OF TIME AND SPACE AND OTHER THINGS, by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday). Professor Asimov is a biochemist, but his erudition runs over all the sciences and their history. His curiosity is boundless—he is the author of over fifty books of science and science fiction—and he has the rare gift of being able to illuminate difficult points by simple examples. This book is mainly concerned with astronomy. He deals with the explosions of supernovae, with the methods of measuring and defining time, and with the historical origins of the pseudo-science of astrology. One of the most interesting chapters concerns the famous Olbers' paradox, invented by the German astronomer Olbers in the eighteenth century. It arises from the fact that the sky at night is black: How can the night sky be black if the earth is receiving light from an essentially infinite number of stars? This accumulated starlight, if one estimates it naïvely, should be enormous. The solution lies in the discovery that the universe is rapidly expanding—but for the details see Professor Asimov's book. It is well worth the trouble.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM, by Maurice Nadeau, translated from the French by Richard Howard, with an introduction by Roger Shattuck (Macmillan). This work was written during the German occupation of France, and its perspective—as the author, in his epilogue of 1957, admits—is a bit dated. On the other hand, the book is twenty-odd

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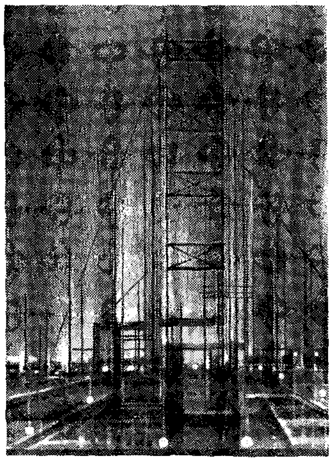

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years closer than now to the spring days of the Surrealist movement and its most creative moods and backgrounds. Mr. Nadeau stresses a useful point: Surrealism was founded as a new way of life rather than merely a new style of art. The grander purpose, obviously, failed, but keeping that concept in mind helps us better to understand Surrealist art.

IN MY TIME, by Robert Strausz-Hupé (Norton). This engaging book, the autobiography of the director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, is a blend of funny anecdotes and lively opinions. Dr. Strausz-Hupé was born in Vienna and raised in Hungary and Germany. The First World War wiped out his family's capital, and so, after an education designed to train him to be a man with a private income, he was turned out as a youth to support himself in postwar Germany. Dr. Strausz-Hupé met this hardship, and subsequent ones, by not taking them or himself very seriously. After improbable ventures in the Old and New Worlds, he became an expert in international finance, then a commentator on world affairs, and, still later, a genuine Ph.D. Strausz-Hupé's style is urbane and concise; he evokes the past without wistfulness and expresses his least popular opinions—his belief, for instance, that the cause of "national self-determination" has been a nuisance—with great wit.

NOTE: A collection of Philip Hamburger's "Notes for a Gazetteer"—reports on towns large and small all over the United States—has been published by Knopf under the title "An American Notebook."... Harper & Row has published "The New World," a collection of drawings by Saul Steinberg. Nearly all of them were first printed in this magazine.

•

The ten-minute walk described corresponds to the class break time. If the class break were extended in length the students would be able to walk farther between classes.—*Princeton Alumni Weekly.*

Another clear thinker!

•

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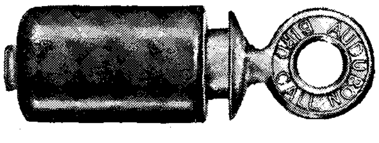

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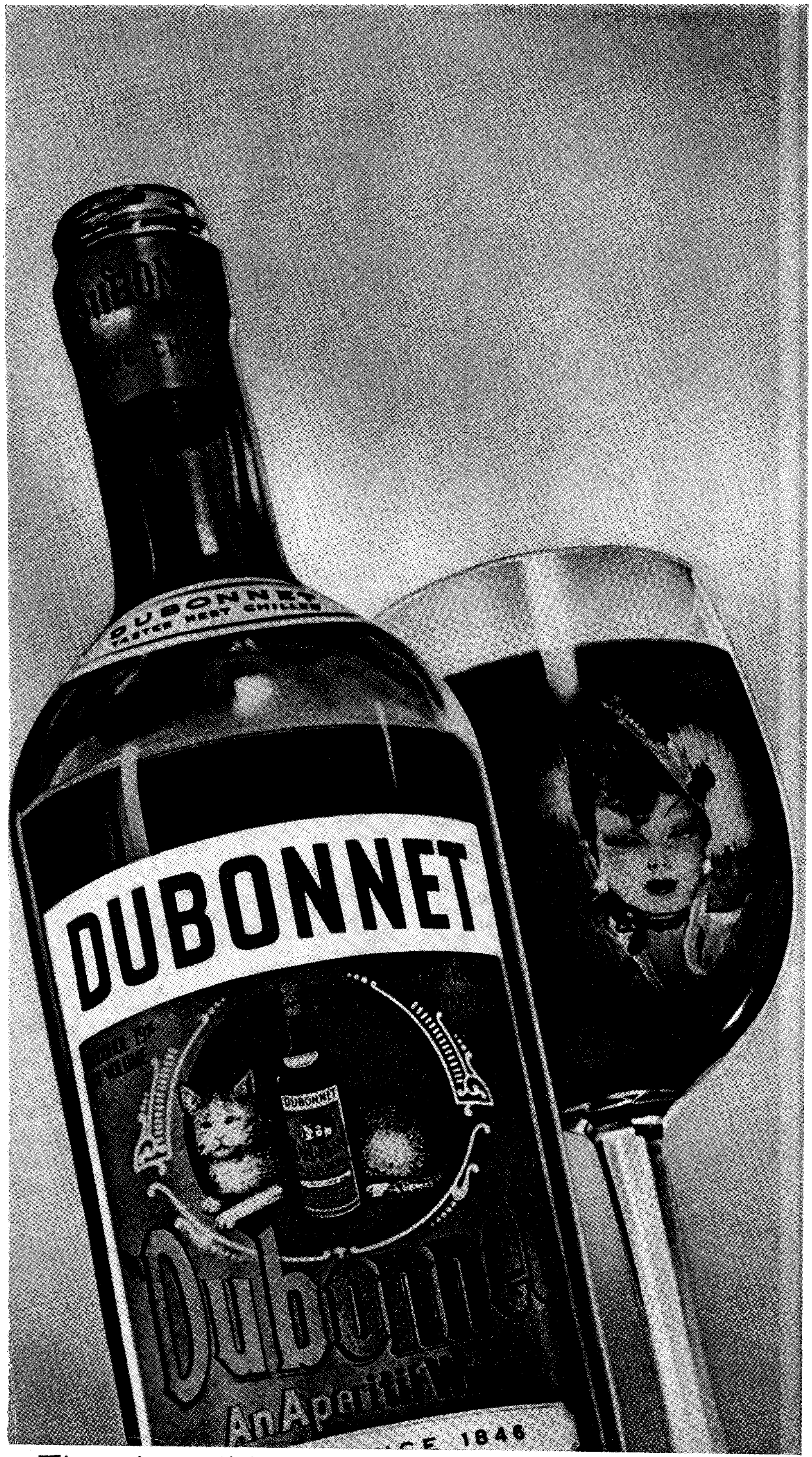
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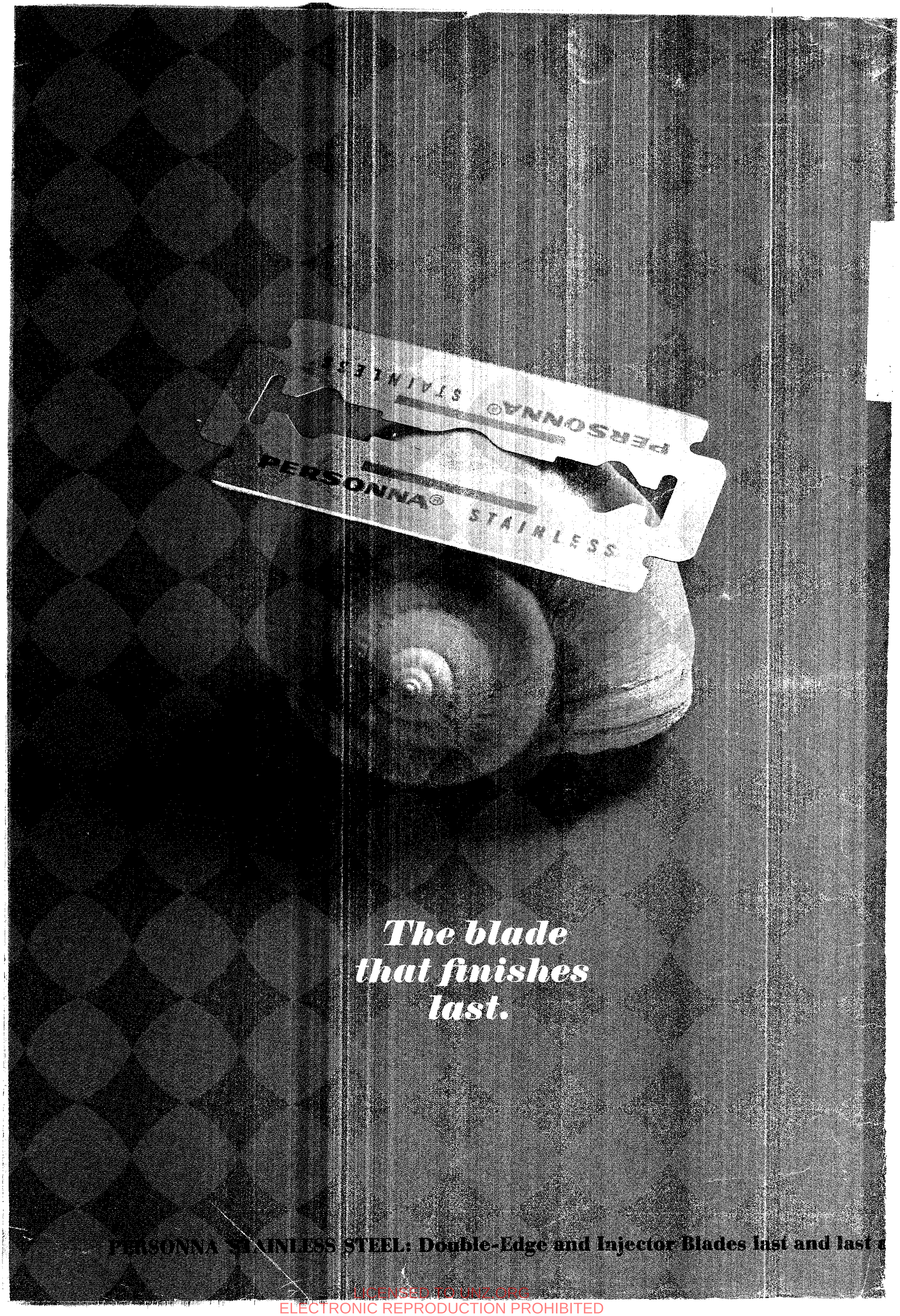
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